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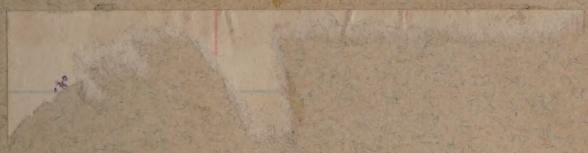

DONAHOE'S

JULY

1897

Features

Men and Things,
HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

The Champlain Assembly,
THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE

Corpus Christi in Rome,
MARIE DONEGAN WALSH

A Jesuit in Disguise,
HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

A Recent Revolt in Germany
FELIX MARCH

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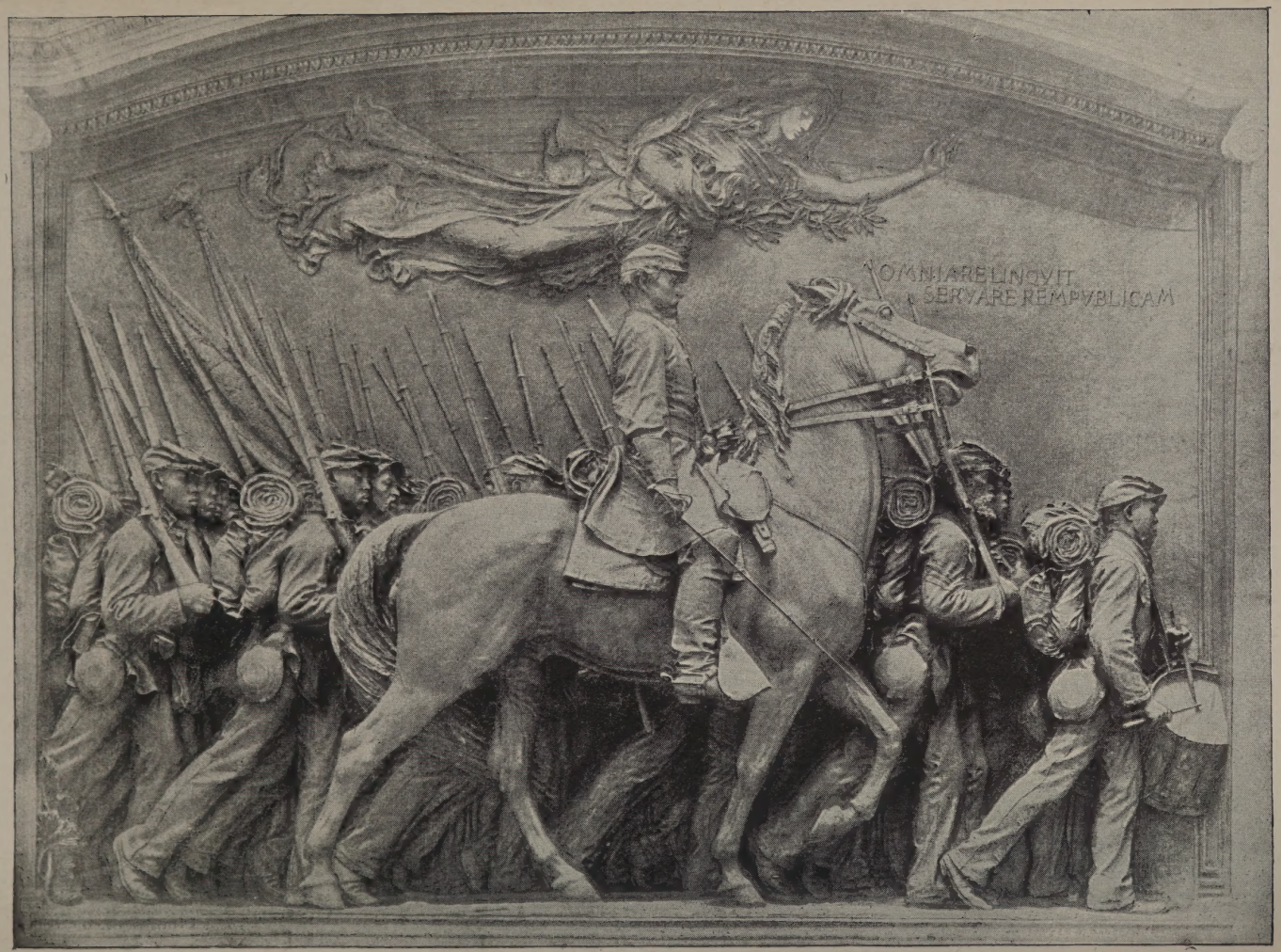

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BRONZE TABLET OF THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A., EDITOR.

A PROSPECTUS is very properly expected from a new editor. I could write one — who could not! I shall not, however, for the very simple reason that in these days sensible men care absolutely nothing for paper promises of any kind whatever. If a magazine is worth buying, people buy it. I desire now nothing so much as to bring DONAHOE'S squarely up to the bar of common sense and honest public opinion, to plead its cause there standing upon its own good bottom of simple worth, needing no man's indorsement to make it sell. I, for one, would not consider a dull paper bright merely because a lot of estimable people say it should be. The people think! I could procure no end of most respectable indorsements. What would they all amount to, if month by month, I should proceed to bore you in the most approved fashion of "good" literature? Nothing. DONAHOE'S, if not a true thing, a vital, energizing fact, would, under such conditions, prove itself loved by the gods, indeed, by dying young. "A consummation devoutly to be wished."

LEO XIII. has compelled the world to know that the church is ready to meet the Twentieth Century, whether that coming giant proposes to do battle with brains or with brawn.

A MAGAZINE should be a thought factory.

I WONDER what St. Augustine of Canterbury would think of that very respectable body of stout old gentlemen in lawn sleeves who are going to celebrate his memory and deny his teachings at Lambeth this summer.

"THE PROBLEMS OF THE AGE" make an educated Catholic smile.

A SECULAR MAGAZINE informed by Catholic spirit! Why not?

"NIHIL OBSTAT" on the first page of a publication seems to mean to a great many people that the succeeding pages contain nil! When the censor says there is nothing wrong in a book I fear a great many say to themselves "there is nothing at all in it, either." No publisher, alas! when he puts "imprimatur" ("it may be printed") on the fly-leaf of a book ventures to add, "it also will be read." When a living truth is printed, men do read it, as any publisher, librarian, or wise man knows.

FACTS! ye bores, facts! If we have anything real to say; if Catholic

life be treated as life; if our illustrations illustrate, — then people will not have to be decoyed into subscribing, as they are made to buy things that they do not want, at Fairs, to help the cause. Our cause is not to get men to pay two dollars to subscribe (not read) to what is not worth reading, but to produce that which the thinking will not go without.

CONFIDENCE has been scarce of late; talk about it, however, is a drug on the market. This dear old land of ours will come out all right; not through some shallow, and therefore heard-of, "leaders of the people," but in spite of any and all such; not through some miracle of legislation, but because God sleeps not. And therefore.

CREDO! I believe in much these days. I believe in myself, for instance, and that all about me in my country better men abound. I believe in you, for instance, and that were you analyzed much of true manstuff would be found. I believe that screech-owls, even, have their place in the economy of nature, as has the howler of calamity, as have the common flea and the "local Parkhursts" of all towns. I believe that things are better than you think that I think they are — as good, in fact, as we thought them before we began telling each other how very bad they were. Believing all of which, I say

SURSUM CORDA! Lift up your hands and heads as well as hearts! Not a man of us who has really had to suffer through these hardest times, but is better for it. And we know it. To have to economize, and to do it as brave men do, is to reach a higher level of strength, of the liberty and power which come of self-control alone.

Seventy millions of people economizing is the damming up of forces capable of turning all the wheels of industry and honest progress for many moons to come.

IS THERE NOT a trifle too much emphasis put on the fact that a man is a Catholic, whenever a co-religionist of Saul of Tarsus, Thomas Aquinas, and John Henry Newman does anything well? Why shout over Mr. Brown's clever book as if the remarkable part of the success was that Mr. B. is a Catholic? Think of it! Here is Miss Jones, a member of the church to which Fénelon and Ignatius Loyola belonged, and she has actually written a bright story in *The Century* or *Harper's!* Hooray! Mr. Smith, the lawyer, has won a case, although he is a Catholic! Mrs. Smith once dined at the Prince of Wales', notwithstanding that she graduated from St. Bridget's Academy! Shades of all ye Catholics who taught the world all that is best and sublimest in art and science and philosophy!

Is it necessary to vindicate the religion of Christ by adducing so constantly as evidence of its vitality and truth, the fact that Marion Crawford hears mass as well as writes great novels, or that Prince Max of Saxony has become a priest? Happy Crawford, happy Max! But, poor Church, if their adherence and submission seem so remarkable a cause for gratulation! Washington was a white man. Hooray! Catholics sometimes do have brains! Really! Methinks the lady doth protest too much.

A FIRE which broke out in a theological school some time ago destroyed one hundred and thirty sermons written by a very young student. In this world we have many things for which we ought to be grateful.

How Interesting it would be to know the reasons why so many men of leisure and education are not going to the Summer Schools!

Welcome as rain in drought, or the adjournment of Congress, comes the news that trade is picking up. Any business man who from now on whines or complains, is doing his best to keep all other men from trusting him or venturing upon new enterprises. An end to all the blues, if you please, gentlemen. The very next letter may contain a cheque.

Ideas will be welcome in my sanctum, coming from anywhere. Don't, in the name of reason, send me a manuscript devoid of them. If you are unknown, so much the better. Send on your idea! If it be one, you shall be recognized instanter, as all curiosities and originals have been from the time of Abel the son of Adam, which in the Hebrew tongue signifieth a man.

"Beware of Dogs" (St. Paul to the Philippians, iii. 2). We have two words in English, "dog" and "cynic." In Greek, although a richer language, they made one word do duty for the two (essentially the same) ideas. Any animal with a propensity to show its teeth and to yelp at the heels of anything nobler than itself was to the Greek a cynic, i.e., a dog! The possession of two legs or four made no difference — it was a matter simply of eye-teeth and lungs. A pug, a poodle, or a politician; a Newfoundland or a novelist, a colley or a critic — all the same! The public knows the name of a few editorial canines who periodically run out from their kennels, snarl at the church, the clergy, society, civilization, and then crouch grinning for another month in cynical satisfaction. Johnny always did think it smart to scare his grandma. Any fool can smash an unspeakably fine statue. Any egotist, who is also a vulgar charlatan, can amuse himself at the foot of the altar or at the edge of the grave. Protest is as easy as lying. Belief and action were bought too dearly for us to part with them when "held up" at the point of a paragraph aimed by some irresponsible possessor of a printing press and no sense of decency. *Cave canes!*

A Little Layman demolished the Pope the other day in a book loudly praised by Bishop Potter of New York. Who can guess the little man's name? Forgotten in two months? Dreadful!

The Catholic who shrinks in literary matters from honest criticism, is, to put it in plain English, a coward.

Stupidity is not Catholic, even if written by the most faithful child of Mother Church.

Among the Surprises of the next world, and perhaps, later on, in this world also, will be the discovery that the truly "progressive women" of this century were to be found in the convents of the religious orders.

The Concert of Europe, the Board of Police Commissioners in New York City, the air-ship inventor, Senator Tillman's speeches, and the Sunday effusions of the political jacks-in-the-box, all serve a purpose. They add to the gayety of nations, and doubtless prevent suicides from *ennui*.

'Tis Better to have thought (and learned something!) than never to have thought at all.

They also Serve who only write of facts, or not at all.

Change is not progress unless it is a return to truth.

MORE WOMEN than men are being educated, refined, and lifted toward true culture. They read more, work at their own advancement more, and hence know more and are more. Does this mean that marriage for most women will be . . . . . "to decline on a range of lower feeling?"

EVERY PASTOR in the country wishes that his young men would lead more intellectual lives. Put it to men, Reverend Fathers, as a matter of conscience. To-day, to be ignorant is sin.

A LYNCHING is a proof that our civilization is skin-deep — so is an execution, for that matter, they will say after awhile. The sooner the better.

ALL AMERICANS who may should travel in Europe. There are several things which even a sophomore at college does not know.

THE *New York Sun* has earned a debt of gratitude from every thinking man in the United States, in many ways. In none, it seems to me, more quaintly or more usefully than by its irresistibly funny comments on the grammar of our esteemed contemporaries. Atrocities like "in our midst," once moving in good society, have been laughed out of court, to appear on rare occasions only in luminaries such as the *Pike County Dawn* or the *Groggsville Echo.*

A thankless task is his who criticises. Yet a man would suffer much to get all people to see the advantage of saying "I did." "Done" is like machine-oil, and man himself — excellent in its proper place. Life has been saddened for me by the curious indifference of so many good people to the fact that men cannot "lay" down, and that to go for a walk "with Tom and I" might be pleasant, but not English. Shine on, Mr. Dana!

FATHER CAMPBELL, S. J., recently made a speech at a banquet, on the "Perils of Secular Education," and, to my certain knowledge, the effect of his ringing words and searching thoughts has been at once profound and tonic. Beginning with a touch of delicate sarcasm, the learned gentleman proceeded to lay down in bold and rugged fashion the principle for which the dread Society of Jesus has waged such valiant warfare. And then in a torrent of convincing facts he swept his hearers irresistibly to his conclusion. The remarkable address was printed in the *Fordham Monthly*, where every friend of education and the soul of man should read and reread it.

"WHAT THEN is to prevent us (Catholics) from being in our own country the leaders in all the learned professions, the orators, philosophers, jurists, statesmen, and men of science, who are to guide and shape and direct the thought of our times and country? History must repeat itself, and whether we consider the present condition of culture as the acme of civilization or the inroad of intellectual vandalism, Catholics can and must conquer now, as they have done before. . . . . It is the Catholic intellect alone which can and will gather together all the researches that these diggers in the earth are making, will find their relations, co-ordinate them, and tell their meaning to the world. . . . . It is Catholic teaching alone that can elevate the human race from the degradation of ignorance and error, and crown it with that glory which only the spiritual intellect can achieve in whatever pursuits the human race may choose to direct its energies and devote its time." So ended Father Campbell's soul-stirring appeal.

"A WHEEL a minute" is the ca-

pacity of a great bicycle plant in this country. Now, philosophers have often told us that there is a fool born every minute also. And the casual traveller who modestly perambulates, or who, more blest, keeps his own gig, is made to feel that a large part of the hourly output of wheels falls somehow into the hands of the other hourly increase, as above mentioned.

The hump-backed, the agonized expression, the sublime contempt for life and limb (their own or others), which one beholds of a fine afternoon on any boulevard, compels the awful thought that fifty-nine out of every sixty fools who appear on the scene per hour do so on wheels. But, then, when all is said, who is so foolish as he who does not ride? Awheel! Awheel! ye freemen!

I CORDIALLY invite all men who have a word of life, or hope, or truth, to send it me in shape of poem, story, essay, or a mere paragraph. All manuscripts should be sent to 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass, with postage for their return, if not accepted.

THE HARBOUR FOG.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Gray — all gray is the harbour world
When the fog lies thick and white;
And the whistles blow and the boats move slow
Through a haze of phosphor' light;
Water and air hang equal there
In the womb of the drowsy night,
Whose chill vague seems to be peopled with dreams
And voices everywhere.

God watch upon that harbour world
And all those homeward bound,
Beneath that shroud of mist and cloud
Hearing the fog-bells sound
Across the gloom "Make room! Make room!"
As the great boats flounder round.
Blow, whistles, blow you high or low!
And God keep all from doom!

LIFE SERVICE.

F. S.

Point Jackson was a wild bit of coast, feared alike by shipmasters and by the fishermen whose small boats hovered along the shore in quest of bluefish and mackerel and cod. Broken reefs stole out from the rocky coast and ambushed their sharp, needle-like teeth beneath the surface, as though waiting, jaguar-like, for unsuspecting prey. Breakers were always moaning among the reefs, and the sea which hurled itself against the rock-bound shore had ever the sinister, uneasy motion of a baffled despot.

Shipmasters were glad to make long detours in order to avoid Point Jackson, but sometimes the winds and the currents forced them in, and then it was well indeed if they knew enough of the coast to take their vessels between the hidden rocks and reefs. But few of them were so fortunate, and there were no lighthouses or life-saving stations for many a long mile; consequently the shore was always strewn with wreckage, and the fishermen's talk was more of shipwreck and disaster than of good hauls and prosperity.

One day there was a strong wind from the northeast, and along in the afternoon a pleasure yacht lost her head and drifted in upon the reefs. For a time she swung idly in the wind, then the cruel jaws of the reef closed upon her and she was hard and fast, beyond all hopes of human deliverance.

Only two persons saw her from the shore. One, a woman who was gathering driftwood from among the rocks; and the other, a small, sallow man who was reclining in an invalid's chair on the piazza of a cottage half way up the hillside. All the fishermen were away on the other side of the Point.

For some moments the man in the chair regarded the vessel indifferently; then he raised a glass to his eyes and examined her more intently. He could see women and children huddled upon her deck, as though frightened; and something unnatural in the position of her bowsprit, raised high in the air, caused him to rise to his feet in sudden concern.

"She is on Jaguar reef," he muttered, and his glass swept up and down the coast in search of boats going to her assistance, but there were none—not a boat or man in sight anywhere.

He replaced his glass and started down the rocks. On the shore was a small boat left by the fishermen.

Good old Doctor Whipple, jogging leisurely along the shore road, saw the yacht from a sudden turn, a mile or so away. At first he thought she was anchored, then remembering the position of the reef, changed his mind and urged his horse on more rapidly. When he came opposite the yacht he found a small group of women and children, all strangers, and evidently just landed.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, brusquely, "Can I be of any assistance? I am a doctor."

A woman left the group.

"No, thank you, doctor," she said. "We are very comfortable. But if you can wait a while I will be much obliged. I expect my sister in the next boat, and she is very nervous and excitable."

"Wait? Of course! I'm in no great hurry. Was only going to that house on the hillside, anyway. Patient of mine up there who has heart trouble and needs considerable looking after. Fine man. Found him unconscious on the floor last time I called. Gets about a good deal, though. Wonder he isn't down here now."

He left his horse in the middle of the road and joined the group. All were looking toward the yacht. A small boat was just putting away.

"Don't mean to say all of you came ashore in that cockleshell?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; the gentleman said the sea wasn't very rough, and we had better crowd. He said the quicker we got away from that reef the better."

"I should say so. Jaguar reef'll grind a vessel to pieces in half a day, even in comparatively good weather like this. Now if you'd fastened to one of the other reefs you could have staid there a week, and then come off at your leisure. But gentlemen! Well, I suppose the fishermen round here are gentlemanly sort of fellows, but we don't often hear them spoken of that way. Hello! what's up?" For the boat had suddenly swung from its course, and was now tossing broadside to the wind. Then some of the occupants were seen to change places, and after a few moments the boat recovered its position and moved slowly on toward shore. As it drew near, the woman who had first spoken to the doctor held up her hands.

"Why, if that isn't sister Clara rowing!" she exclaimed. "She used to be a good one at it in her young days, but she hasn't held an oar in ten years. And there's Jennie Mowbray helping her. Well! well!"

"Aren't there any men on board?" asked the doctor. ,

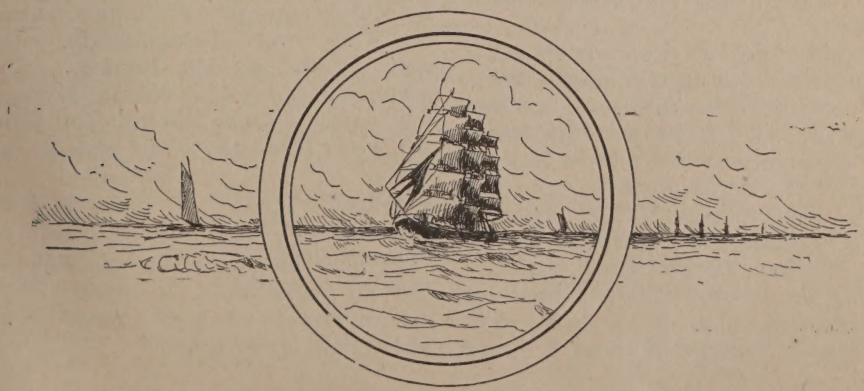
"Only my husband, sir; and I suppose he will stay until the rest are off. But where's the gentleman who brought us?"

When the boat touched they were ready with outstretched hands to assist the occupants to land.

"You poor Clara!" reproachfully. "You must be utterly exhausted. What in the world made you attempt such a thing, dear?"

The doctor pushed his way past them to a recumbent form in the bottom of the boat. For a moment he bent over it; then he rose slowly to his feet.

"It is the friend and patient I spoke to you about," he said to the woman who was commiserating her sister. "He is dead. I warned him against over-exertion."



THE PRICE OF A HEART.

By J. Torrey Connor.

The theater is packed from pit to gallery. The old-time favorites have flitted on and off the stage, receiving a generous meed of applause; and now the vast audience awaits the appearance of the new songstress with something of impatience, something of pleased anticipation.

Presently the orchestra strikes up a witching air, and from the wings at the left a slender, white-robed figure issues, advancing lightly to the centre of the stage.

A true daughter of the lauguorous South, this vision of youth and loveliness, and never did flower of that sunny clime bend more gracefully to the breeze than does she to the plaudits of the throng.

Fainter, fainter grows the refrain, and softly, like a feather from an angel's wing the first note falls upon the air. A shower of notes, liquid-clear, follows; it is as though a nestful of silver-throated larks had been set free. Then a merry little trill, and it is over.

A rain of flowers descends upon the stage; with both arms filled she turns and seeks the dressing-room, heedless of recall. Can it be that the laurel that crowns the victor's brow has the sting of the nettle, or is it only that she is tired to-night? The applause of the spectators is still ringing in her ears as her hands stray listlessly among the blossoms, but it does not quicken her pulse by one beat. She takes up a bouquet of roses, red, red roses, Love's own flower, adroop with their weight of perfume.

A scrap of paper twisted about the stems conceals a jewelled bauble, and as she unrolls it with trembling fingers these words meet her eye: "Wear this bracelet to-night, that I may know you are mine."

It has come at last—the hour of her triumph, and the light of conquest flames in her eyes. She lays her flushed cheek against the velvety petals of the roses, and even as she inhales their sweetness a fragrance that is not born of the roses greets her nostrils.

Mignonette! She pushes the gorgeous flowers aside, and lifts the cool, green sprays of the modest flower to her lips. She is no longer the petted favorite of the stage, but the simple-hearted girl Jem wooed in the old days. What an eternity it seems since she wandered with Jem about the plantation, resting in the shade of the spreading magnolia while he crowned her with sprays of mignonette, gathered in the garden borders. She seems still to hear his voice: "My love will never fail, aye, though you wander away from me to the ends of the earth."

What is this? A note, and in Jem's handwriting!

"I have come to take you back to the old plantation," she reads. "If I see my flowers upon your breast I will know that I may hope."

The call-boy's knock at the door!

"Jem, my playmate-sweetheart, I do love you," she murmurs, "and yet—and yet—"

She goes back to the audience that is clamoring for her, closing the door softly, as one might shut down the coffin lid over a dear, dead face. The jewelled bauble fetters her wrist, and above her aching heart—oh, the mockery of it—bloom the red, red roses of Love.

WHEN MEMORY WAKES.

By Carlos A. Butler.

When Memory wakes, not throb of sense,
But something graver, vigorous, intense,
Down in the treasure house of life
Responds above the jargon of the strife.

Words are too feeble; and yet thought
Blazons the record of the battles fought,
The failures noted and the dire array
Fixed by some power — clear as the risen day.

With light and shades, withgain, defeat,
O'er and again the story is replete;
With brave endeavor, and yet final rout,
In feeble struggle, or conflicting doubt.

O memory! Stay! We rise above
All that is self; breathe us a strain of love,
As name on name and friend on friend appears
Coming with vision sweet or fraught with tears.

Those who have gone! that shining throng
Who rest in Paradise, or live in song,
Which ofttimes seems to penetrate the heart
And cures the venom of some poisoned dart.

We plead, O Memory! through that One
Seated forever on His Father's throne,
The humblest place in that unnumbered host
Chaunting to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

A RECENT REVOLT.

By Felix March.

History is being made before our very eyes. The pace is terrible. One's head swims 'mid events. Things thought quite fixed and permanent but yesterday are in chaotic flux today. A morning paper sometimes contains enough historic raw material and epoch-essence to have sufficed almost any old-fashioned century. And so it happens that the Associated Press frequently has that to say which would have set the diplomatic world aghast in the more leisurely and calmer antique world.

A scene occurred in Germany the other day to which perhaps some of us paid so much attention as was not needed by our eggs and coffee.

By luncheon, few remembered it, I trow. And yet a century hence that marvelous, spontaneous outburst of May the eighteenth, 1897, in the German Parliament, will be looked back to much as we now recall the thrilling utterances of Patrick Henry, or the deliberations of the audacious patriots who roused the Continental Congress to final action.

Liberty made a startling, irrevocable bound ahead a few weeks since.

It behooves us, who think, to make some note of this.

The occasion and the event were, briefly, these:

The Prussian Ministry had very stupidly, as they now find, brought in a bill whose object was the curtailment of the right of men to form associations, and to express, through such associate means, their views, their protests or their aspirations.

The measure was so reactionary, and breathed an animus so hostile to individual freedom, that it is inconceivable that any statesman would dare to move it who was not made to do so by the young Kaiser, the most delicious and most picturesque antiquity in Europe.

This utterly inexplicable man fascinates one by the sheer up-lift of his sublime conceit. A man who really thinks himself what William claims to be is too valuable as a curiosity to be ignored. He lives to bid men know that all the world has not grown sane, i. e., dull, common-place, commercial, reasonable! Such a man only could father such a bill as that which proved a spark thrown into that unsuspected dynamite in the Reichstag the other day. The bill was overwhelmingly defeated, and in the course of the debate—the hottest one in years—some things were said and done which even the Anointed War-Lord would best think over.

The Liberals, backed by unprecedented numbers of their former foes, brought in, by way of answer to the preposterous proposition against human rights, an Emergency Bill. The day on which Herr Richter spoke should be remembered when Freedom celebrates her victories. His plea ranks with the words of Burke.

Moment by moment, as the bold advocate of man reviewed the Emperor's intolerable blindness to human destiny, his speech was drowned by the tumultuous cheers of those about him.

Presently, even the Centre began to echo his ennobling words; then, when the shouts compelled him to wait awhile, the whole of the assembly broke forth into an uncontrollable display of splendid feeling. Men rushed around the speaker wringing his hands.

Conservatives joined in the demonstration, and only fifty-three sat mute, chagrined, despairing, they being the miserable all that tyranny could count upon when right was being vindicated by a master mind. Verily, the world do move! Of what need we despair when in the Parliaments of War Lords such words as these are heard?

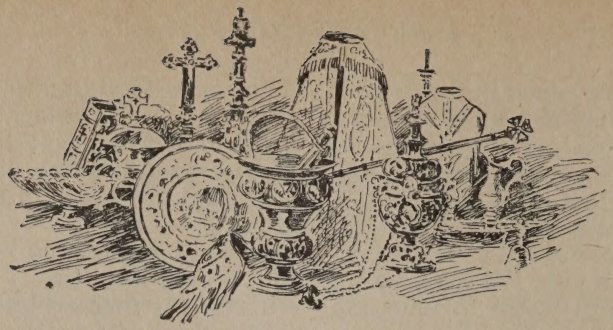
Herr Richter said in his peroration: "Where is the array of new ministers who are to succeed those now in office? Wherever you look there are only pliant and puny courtiers, who adopt every view recommended from higher quarters. Promoted bureaucrats or 'smart' Hussar politicians—that is all the material you can get to carry out a policy of this kind—mere tools in the ordinary sense of the word. We are living today in a federated state and no longer merely in the realm of Prussia. Let us also bear in mind that the German Empire, as such, has no native dynasty, and that the Imperial dignity itself is in Germany no older than the Reichstag."

Here there was an extraordinary demonstration, accompanied by clapping of hands, both in the House and among the strangers, so that the President had to interpose and threaten to clear the galleries.

At an earlier stage of the debate the conservative Herr von Kardoff had declared with sorrow that "since the death of the Emperor Frederick there had been a grave diminution of the fund of loyalty in the country," which he attributed "not only to the repeal of the Socialist law, but also to the dangerous policy which had injured the agricultural interest, and to other matters to which" (in a low tone) "I will not here refer." Herr Richter endorsed this statement, and concluded his speech in the following terms:

"I am no Republican, nor do I cherish political illusions. I am of opinion that the monarchical system has the prospect of a longer existence in Germany than in any other European land, because the monarchy here is closely connected with the development and growth of the state, because the glory of monarchs of real importance and merit is reflected upon their posterity at the present day. The greater is my regret that Herr von Kardoff is right in asserting that monarchical feeling has not increased in the last ten years, but that the capital stock of this sentiment is being consumed away in a manner which I should not have considered possible ten years ago. This is not a consequence of the growth of the social democracy. It is a result of occurrences which cannot be mentioned in parliamentary debate, occurrences which provoke criticism not only among plain citizens, but far into the ranks of the bureaucracy and of the officers of the army. Germany is a land of constitutional monarchy. But as for the programme Sic volo, sic jubeo and Regis voluntas suprema lex, it may still be possible for a time to govern in accordance with it in Russia. The German nation cannot be permanently governed on such principles."

If words like these mean anything, they mean the beginning of the end.



THE PROCESSION OF THE "AMMANTATE" IN ST. PETER'S.

By Marie Donegan Walsh.

AMONG the many beautiful celebrations with which the Festival of "Corpus Domini" is solemnized in the almost countless churches of the Eternal City, perhaps the most striking and characteristically Roman is that of the Procession of the "Ammantate" (Veiled Ones), which takes place in the very centre and heart of Christendom—the World's Basilica of St. Peter's!

As it is one of the Roman ceremonies seldom seen by the ordinary tourist, on account of its taking place so late in the season, when the winter colony of strangers has migrated to cooler climes, a short account of this curious function may not be out of place here, and I hope already to have excited the curiosity of my readers by the title.

From time immemorial the octave of "Corpus Domini" has been closed in St. Peter's by a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament round the Basilica, accompanied by the Vatican Chapter and all the confraternities attached to the parish; but about a century since a new feature was added to this procession, namely, the presence of the "Ammantate," or "Veiled Ones," which now forms the most curious and striking feature of the ceremony. A hundred years ago one of the good canon beneficiaries of St. Peter's conceived the charitable project of leaving a perpetual memorial of his name in the shape of a substantial bequest, which he ordered should be distributed as marriage portions to a certain number of young girls residing within the parish of St. Peter's. This money is divided into portions of five hundred "scudi" (about one hundred francs) for each girl (the "scudo" being a coin of the old papal coinage). The venerable canon only required in return for his beneficence the following simple and easy conditions, namely, that the girls should be of good Christian character and able to show certificates from their parish priest to the effect that they had regularly performed their religious duties. Furthermore, they were obliged to assist at mass and receive Holy Communion in St. Peter's on the octave day of Corpus Christi, and walk in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon of that day, modestly clad in veils or mantles. Hence their name, the "Ammantate" (Veiled Ones).

Thus, in conservative Rome, where good old customs are seldom allowed to fall into oblivion, the presence of the "Ammantate" is always a prominent feature in the Corpus Domini

procession, and year after year the old canon's bequest has been a source of the greatest benefit to many of the respectable poorer class of Rome, who, through his generosity, are enabled under such easy conditions to provide their daughters with a marriage portion.

Many are the willing clients who present themselves for the honor and privilege of being admitted among the "Ammantate"; and surely, long before now, the prayers of all these maidens —which were to be his only recompense—have sped the soul of their generous-hearted benefactor to his eternal reward in heaven.

Every good Roman makes it a point to be in St. Peter's on all the great feast days of the ecclesiastical year, and this octave day of "Corpus Domini" is one of the occasions in which they turn out in great numbers; for, in the good old times before evil days fell on the Papal City, it was always the custom for the Sovereign Pontiff himself to carry the Blessed Sacrament in procession around the Basilica, and afterwards to give benediction at the Portico.

This, however, is of course no longer possible, and twenty-six years of an alien rule have taken much from the distinctive character Rome bore as a purely ecclesiastical city; and every attempt has been made to change the "City of the Seven Hills" into a poor copy of the modern capitals of a newer world!

They have taken from her much of her picturesque, old-world beauty, and, with their so-called improvements, brought many of the worst vices of a modern civilization into her midst; but deep, deep down in the hearts of the Romans, in spite of many failings and backslidings, lies a strong love and devotion to the old religion which human means can never take from them, and which in the end will triumph over the irreligious tendency of the present age.

And if, perchance, our hope and trust should grow cold, we have but to look up to that matchless dome which rises over St. Peter's tomb, and written in colossal letters of gold upon it we shall read Our Blessed Lord's promise to His Vicar, on which the reliance of the Everlasting Rock is placed: "The gates of hell shall never prevail against it!"

It is supposed by many people that the crowds in the Roman churches on festival days and functions are largely composed of strangers and visitors, and that the Romans do not frequent the "Festas."

This, however, is far from being the fact of the case, as anyone who has witnessed one of the Summer "Festas" in Rome can testify, for then scarcely any strangers are present, though the crowds in the churches are far more numerous than in winter.

For example, on this octave day of "Corpus Domini," when we started for St. Peter's to see the procession, we found all the thoroughfares leading to the Basilica thronged with people on foot, in carriages, in omnibuses and tram cars, all making their way to the Leonine City and crossing the immortal Bridge of St. Angelo.

To some of us it is a fresh joy and satisfaction every time we cross the Tiber and emerge from the narrow "Borgo" upon that broad piazza of St. Peter's, in all the splendor of its noble colonnades and crystal fountains, and the great Basilica in the centre, crowned by that dome which in its perfect harmony and beauty rises so far above all other buildings of earth that it seems to have borrowed something immortal from the genius of its great designer.

There is such a sense of utter contentment about this piazza of St. Peter's—a feeeling that it is well to be here and feast one's eyes upon the perfect lines of architectual harmony, in which the expression of the highest and most sublime art always appeals to the spiritual side of our nature! Then to the right, sleeping in the af-

ternoon sunshine, lies the great pile of buildings of the Vatican, where the Vicar of Christ has his abode and dwelling-place, and now in these latter days his prison!

A Catholic visiting Rome feels a strange sense of being altogether at home here under the shadow of St. Peter's and the Vatican, which is the centre of our holy religion; and here one realizes thoroughly the vivid reality of the Kingdom of Peter and the power and protection of the one holy Catholic and universal church in this her earthly citadel.

The wide steps which form the approach to St. Peter's were thronged with people ascending and descending, and the great bells of the Basilica clanged out their mighty summons to enter.

Today the heavy leather curtains which usually cover the doors are taken away, and all the doors stand thrown wide open, for the procession will presently pass through them on to the portico; so, as we stood at the entrance, we had a complete vista of the whole mighty church from end to end, a revelation of beauty ever new and wonderful. The evening sunlight is pouring through the gold-colored glass window behind the altar of St. Peter's chair, flooding the church with golden light and making the variegated marble pavement glow with the rich, clear tints of the sunset.

Gorgeous brocades of crimson hang from the walls and from the Balcony of the Great Relics, and throw into bold relief the marble statues in their niches, while the strong light striking through the windows of the dome falls direct on the Baldaquin of bronze above St. Peter's tomb, causing it to glow and sparkle with a fiery radiance.

The Blessed Sacrament is exposed on the Papal Altar, surrounded by countless starry lights placed in the massive bronze-gilt candlesticks of Benvenuto Cellini, which are only used on great festivals in St. Peter's. All is richness, beauty and glorious color, harmonizing well with the character and decorations of the Basilica, whose most striking characteristic is the light and purity of coloring, new and beautiful each time we enter it, as if it had only just emerged from the hands of its builders.

As we pass up the nave, past the bronze statue of St. Peter, and past the "Confession," we find that the choir is placed today in an enclosed space from the Papal Altar to the Altar of the Chair of St. Peter; and here the whole Chapter of the Vatican Basilica are assisting at the Pontifical Vespers, sung by one of the archbishops of the chapter. The raised seats around, forming the enclosure in which the canons are sitting, are all covered with crimson brocades; and Cardinal Rampolla, the archpriest of the Basilica, in his rich crimson silk robes and crimson silk birretta, is seated a little apart, against a background of deep red velvet.

Two organs, on opposite sides of the sanctuary, peal out the accompaniment to the Psalms, which are rendered by the singers of the "Cappella Giulia," under the conductorship of Maestro Meluzzi. However, the vespers are nearly at an end now, and the members of the various confraternities who are to take part in the procession are beginning to assemble at the sacristy door, where a great crowd of people have followed. The vast church is rapidly filling, and all the space around and behind the Papal Altar seems densely packed with people in a compact mass; but, no matter how great the numbers, St. Peter's is never crowded, and there is place for all. From every entrance eager, hurrying crowds press in, anxious to obtain a post of vantage from which to view the procession, such as corners of pillars, money boxes and the confessionals for all the various languages which stand around the nave of the church.

Vespers is over now, and as we

wait for the procession to begin it is quite a study to watch the crowds in St. Peter's and see them make their round of the various altars and shrines. First comes the visit to the quiet Blessed Sacrament Chapel, where there is always a tranquil atmosphere of peace and restfulness, no matter how great the crowd in the body of the church outside; then to the famous bronze statue of St. Peter in his chair, where they render homage to the Prince of the Apostles by kissing his foot and placing their foreheads under it for a moment in token of submission and allegiance.

After this comes a short prayer at the Tomb of the Apostles, around which there is always a number of people quietly kneeling, in the deep peace which lingers on the last resting place of the Galilean Fisherman.

Finally, the good Roman visiting St. Peter's never fails to end his devotions by pausing for a moment outside one of the confessionals with "Lingua Gallica," "Lingua Anglica," "Lingua Italica" (as the case may be) written up over it, and where one of the Canons Penitentiary of the Basilica sits with a long rod outstretched, and with which he lightly taps the head of the person who kneels before him, and who, by this pious act, gains forty days' indulgence. But we must not linger to watch any longer the ever-moving, changing crowds, for we are now warned by the great bell of the sacristy that the procession is fully formed and ready to start, the "Ammantate" (Veiled Ones) having joined in the rank and file at the sacristy door. Immediately everyone makes a movement towards that side of the church, the crowds so lining the passage way of the procession that it is impossible to make one's way near it, and we are forced to wait quietly till the procession returns up the centre of the nave, where in so vast a space it is to be well seen, even from afar off.

No sooner then has the monstrance been placed in the hands of the cardinal than the bell sounds and the long procession starts, winding slowly down the right side of the church, past the Altar of St. Gregory the Great, past the Choir Chapel of the Cappella Guilia, past the monument of the Stuart Kings and past the Baptistery, till its arrives at the door and passes out into the portico, where a kneeling crowd is awaiting its coming.

It is a picture to watch that vast procession wending its way along the beautiful portico, with the great columns and massive statues of Charlemagne and Constantine the Great at either end, and outside the sunlit piazza and its glistening fountains, standing out against a sky of deepest blue.

The procession re-enters the Basilica by the grand entrance door in the centre, under Giotto's antique Mosaic picture of the Bark of Peter; and, beautiful as was the "coup d'oeil" before, it is doubly striking and beautiful now as it slowly advances up the church to the solemn strains of the "Pange Lingua," intoned by the singers of the Cappella Giulia, and re-echoed by that whole vast crowd, each verse alternating with the solemn note of the Basilica bell, sounded at regular intervals.

Seen from a little distance back and over the heads of the crowd, who closely follow and surround it, this procession forms a rich mass of glowing color. First come the standards or ensigns of the Basilica, flanked by the two large umbrella-shaped standards of striped red and gold brocade, bearing the arms of the Basilica—the Crossed Keys of Peter.

Then follows the long train of the Parochial Confraternities of St. Michael, St. Egidius and St. James, walking two by two and clad in their picturesque costumes. These confraternities are preceded by their respective standards, which, as a rule, are so massive and of such dimensions that

they require three men to support them—one man in the centre, holding the staff in a leather belt passed round his body, the other two holding the cords at the sides.

These confraternities add greatly to the local color of the scene, for the costume of each confraternity is different, and most varied in color, some being clad in long robes of brown and purple, others in black and white, and others again in bright, vivid scarlet. The ensign of the first of the confraternities is a beautiful life-size figure of Christ crucified on a cross of the natural trunk of a tree, all wreathed with trails of ivy.

Walking behind the first confraternity is one of the quaintest and most characteristically Roman features of the procession—a tiny child, almost a baby, in fact; a fair little fellow, with curly, reddish hair, dressed to represent St. John the Baptist in the Desert, with a real sheepskin flung over one little shoulder, and showing the other plump little arm and shoulder and sturdy legs quite bare. In his right hand he tightly grasps a willow staff with a scroll around it, just as St. John is represented in pictures; and as this very human little saint passed by, with a look of intense seriousness on his baby features, an almost involuntary murmur of admiration passed through the crowd, and I know many of the ladies longed to take the miniature saint bodily up in their arms and cover him with kisses.

Still more confraternities pass along; another and still another, composed of young men and old; some in the very prime of manhood and others feeble and tottering and barely able to walk along, who have taken part in this procession for nearly three-quarters of a century and are loth to give it up now, when it may possibly be their last.

Then, behind the standard of the last confraternity come three more little saints, walking abreast in solemn file.

This time there is a little St. Philip Neri and St. Aloysius (the favorite saints of Rome), besides another St. John; and nothing could be sweeter and more perfect than the "St. Aloysius." He is a pretty child of about five, with delicate features, curly hair and dark-blue eyes, and clad in a tiny cotta and surplice, with an infinitesimal biretta on his curly head and a long branch of pure white lilies in his little hand—a perfect picture of childish innocence.

Perhaps in any other place or time these quaint little figures might have seemed incongruous in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, but here in this Roman procession, which is "of the people and for the people," it appears in no way disrespectful or out of place.

Now at last comes the end of the confraternities, and it is closely followed by the long train of students of the Vatican Seminary in their purple cassocks and surplices; and then the distinguishing feature of the procession appears in sight—the "Ammantate"—fifty-four girls dressed in white and wearing long white veils, and walking two by two. My first sensation on seeing them was one of the greatest astonishment, for these closely-veiled maidens, with their faces covered almost up to the dark, expressive eyes, and their graceful draperies, which glitter with silver embroideries, seemed more like Turkish or Oriental women than the simple Roman "ragazze" (girls) of the "bourgeois" class, which I had been led to expect.

"How," though I, "can such poor girls as these (even with the canon's beneficent gift) afford all the pearls or paste jewels with which their whole dresses are covered, and which radiate and glitter when they walk, like so many sparkling diamonds?"

However, as the girls came nearer, modestly walking with downcast eyes, each holding her lighted candle in one hand and her little white rosary in the other, I saw that the simple

flowing draperies were only simple white muslin dresses, and that they wore long net veils on their heads, over a wreath of white flowers, the veil so closely arranged about the neck and face that it covered all but the eyes, evidently as a symbol of the prudent bridling of the tongue which it behooves a virtuous Christian maiden to observe.

As for the glittering jewels with which their dresses are embroidered, taken to accomplish the work in their leisure hours shows they are both industrious and persevering. I also noticed that scarcely any of the designs in pins were alike, as each girl had followed her own fancy in the arrangement. Altogether, these "pin-girls" make one of the quaintest and most charming pictures imaginable, their rich olive coloring and dark eyes contrasting well with the snowy draperies round head and shoulders.

ST. PETER'S, AND CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO, SEEN FROM THE TIBER.

I find, to my intense surprise, that they are nothing more nor less than "pins," common, ordinary, white pins, but arranged in all kinds of fancy embroidery designs, and disposed in such a deft manner as to give the appearance of an exquisite silver embroidery. It is impossible to realize without seeing it the really wonderful and beautiful effects made in these pins, and the long weeks and months of labor which the girls must have

As they passed slowly along, two by two, crowds of admiring relatives and friends pressed up close to gaze at them with the greatest admiration and delight; and not unfrequently one heard a suppressed murmur of "bella" (beautiful) or "carina" (sweet) escape the lips of some fond mother or admiring little sister. At last, when the long train of the fifty-four "Ammantate" had gone by, there followed the clergy of St. Peter's and the whole

Vatican Chapter, the Canons and Monsignori wearing their rich purple robes and ermine capes and each carrying a lighted candle in his hand. Four Bishops of the Chapter of St. Peter's bring up the rear, followed by the choristers of the "Cappella Guilia." And now the dense crowd draws back and reverently makes way to fall on their kneees as the Blessed

for upon that broad brow is set the stamp of the high intellect and strong, vigorous mental power to which he owes his prominent position in the Sacred College of Cardinals.

Then, when the cortege has passed on its way, the crowd joins in from every side to follow the procession round the left side of the church and back to the Papal altar once more,

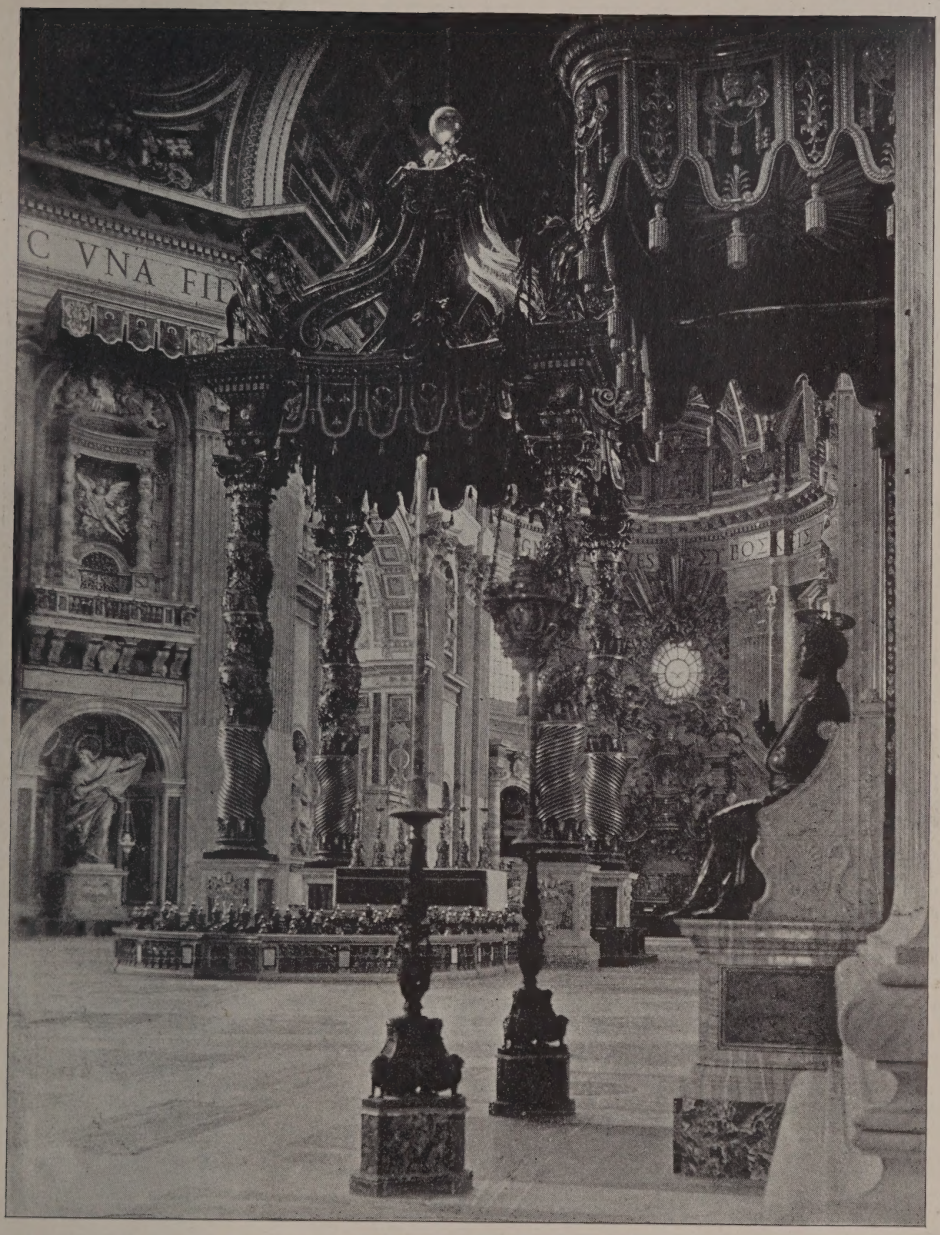
PIAZZA OF ST. PETER'S ON A GRAND FEAST DAY.

Sacrament approaches. Under a massive canopy of cloth-of-gold and surrounded by eight priests in gold-colored vestments, His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to His Holiness, and Arch-Priest of St. Peter's, carries the richly-jeweled Monstrance with the deepest reverence and recollection. Every inch a prince of the church looks the great Sicilian Cardinal in all the prime of his strength and manhood,

where the ceremony is to be closed with solemn benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament.

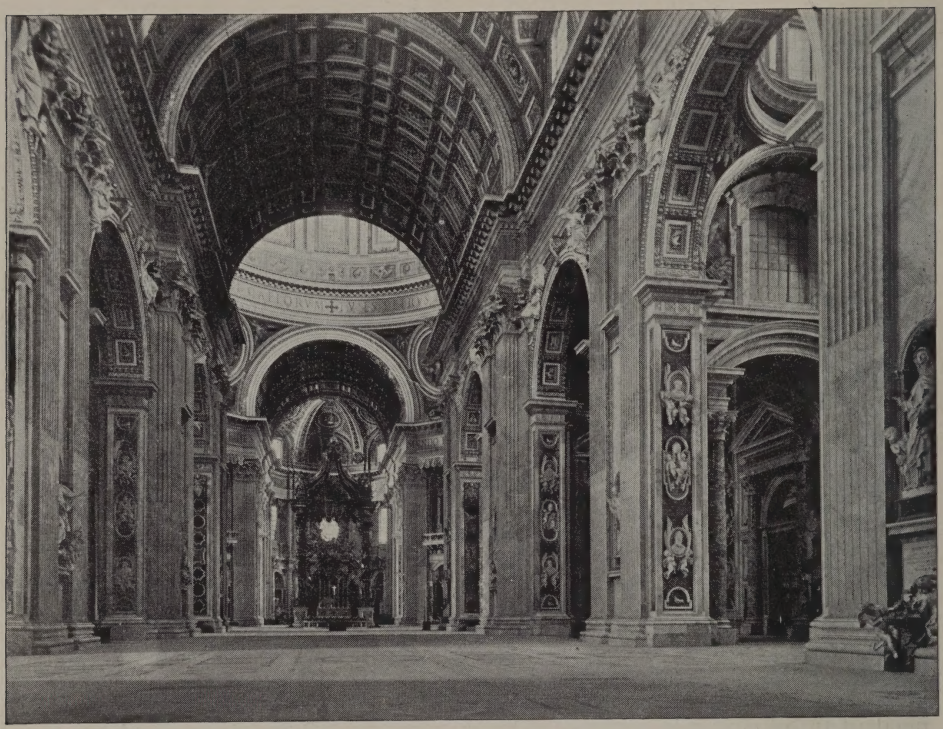
The procession passes at once inside the sanctuary, followed by all the students of the Pontifical Seminary and the Vatican Chapter, while the "Ammantate" are ranged round the outside of the enclosure, and the members of the various confraternities behind them again.

Seen from afar off, the scene now



THE "CONFESSION," ALTAR OF THE CHAIR, AND STATUE OF ST. PETER.

makes a beautiful picture as twilight begins to fall over the mighty church and the radiance of candles flashes on the rich vestments of cardinal and prelate; on the glowing gold of the Papal altar; on the pure whiteness of



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME

the "Ammantate," with their silver embroideries; on the picturesque parti-colored robes of the confraternities; and on the upturned, earnest faces of the kneeling crowd beyond.

It is a picture in its strong lights and shadows and its wealth of rich coloring which an artist would love to paint—a picture which will be painted indelibly in memory's most glowing colors in the minds of those who were privileged to see it.

With this beautiful recollection of an old-world Roman custom we leave St. Peter's when Benediction is given and all is over at last, and go out once more into the cool evening freshness of the broad piazza, with its crystal fountains, to find the sombre veil of an Italian night fast descending on the Eternal City.

THE CHAMPLAIN ASSEMBLY.

By Thomas Gaffney Taaffe.

"We are here in this world," said the Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, of Boston, in the course of an eloquent address to a meeting recently held in New York, in the interest of the Catholic Summer School, "for the purpose of cultivating all our faculties for the good of Holy Church and the uplifting of our fellow beings, and we must endeavor to place our intellectual standard high, so that our Protestant friends will see that there is something in the Catholic Church which uplifts mankind."

While I question the motive which Mr. Gargan declares should impel us to the elevating of our intellectual standard, and deny the proposition that the tendency of the Catholic Church to uplift mankind stands in need of proof, there can be no doubt as to the truth of his conclusion. It is manifestly our duty to do all we can towards mutual advancement and the spreading and maintenance of the influence of our Holy Church. The hope of our country, as he says elsewhere in his address, is in the conservative influence of the Catholic Church, "the alma mater of the arts and sciences," and any movement that makes for the strengthening and extension of that influence is worthy of the co-operation of every Catholic who has the interests of the Church and the nation at heart. Such a movement is the Catholic Summer School movement. We have not to-day a more effective agency for the dissemination of Catholic thought or the broadening of Catholic influence than the Summer School.

"I hail the advent of the Summer School," said Mr. Gargan, "which marks a long step forward in the mighty march of the Church. Every person who attends the school will become a disseminator of knowledge which will uplift all who come within range of its light." That he states the simple truth nobody can deny. The influence of the school—not only its direct influence on those who attend its sessions, but its indirect influence, too, on all with whom those so privileged come in contact—is incalculable. It is no exaggeration to say that the history of the movement shows the most remarkable advance yet made in furthering the cause of Catholicity.

And yet five years ago the efficacy of this movement was an unknown quantity. Up to the opening of the first session in New London, its projectors had hardly a definite idea of what was to be the outcome of the venture. In a day, almost, all this was changed—doubt became certainty, hope conviction. Its success was assured from the outset. There was no long and harassing struggle with ill-fortune and difficulties. It seemed to spring into being like Minerva, fully armed and equipped. I am not going to dwell on the early history of the school, its development from the Reading Circle movement, the process by which the original idea reached its present shape, or the preliminary steps to the realization of that idea. That is all ancient history now, and has been better told than I could do it. Suffice it to note that it has become an accomplished fact. The dream of its originator has become a reality, with a local habitation and a name.

A word or two here about its present habitation would not be out of place. It was evident from the outset that the temporary abiding place in

RAISING THE FLAG. CHAMPLAIN CLUB, CLIFF HAVEN.

New London was far from being suitable, and the officers of the school began to cast about for a site better adapted to the needs of the institution. however, and that plan was abandoned when a tract of land at Plattsburg, N. Y., was offered. A spot more perfectly adapted to the needs of the

REV. M. J. LAVELLE.
President of Champlain Assembly.

The Thousand Islands was first considered, a liberal offer for accommodation having been received from that quarter. Many objections were raised, school could not have been found, and the offer was eagerly accepted. But the difficulties which beset the enterprise were not yet disposed of. The

second session was held in 1893, and besides the ordinary obstacles which this new phase of the venture entailed was the added danger that the counter attractions of the World's Fair in Chicago would temporarily wean many from their allegiance and bring disaster on the school. Such a consequence at such a time would have been fatal. In the face of these conditions it required courage to take the step. But these pioneers were inspired with a zeal that took no note of such obstacles as that. Besides, the very history of the spot chosen for the new site was one long story of courage and devotion to a sacred cause—all the traditions of the country told of self-sacrifice and sublime faith, and whatever was needed to eke out the zeal of the leaders in this movement they imbibed in the very air they breathed. The step was taken, the danger was boldly faced—and what was the result? The fears proved groundless; the attendance showed no falling off, the interest showed no abatement, and the session that was inaugurated with hesitation and misgiving closed with confidence and hope reassured.

REV. THOMAS MCMILLAN.
Chairman of Board of Studies, Champlain Assembly.

The permanent home of the Champlain Assembly, as the Summer School is familiarly known, is rich in historic memories. Here on the shores of the lake which still bears the name of that early Catholic explorer the chivalric Champlain, Huron and Iroquois fought for supremacy centuries before the foot of white man pressed its

sod. Hither came Champlain, leading the way for others inspired by similar motives—the spread of truth and the greater glory of God! What more fitting spot could be found for the establishment of this powerful Catholic institution than the ground opened to the world by a zealous Catholic explorer and enriched by the martyr's blood of a Jogues and a Brebœuf? And what spot could be better calculated to keep alive the spirit of patriotism, the love of country, than this, associated as it is with some of the most stirring incidents of our nation's early struggles? Here were fought some of the fiercest battles of the old colonial days, when the supremacy of the new world was the bone of contention between the two most powerful nations of the world. Here, too, in turn, the sturdy colonists, fired by the desire for liberty, met and vanquished the trained legions of the oppressor. Here, still later, were the echoes of the surrounding hills awakened by the thunder of the cannon that sent many a British gunboat to the bottom of the placid lake. Not far off is Fort Ticonderoga, the scene of one of the most daring feats in the history of modern warfare—Fort Ticonderoga, which Ethan Allen and his handful of Green Mountain boys seized "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." To the west, near Lake Placid, rest the bones of old John Brown—poor, misguided fanatic—and over them the monument that a succeeding generation has raised rather to the zeal than to the judgment of him whose "soul goes marching on." On every hand are spots of more or less historic interest, for every foot of ground has been consecrated by the blood of martyrs or of patriots.

It is universally conceded that the quiet of the mountains is most conducive to successful study and reflection. We seek the seashore for rest and recuperation, but when our object is self-improvement through the agency of study we find the bracing atmosphere of the mountains, the freshness of the woods, far more congenial. There is a peace and quiet in the surroundings, a stimulating quality in the air, a sense of retirement, of seclusion, all of which are conducive to sober thought and a craving for enlightenment. It was a knowledge of these conditions that in a great measure influenced the officers of the Champlain Assembly in the choice of a permanent site. That they succeeded in finding one that combines all that is desirable for the purpose in view, with innumerable other features to enhance the attractiveness, needs but a visit to Cliff Haven to prove. Ample room for growth and development, excellent facilities for reaching it from every point of the compass, full accommodations for every want of the student—all are to be found on this ideal spot. The lecture hall, which—with all the other buildings on the grounds except the house of the Champlain Club—was erected last year, has a seating capacity of 700, while the chapel and dining-hall are ample for all requirements. Six main avenues and streets have been laid out; a complete system of sewerage introduced; electric light, telephone and telegraph service furnished, and every adjunct of comfort provided. Cottages are being built, and the place is rapidly approaching the condition of a populous settlement.

One of the most striking features of the Summer School, as it is now, is the social life. The session of 1896 reached the greatest development in this direction, as it was the first year that living accommodations were furnished on the grounds. The result of this phase of the movement cannot but be good, for acquaintanceship and friendships developed in such an atmosphere of religion and culture cannot but work for the good of all con-

cerned. The opportunities for social intercourse are ample, and this year, owing to the extension of the session to seven weeks and other modifications, these opportunities will be increased. The plan for the coming session provides for only two lectures a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, leaving the afternoons free for conferences and class work. Three evenings of each week—Friday, Saturday and Sunday—will be free, thus making allowance for recreation.

Since the last session of the school a signal honor has been conferred, indirectly, on the institution, by the elevation of its president, the Rev. Dr. Conaty, to the rectorship of the Catholic University, Washington, to succeed Bishop Keane. That the distinction is well merited no one who knows Dr. Conaty will deny, and although his retirement from the chief executive office of the school with which he has been so prominently associated since its inception will be felt as a loss, the consciousness that he has gone to work in a broader field, where his great ability will have fuller scope, will serve to reconcile his friends to the change. His successor in the presidency is the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. A reception will be tendered to Dr. Conaty on the evening of Thursday, August 12, at the Champlain Club house, on the school grounds. A notable gathering of both clergy and laity is anticipated on that occasion.

The programme arranged by the Board of Studies for the coming session is unusually strong, and comprises a wider range of subjects than that of any previous year. The Rev. Thomas McMillan, C. S. P., chairman of the Board, has given out a brief outline of what is in store for the students. The Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey of Malden, Mass., will speak on July 13 on "Literary Ambitions," and the following day on "The Sun of History"; Mr. Michael J. Dwyer, former editor of Donahoe's Magazine, will lecture on "The Stage as an Educator" and "Oliver Goldsmith"; the Rev. Charles Warren Currier of Baltimore, Md., will occupy the platform on July 19, 20 and 21, his subjects being "Hellenes versus Asiatics," "The Rise and Decline of the Ottoman Empire," and "The Eastern Question." Mr. Henry Austin Adams, editor of Donahoe's Magazine, will deliver three lectures in August on "The Beginnings of the Oxford Movement," "John Henry Newman," and "Ritualism." Other lectures will be by the Rev. James F. Loughlin, D. D., Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, who is a specialist in Church history; the Rev. Edward A. Pace, D. D., of the Catholic University, Washington, who will discuss the phases of mental development; the Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., who will deliver a group of lectures under the general head of "Philosophical Questions"; the Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan, D. D., of the Catholic University, who will treat of Pope Leo's Encyclical on Scholastic Philosophy; the Rev. Francis W. Howard of Columbus, O., who will discuss "Social Science"; Dr. C. O'Leary of Manhattan College, New York; Brother Potamian of De La Salle Institute, New York; Hon. John T. McDonough of Albany; the Rev. Thomas P. McLaughlin, S. T. L., of New York; Hon. John C. Maguire, Mr. William T. Carr and the Rev. James H. Mitchell of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Rev. Hugh T. Henry of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. Father Henry will discuss the Shakespearian period of English literature.

One of the notable features of the session will be the conferences on Sunday School work, to be conducted by the Rev. D. J. McMahon, D. D., of New York. There is no branch of Church work which stands in such dire need of reform to-day as the imparting of religious instruction to chil-

dren. Few of our Sunday schools are fit to stand even a cursory inspection, and many of them are wofully inefficient. A few individual efforts have been made to elevate the standard, notably that of the Rev. John B. McGrath, a few years ago, in St. Monica's Church, New York; but they have almost invariably met discouragement and interference, and have seldom been successful. The Paulist Fathers and, perhaps, some others, have succeeded in establishing a systematic course of instruction, but for the most part our Catholic Sunday schools furnish convincing testimony to the necessity for the adoption of a universal system. It is Dr. McMahon's theory that a general application of the reform is necessary to produce any lasting effect, and it is with a view to arranging a definite, practical scheme which diocesan authorities can put into operation that these conferences have been called. The conferences will commence Monday, August 2, and will continue every day until Friday of that week.

The first day the topic of discussion will be "Diocesan Grading and Inspection," and a paper on that subject will be read by the Rev. M. J. Considine, Inspector of Parochial Schools in the Archdiocese of New York. Father Considine's paper will treat of the importance of the question to the child, the teacher and the pastor; the advantages of discipline and emulation, and of regular competitive examinations between schools; and the necessity for more attention than can be given to the children in the Sunday classes. Tuesday's session will be occupied by the reading and discussion of a paper on "Bible History in the Sunday School," prepared by the Rev. J. T. Mullen, D. C. L., of Boston, Mass. The points to be brought out are the need of the study of this subject—in the lower classes by stories and anecdotes—through well-graded text-books. "The Instruction of Small Children" will be the theme of a paper by the Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead of Peekskill, N. Y., to be read on the third day. This will cover the various classes from the kindergarten to the first communion class; it will treat also of systems of catechisms, methods of marking and suggestions for home instructions. Father Kinkead, whose "Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism" has been widely and favorably noticed, should be able to discuss this topic thoroughly, as he has given the matter long and careful study. The subject of "Instruction of Larger Children" will be taken up on the fourth day by the Rev. W. I. Simmons of Providence, R. I., and will embrace suggestions for grading children after first communion; for securing the attendance of pupils; for a system of merits and rewards, and for the preparation of teachers. The last day will be devoted altogether to the teachers. The Rev. W. P. Gough of Philadelphia will speak on "Teachers' Unions," treating at considerable length of the advantages accruing from societies of teachers, and outlining plans for the organization of such societies. It will be seen that the plan and scope of the conferences are comprehensive. They include every feature of the work from the relations of pastor and teacher to the instruction of the smallest child. It will be strange if some good does not result from them. It is to be hoped that some practical system will be evolved and that diocesan authorities will see the necessity for putting it into effect. It is a crying need.

It is not out of place to direct attention here to a phase of the development of the Summer School idea that is peculiarly significant, showing as it does that the Catholics of this country want only the example of a few courageous pioneers to stir them to activity in any special direction. The establishment of the Champlain Assembly was a risky venture, an experi-

ment. There was no question as to the good it could accomplish if success were assured to it, but there was grave doubt as to the success of the scheme—so much doubt, indeed, that those in high places discreetly withheld their approval until success was assured. It devolved on the zealous and enterprising few to win that success for it. One of the most striking results of the success which crowned their efforts is the spirit of emulation which it stirred up in other sections of the country. Within three years after the inauguration of the school a similar organization, the Columbian Summer School of Madison, Wis., sprang into being, and later came the Winter School in New Orleans. Our country covers a vast territory, and it was to be expected that there would be many who would like to attend the school, but who were deterred from gratifying their desire by the length and expense of the journey to and from the point of meeting. These people watched with interest the progress of the movement and when success was assured they felt impelled to emulate. The Columbian School and the New Orleans School gave first results. But they were not beset by the difficulties that hampered the original organizers. The path had been ploughed for them—their way was clear. They had encouragement from those who had eagerly watched the progress of the idea in the East, and whose approval was invaluable. The first president of the Columbian School was Bishop Messmer, a prelate of energy and ability, and other dignitaries of the Western Church have honored the assembly by their approval and their attendance. There is no spirit of rivalry in either of these movements. None but the friendliest feelings exist between the new schools and their older sister in the East. As evidence of this I may cite that Father McMillan was invited to read a paper at the conference of Reading Circles held at the first session of the Columbian School, and that the Rev. John F. Mullaney of Syracuse, N. Y., one of the founders of the Champlain Assembly, was largely instrumental in establishing the New Orleans School.

It may be well, in conclusion, to refute the charge of provincialism that has frequently been brought against the Champlain School. It is dominated, it has been said, by New England, and is practically a New England movement. This is not so. It has, it is true, drawn much of its strength from New York and New England, but it is far from being narrowed in its scope to any section of the country. It is broad, it is national, and it has been so from the first. No less than twenty-two states were represented at the session of 1896. This fact, with a glance at the names of the lecturers and the range of the subjects discussed should be a sufficient answer to that objection. It is true the conditions which resulted in the establishment of the Columbian School necessarily operate to prevent a uniform attendance from all parts of the Union, but further than that there is nothing to substantiate the charge. Apropos of this, I may state here that the school has been singularly free from adverse criticism. Such criticism was expected. It is a natural consequence of the inauguration of a new movement. The many who stand by while the few labor and suffer are ever ready with suggestions, and advice and criticism. But the Summer School, strange to say, has had but a small share of this experience. It supplied so completely a want that must have been apparent to everybody, that there was little or no room for adverse criticism. So long as it continues to maintain the high standard that it has set up—and it does not seem possible now that it can fall off—so long will it be proof against the attacks of the inconsiderate and the ill-willed. They are the only enemies it need ever know.

A JESUIT IN DISGUISE.

BEING A NEW ENGLAND FABLE OF TODAY.

By Henry Austin Adams.

(To the Right Reverends and the Wrong Reverends of Babel, and to their Flocks, I dedicate this Fable.)

THE MASQUES.

Old Man Wright	Catholic Culture.
Witherspoon	Conscience Adrift.
Rector Gaines	"Via Media."
Arbuthnot	Haze and Fog.
Father Escort	Light and Fact.
Miss Standish	Salvation by Committee.
The Middletons	"Respectable Christianity."

CHAPTER I.

The rumor was that the Rector of Little Straiton had seen a great light —and had resigned.

But who could believe such a rumor?

True, according to a late eminent legal authority, the truth will out even in an affidavit.

And here and there a man has been known to stumble upon Life, notwithstanding the fact that he had enjoyed unusually great "advantages" in the way of a bringing up.

Even in Massachusetts, now and again, one hears of an educated man, proved to be such by virtue of a miraculous escape from "New England Intelligence"; while an unfounded rumor goes so far as to insinuate that a secret assay is now making whereby the current coins of this Realm of Ideas are being newly tested—and found wanting an amazing quantity of that rare gold—Fact!

On rather better authority we have it that the standard old piece, Public Opinion, is of such known lightness that to-day a numerous body of thinkers are boldly calling that venerable coin base, and urging in its stead the eighteen-carat, brand new, My Opinions!

Heaven forbid our presumption endeavoring to decide such a matter. Your solid, be-stomached, average Man (no impalpable Thinker merely) gets along with so much of your Legal Tender as you will give him in exchange for his soul.

A crusty, dark, old alchemist sent the Public Opinions of his day and generation to pot long since, and discovered that they contained absolutely nothing but "the voices of innumerable old women." But what of it? Do not the old coins pass? Verily and Amen! On the sly any fool of us behind his counter has "tasted" the pay for his life-blood—and found that all is not gold that is brass. But what of it? Does it pass? And, being sure of naught but of stomach and vacuum, will it fill me?

Why quarrel, therefore, with your makers of phrases and of formulas and of the statistical accepted? Get your rules by rote. Are they not rules? Are they not proven rules? Is not every man of us the exception to them—which proves them? What if the volatile, tangent, all-irrepressible Truth will out sometimes? Peg away at your Affidavits—safe enough against Facts in the long run. What chance for the Individual, so you build your Institutions upon sufficiently advanced principles? The Impossible happens only in France; along with a deal not anywise to be condoned, or even recognized, elsewhere. Here, in institutional, intelligent, Protestant New England your miracles are rare—that most miraculous of all wonders, A MAN, being practically impossible in the face of the exceptional educational advantages and the widespread public Superiority.

Conceive him, oh! thou reader, dear fellow humbug and humbugged; conceive an Individual, that sole residuum of the Eternities! Conceive him plunged from his birth into that thickest of all possible fog-banks—some latest Theory of Education! Conceive him (patheticalest boy) doing his level, puny best to guess what the Faculties are trying to hide from him! Conceive him almost believing (while young) what the Ecclesias successfully deny later!

Conceive him, by dint of a thorough education, remaining unknown to himself; and coming on Facts in the dark as by chance, or not coming upon them! Taught how to "conceal thought" in five languages and the market value of phrases, the danger of Idea, or still more of Act, seriously affecting his course in life is reduced to a minimum.

Should emancipation come to your trim, trained Soul, the chances are that an event so portentous and cataclysmal would be the end of the You known and respected in the parish of Little Straiton.

But fear it not, brother. At the head of your village, and mine, where the broad, safe street forks away to the right and the wrong, the way to the right is marked "To the Common," while the other way is marked "To Straiton three miles," where are the "Boston Store," the new brick High School, the Amos P. Middleton Free Library and Institute, and half a dozen pulpits agreeing at least in a successful effort to keep their varying gospels up to date. The road thither is a macadamized turnpike, and the old Boston Postroad withal. Now the road to the Common is but a footpath, and leads only—to Nature.

The Rector, however, did not resign—has not, at the expiration of nine years, resigned; and will not, after the manner of his tribe, by reason of any Light whatsoever that may come to him, in all likelihood, ever resign. Of the light which, the rumor had it, the Rector had seen, no ray has been visible these many years to nether eyes, save a glint of it seen o' dark nights on the glassy pond in the Common. Time was when the light would glimmer across the pond till near dawn of a morning, blinking from out the two front eyes of the little red house on the Common.

But the light goes out betimes these nights, and the Rector and old man Wright do whatever they do in the way of philosophizing at more decent hours and no longer together.

Nine years! A deal of a bite, nine years, from a life—the nine after thirty, moreover; and likely to crescent a man out into an unwholesome crust-rim with no pumpkin to speak of left in him. To this eviscerated state of pie (to continue local in our coloring) must a fine mind be reduced that turns forty in Little Straiton, North Straiton, South Straiton, or even Straiton, in what old man Wright would call "the habit of courteously waiving God's claim upon one."

Of a man in this state of reductio ad pie one may believe anything save

that he has resigned. But—for it is what the angels desire to look into—that were no wasted Summer hour which a mortal, with some of the pumpkin of grace still in him, might devote to a general, or even minute enquiry. If it would profit a man to gain the whole Truth and lose his own—parish?

In the summer of nine years ago that question was put to as likely a Soul as ever bade fair to see God and live. Come, "Vision or Pie?"

And the Rector said, "Pie."

* * * * * * * * *

Old man Wright is no mean talker. From him the gist of this bit of tragedy comes. Who kills trout in the pond near the old man's house must be first of all patient, the fish being rare; but, if one knows the hour—the hour after sunset—when old Wright is there, it is odds but one will discover that black is not white, and be tickled to death on discovering it. "Sir," he said to me on his first coming upon me in the twilight under the willows, "Sir, in the dark, I took you for a man." Whereon, as on some flash-light revelation, I have thought hours together.

On many Summer evenings since have I killed trout in Little Straiton Pond, and listened to the lay of this last minstrel of a passing age. His music ever seemed no new and unfamiliar melody, but rather, with its weird, sweet chords, the aeolian echo of the Great Spirit's breathings among the quivering heartstrings of our common life.

"What shall we call the book?" Jack and I asked him the night I read this account of Mr. Witherspoon's murder.

Old Wright looked at us. Then cast for a two-pounder which he had waited for since before sundown.

"Call it"—but the two-pounder rose and occupied exclusively the next half hour.

"Call it," said old man Wright, in that unconscious, quiet way of his, intent meanwhile upon the rescue of his pale dun fly from a gilly fate, "call it 'A Jesuit in Disguise.'"

"Because"—Jack was beginning to surmise a reason.

"Because," went on the old man, when his fly was safe, "because I want Ella Standish to read your book. She is intelligent—she knows everything about everything except the facts."

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CHAPTER II.

The body of Abner Witherspoon was found floating, face down, in Little Straiton pond on the morning of March 19, 1885, by reason of which gruesome event the world became aware, for the first time, that there was a Little Straiton with a pond, and that there had been one Abner Witherspoon for the space of a quarter of a century upon this globe of ours.

By inference, moreover, the world became aware of an hypothetical big Straiton to which the other Straiton with a pond stood in the modest relation of second fiddle; no less than of some person or persons to us unknown by whom the said Abner Witherspoon, deceased, had been foully, maliciously and cruelly done to death.

It was at that distant date my privilege to be starving on the repertorial staff (the sound of "repertorial staff" kept me alive) of the leading Hartfield daily, and the lucky illness of our regular murder man compelled the editor to detail me.

I was in Straiton by nine o'clock, and boxed the compass of its suburban South, North and East Straitons before reaching my case. By noon I had telegraphed a description of the neighborhood and the inhabitants thereof; I had sifted the evidence, followed the clues, cornered the suspect, waived trial by jury, dispensed with a judge and rendered a verdict of guil-

ty (with a recommendation to severity) against a manifestly dangerous character known as old man Wright. My promotion was now only a matter of getting back to the office. Swelled with pride and anticipation, I reached Hartfield in the evening and gave a newsboy a dollar for a copy of the paper which contained my charter of immortality. But there is a providence which shields reporters. The editor had boiled me down to half a column—of bare facts. Just below my poor, pruned article, which read for all the world like the stilted weekly letters from our "way-back" correspondents, my eye caught these amazing words: "Edgar L. Wright, Ph. D., who resides immediately adjoining the scene of the alleged murder in the village of Little Straiton, and who was the first one to view the body of Abner Witherspoon, has notified the authorities that he is in possession of evidence tending to establish the identity of the murderer. Dr. Wright, or as he is locally called, old man Wright, refuses to discuss the matter, but it is generally believed that the doctor, to whom the poor go with their ailments and doubts, has been aware of an attempt on Witherspoon's life for some time, whether by poison or by self-inflicted murder is not known."

I was paralyzed.

At the office I found a note from the editor enclosing a cheque and expressing the hope that I would find my new position agreeable—if I could get one.

That night I dreamt that I was drowning in Little Straiton pond, and that old man Wright was holding me under and yelling: "So you called me the murderer, did you?"

In the morning, when I had to face the hard, cold world, a telegram came out of the leaden sky summoning me to Straiton. It was signed: "Edgar L. Wright."

I spent the forenoon in recalling my sins and repenting of them. By a superhuman conquest of my will, I jumped on the last train out of Hartfield for that fatal Straiton. Night was fast closing in upon the haunted pond when I found myself halting under the gloomy willows. Then came the deep, firm voice and the deeper, dubious, not altogether pleasing:

"Sir, in the dark I took you for a man. Come, if you will, into the house."

If I should have to name the crisis of my life, I would name that moment.

In the pitchy darkness I followed old man Wright into the house. He struck a light.

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The third match managed to ignite the wick of an old, wrought iron lamp. As the spark became a circle and the circle a flame, I found myself in the middle of a room low-pitched, dark-cornered and very much belying by its size the exterior dimensions of the house. I calculated that it must include the whole of the ground floor. Save where a winding staircase and the chimney stood, the walls were literally covered with books and pictures—old prints mainly.

The furniture, of which there was an amazing and bewildering amount, consisted of old, black, carved wood pieces of odd, incongruous designs. Below the bookshelves on three sides of the room, broad cushioned lounges, littered with magazines and papers; hanging from the rough rafters of the ceiling many an old and curious lamp in bronze, in iron, and in silver, clinging to every patch of wall and stairs and wood-work, not occupied by etchings, some tiny cup, or plate, or rusty bit of antique arms or armor—the whole a faded, blended, medieval dream.

And under the old lamp the old man looking at me. The almost total baldness of his massive head was compensated by the luxuriant beard, snow white and falling to his breast. The square, unmercifully firm and deter-

mined chin was mellowed into the very tenderness of power in love, by the eyes—never at rest, never becoming dulled nor harsh, under their overhanging, very bushy brows. A head to be remembered, this; a face to be met scarcely twice; and the voice to be heard once, and once only, with its literal translation of the old man's look.

He was, I would have said, below the average height, with singularly delicate and nervous hands; but the chest was broad, and the short and thick-set body fit for enduring much. His dress was idiosy ncrasy's cast-off clothes. A soft gray hat whose shape the showers of twenty summers had soaked away, tattered of brim, and gemmed as to its crown with two-score trout flies. A coat once velveteen and once wine-colored, if an occasional oasis of still standing nap could be believed; whose bulging pockets now contained—along with who could say what else—certainly three or four small books in vellum, old, rare and not in English, as any one could see. Breeches, whose own dirt color failed to conceal dirt not their own, but passing fair beside the fishing boots, whose pristine glossy black was now become pure, shameless mud.

The old man's shirt was clean—clean as his hands—but fearfully and wonderfully made, with a Byronic roll at neck and wrists of such proportions as sent it trespassing so far over the outer desert of velveteen that one shirt's decent usefulness was limited to say two hours.

"My name is Wright," he said; "I telegraphed to you. You are the man who wrote the article about the murder here?"

It would have been useless to lie to those eyes; and that voice asked no question, it announced a fact. The rising inflection was a gratuitous courtesy. Indeed, before I made any answer, the old man went on, waving me to a seat, while remaining on his feet and walking about nervously.

"That was a remarkable bit of reporting, you know; and I wanted to see the man who wrote it. I don't know when I have seen such a concise, straightforward statement of the salient points in a case."

The terrible eyes lighted up so sweetly as he said this that I regretted the indiscretion of having been born.

"And there was such an opening for comment," he went on, facing me, "such a supreme opportunity for deducing conclusions in no way connected with the facts! But we get nothing but facts themselves in your excellent article, and are for once given the privilege of doing the concluding for ourselves—a rare luxury in these days, sir. I thank you." This was too much. Even a sentiment-proof reporter, as I was, writhed under the boundless approval of those two brown eyes, with that restless peering of theirs. Their sarcasm was terrible, unbearable.

"I regret to have to confess, sir," I stammered, "that while I did write the article as it was printed, I also wrote a deal more, of the nature, I fear, of just such commenting and deducing as you condemn."

The old man had turned as I was speaking, to a low oriental table strewn with smoking things, and was filling a long, outlandish pipe with tobacco.

"Some merciful editing was bestowed upon my effusion before it saw the light," I pressed on, stung by his awful quiet into a wondrous, new sense of penitence.

He was puffing gently by this time—those first encouraging puffs, and looking at me.

Why would he not be kind and storm at me! Puff—puff.

"Yes," he said. Puff—puff. "I was with Barker when your despatch arrived. He asked me to look over it and,"—puff—puff—"I ventured to"—

puff—"make a few minor emendations." He settled his pipe for a prolonged smoke, and leaning back upon one of the divans looked apologetically and calmly at me. And this was the man whom I had convicted of the murder!

Nothing entirely covering the situation occurred to me to say at the moment, so the eyes followed mine to the four corners of the room, to the ceiling, to the floor, and, at last, to each other.

"Barker discharged you yet?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied, relieved.

"Very good of him. I asked him to release you, because I want your services. He did not see the—the rough draft, you know, of your article, and he was so much pleased with the printed one that I was afraid he would not let me have you." Puff—puff—and no escape from the deep, quiet mind welling out of his eyes.

"But really, sir," I began. "To-morrow—to-morrow——"

"Do you play chess? Good! Get the board; it is yonder, beneath the yellow portfolio of Hogarth's. The pieces are in the ebony chest on the mantel—a curious set, made for me" —puff—puff—"by a slave poor Endicott Effendi had in Bagdad." Puff. "Poor Endicott died in the unshaken belief that he could play chess, and that he was a Puritan, and that that was something."

I had got the board and was placing the heavy, exquisitely carved pieces upon it within reach of the old man as he lay on the cushions in the corner.

He motioned that I should light a lamp above our heads—"a sanctuary lamp of the fourteenth century—found it in New London, of all places on earth! Should say it was made in Nuremburg. You begin." I played. A conventional opening comprised our first six moves. I sat upon an ottoman and watched him, conscious that I was undergoing the crucial test of my life, and vaguely hoping for salvation—yet so as by fire. At the end of forty silent minutes he moved—his knight, and studied me. I played. How I could not discover from my opponent's face, which remained expressive only of cruel benignity.

"You said two awfully good things in your article," he suddenly murmured, "which would become absolutely true by merely" — puff — "reversing them."

"It is your play," I answered, by way of a flank movement.

"And it will be your play next," he returned gently. Silence.

"Yes," he began again; "you said that Little Straiton was in the heart of New England. In proof of the obvious, why didn't you say that the heart of New England was in Little Straiton? That, sir, would be news —and true into the bargain."

He played, I thought, carelessly, and I met it with a prompt counter, Wright eyeing me.

"Wise, if it were time," he murmured. "And," he went on, aloud, "you also said that the rector declared that Abner Witherspoon could not have committed suicide, because he was pre-eminently content in that state into which it had pleased God to call him. You should have said that poor Abner did commit suicide because he was not content with that state into which it had pleased the parsons to call God!" I played; then he. "Check!" softly whispered Mr. Wright. I studied my dilemma in vain. "Mate," I said, with relief.

"A matter of too hasty generalization, sir," courteously replied the old man, rising; "but you will do—you will do. Let me light you to bed. You must be very tired."

In the middle of the night I heard my host coming up the stairs and along the passage. At my door he paused. I held my breath. He knocked. "Did you say in your arti-

cle that Witherspoon was a typical character?" "Yes," I answered, amazed. "That is true—true. Type of what did you mean?" I hesitated, for I had not the remotest notion of what I had meant, and guesswork was ticklish under all the circumstances.

"Never mind," he said, presently, and I could feel the kind look gimleting me through the door. "Never mind. We cannot expect men to tell the truth and understand it, too. Witherspoon was a type of the noble army of martyrs, sir; that is, his soul was:—don't know and don't care who did help him off with his body. Bodies belonging to his kind of spirits don't count. Good night!"

* * * * * * * *

That night the body of the drowned man disappeared. Only the thing signified remained.

* * * * * * * *

"Evidence, sir; evidence is the thing," he said to me at breakfast. "To weigh it, to sift it, is the supreme problem; to face it, the supreme duty. I should be disposed to account for all evil by man's incapacity, inaccuracy, or cowardice in respect of evidence. Would you not?"

He had a way of tempering his fiat by this little flattery of "don't you think so, sir?"

"But then God help the man who says to Evidence, 'Take me—I am thine.' Have another egg, won't you? One runs the risk of fetching up uncomfortably near the truth who makes any such contract with Evidence."

After ten minutes: "And the truth, you know, leads to unpleasant consequences. From Harvard to heaven is a long journey, and the shock a severe one when culture has to be so rude as to narrow down to God! Picture a high-caste Back Bay Brahim polluted by undodgable contact with an unmistakable, palpable thing!" Three days of this.

* * * * * * * *

I became the private secretary of old man Wright, in which capacity I was an inmate of his house for five short years.

At his request I have compiled this singular account of Abner Witherspoon's murder.

* * * * * * * *

On my return with my effects to Little Straiton, I found the rector, Rev. Edward Gaines, closeted nightly with Dr. Wright.

Then came the rumor that the rector had resigned. The old man fished away in silence for two months. I was the most perfunctory of secretaries during the rector's European tour. When he came back in the midwinter of our life of silence and routine, the doctor's former volubility returned.

Piecemeal, I learned the main facts of the following story, and jotted down from memory the old man's ceaseless, musing comments upon life.

He said to me one afternoon about a month after the rector's coming home:

"Gaines has decided not to insist upon making God take a hand in running his church. He had some thought of this before going to Europe, you know. I confess I rather urged him to consider the matter. I understand that the bishop viewed the project with alarm. And, anyhow, failing God, there's Mrs. Duncan Norton. Capital pro tem!"

* * * * * * * *

The rumor died away. The murder was forgotten. The old man muttered and killed trout and beat at chess. The rector's salary was regularly paid. Evidence went begging. And I wrote this book. A true enough book to be rejected out of hand.

CHAPTER III.

Anyone with half an eye for the fitness of things can see that Nature intended the town of Straiton to be located three miles from the spot where man, or rather man's evil genius (named of late Progress), did actually locate it.

If the point where two rivers meet in a deep-meadowed valley, whither twilight comes early because of the splendid tumultuous western hills; where it never could pay any railway to come; where the trout are abundant and the reign immemorial of the wholesome and sweet goes peacefully on—if such be the kind of a place where the whole of a man might hope for a chance to be, that vote in town meeting in 1740 to abandon the "common" and move to the "centre" was a fatal mistake.

The centre is but a middling place, as flat as a pancake, but doubles itself in every ten years, and "the day is not far distant," declares the Straiton Bee, "when the proud citizens of this progressive town may claim that it offers advantages second to those held out by no other town in New England!" A brilliant outlook, which more than one old iron-bandaged elm in Straiton's main street bemoans, pathetically, and with good reason, since eight of the old fellows are already doomed, to make room for the trolley poles next autumn!

Straiton has now more than ten thousand people, among whom are a few men and women. There are sixteen fire engines, four libraries, twelve religions, not including the Catholic, which, while numerically larger than all the rest together, does not of course signify. There are schools in Straiton. The system of ventilation in them, I understand, is perfect. Some thought, moreover, must have been given to the question of what to teach and how, as Mr. Phillips, the superintendent of schools, concedes that his ideas and methods are the best. There are in Straiton the immense works of the American Notion Manufacturing Company, and Intellectual Life. At the works twelve hundred young girls chew gum and make (and imbibe) notions. The Intellectual Life blazes out every other Friday evening, when the Chatauqua Circle meets, and on Sundays, when the twelve apostles of the twelve religions hammer away to prove that differences of doctrine are nothing and duty everything. With the twelve congregations, however (more logical than their teachers), doctrine seems to be of so much importance that commonplace duties, such as the humdrum duty to think, come in for a comparatively small share of attention. The Unitarian pastor complained recently, I must state, in justice to him, that there was a grave lack of honest study and genuine thinking in the churches. "And," Mr. Arbuthnot went on to say, "the worst of it is that when people do begin to investigate and formulate for themselves they invariably leave our Protestant churches, and the conditions remain unimproved. These thinking people should remain in our churches."

Mr. Arbuthnot had taken a three years' course in logic at Tubingen. The reading circles, unlike the churches, breathed the pure spirit of investigation. Mr. Arbuthnot was president, and there was an average attendance of twenty—two clergymen and eighteen women. A number of men would have taken part in the intellectual movement but for a deplorable clash of engagements. G. A. R. Post No. 493 met on Fridays. The male youth of Straiton met at the store every evening, and Miss Whitney's effort a few years ago to get the men together weekly to play "Authors" failed after the second meeting, on the issue, "Shall we have lemonade or not?"

The lemonaders were in an overwhelming majority, but Miss Whitney, fresh from Smith College, "just wouldn't"—and didn't!

But the movement received the vigorous support of the Bee, which came out every Wednesday with a leader in which "we point with pride to what has already been accomplished in our midst," and "we demand that not only our present standards be maintained, but that the reputation which Straiton has for being abreast of the intellectual movement of the age be increasingly deserved."

When old Amos P. Middleton died it was discovered that he was a philanthropist. Alive, he had steadfastly adhered to his principles, which were unique and simple as A, B, C.

He founded the works, he owned the works, he ran the works, he was the works. That his policy of "Works first and human souls next" was a sound one, nobody could doubt. Your works are a measurably solid, paying fact! Your wretched mill homes, your ruined girls, your made sordid and kept sordid lives of men and women are, at the most, questions for the political economist—invariably an impossible, unpractical devil of a fellow, who dreams that what should be could be—when it can't!

The autopsy showed a clot of blood on old Middleton's brain and a drop of humanity in his heart.

He was a post mortem lover of man. He bequeathed money for the Library and Institute, which henceforth bore his name. The trustees have seen to it that the privileges of such an institution should not be abused by the public. By an ingenious arrangement of by-laws and regulations, the Institute is made safe against the public. It is kept open at hours when those who have their own libraries may come, and closed on Sundays and holidays. Of late, I learn that a concession has been made. On holidays other than the Sabbath the natural history wing will be opened, so that between 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. the chewers of gum and their cavaliers (looking red and wretched in "boiled" shirts) may look at the moth-eaten stuffed opossum, the collection of shells, the albums of pressed seaweed, and the monotonous rows of little lumps of minerals, with their little, yellow labelled Latin names!

More than this, the Institute provides lectures—two each winter, which Mr. Arbuthnot and his attendant thinkers never miss. Moreover, under the aggressive management the Institute seems destined to affect the whole community and to hold the torch of learning before the somewhat dulled and sensual eyes of younger Straiton. Witness, e. g., the neat tin signs tacked to the trees along the streets, whereby the mill-hand is made aware that his noons are passed beneath the welcome shades of the "Aesculus Hippocastanum" or the "Ulmus Americana," and goes back to his work doubtless refreshed and elevated by the thought.

The intellectual and spiritual future of the workingman must be a bright one, so we can only rescue him from foreign superstition and contrive to get around his seeming indifference to the tenets of New England religionism and the amenities of New England culture. But no picture, however rosy, has but one side. As a fair historian I am compelled to admit that the soil (if not the soul) of Straiton from time to time bore fruit nowise to be looked for. Not alone was there your solid, blank, impenetrable "foreign" element turning its nose up at Mr. Arbuthnot and grovelling in the superstition of John Henry Newman, as well as preferring the darkness of ethical training to even the ventilation and patent blackboards of Mr. Phillips' model High School, but there was an appreciable body of men and women dangerously disposed to belie their birthplace and contemn their advantages

by coming back from vacations in Europe and excursions into life generally somehow contaminated with the idea that there was brain before there was a New England skull into which to squeeze it, religion before it landed on Plymouth Rock, and history still to be written.

This pestilent faction stolidly refused to be factious, and had an unreliable way of looking at things from various points of view and accounting magnanimously for departures from standards.

It was by degrees discovered that the soul of this revolt from the accepted was none other than Edgar Wright, a native of Straiton, who, having spent most of his life abroad, had returned an old and mysterious man and taken up his abode in his grandfather's little red house by the edge of the pond in Little Straiton Common.

His advent marked the dawn of a peculiar revolution. The bustling, up-to-date, self-satisfied, big Straiton, with its booming Bee, had now its near-by, moss-grown, tantalizing Little Straiton, with its clique of souls—souls calmly looking deep down into life and truth.

CHAPTER IV.

There is, then, in the heart of New England, as everybody knows, this highly evolved and successful town of Straiton. The appreciation of real estate values has been simply enormous. We have referred to the progress of its ideas and the variety and optimism of its religions.

If one disposed to be too nicely inquisitive could show that, despite the advancement, the individual has "withered," nobody would dream that the town "is more and more." Straiton is.

Not half so palpably nor boomingly Little Straiton has come to be also. And this is the manner of its rise and retrogression: Not long after the war—for the prosecution of which the little village had sent forth the flower of her youth, to wit, Abner Witherspoon's father and Lem Rogers—some carpenters and painters were observed at work about the old Wright place.

The old Wright place was the place behind the willows, near the oblong, sedgy pond down on the common. The two-story brick house had stood there more than seventy years, admittedly the proudest in the village, from the more durable character of the materials of which it was built, its more ample proportions, and from the brainy, travelled, different kind of folks which the Wrights had been, father and son, from the first.

Since along somewhere in the fifties, however, the red house had been vacant and given over to the elements. News had come from Spain of the old owner's death, and nothing seemed less probable than that his son, now in middle life, would ever come back from his Bohemian and dubious (it was whispered) roving over the earth to take up his abode in this particular one of his dozen New England houses.

Here, none the less, he came. The red house, enlarged somewhat and modernized very much in respect to plumbing, but antiquated still more in respect to decoration and furniture, was invaded first by two outlandish man-servants, who worked miracles of preparation. Then Edgar Wright came back to his birthplace. Most of us move at will and the world recks not. Some men's moving, however, means much. Your staple, indigenous flora came first, they say, mere flecks of pollen, pell-mell on the breath or the blast of the wanton wind from its distant home. Ideas come so. Some men disseminate vital truth. Their children's children—and in New England their neighbors and pastors

as well—take the consequent growths as a matter of course.

Here, then, there comes into that frost bellum, complacent existence a man. Meeting-house and lyceum, trade and tradition, to say nothing of universal old-maidism (monstrous incarnation of pedagogics, pedantry and Puritanism) had combined in the easy and always delightful task of persuading the surviving friends of those who fell on Southern fields that there is only one New England and that every New Englander is its prophet.

And the worst of it was that almost everything which the son of the Puritan believed concerning his own superiority was true. The rhetoric of the lyceum lecturers did very little outrage to the facts. Science and morals coiled at the very roots of the civilization which New England could then boast.

If her man was a bit of a prig, had he not more schools and better than other men? Had he not a snug balance on the right side of the ledger? Had he not vitalized the theories of his doctrines by shedding his blood on a hundred battlefields, and paid a stupendous ransom for his negro brother?

If the New England woman was an old maid, was she not virtuous and proven fit for amazing work of hands and brain?

There be qualities of goodness and of worth which, when fully possessed, make ordinary mortals dread to come much into the society of the possessor of them. Of such kind were the virtues of the New Englander, and he possessed them as never before had men possessed them.

After the war was to come a time when heroics and spread-eagleism were to be succeeded by those subtle, unclassifiable, irresistible influences which have issued in that nameless, but palpable, product—culture.

In the sixties, some very sporadic and marvellous high thinking was certainly done; but it was done on the oases of a dreary dessert of wofully plain (if virtuous, heroic) living. Moonshine there was and metaphysics; but tolerance or catholicity, twin children of travel, there was not.

The awakening spirit of the land was remote from the focused, magnificent strengths which the coming of peace had brought forth. The breath of it fell on the sensitive soul of the great leisure class and impelled men abroad. It fell on the rural life, till then barren and "countrified," and Englished it much. It broke out into Turkish rugs and the tempered tints of wall paper. It crossed and recrossed all the oceans, and knocked at the door of all schools. It became connoiseurish. It spoke better French. It began to rewrite and to comprehend history. It reversed many judgments. It came back every fall more dissatisfied with the old meeting-house views of the universe. It ran to old prints, old editions, old masters. It Germanized music and Parisianized gowns. It took to Episcopalianism and to aesthetic Unitarianism, or to both at once, or to neither. It worked all unseen and had no propaganda. It has pulverized the whole fabric of New England life as it was in some three short decades.

It is culture—the boast of the Bostonese, the glory of Harvard.

In the sixties, when the old red house on the common was made ready for the unexpected coming of the owner, it was a feeble breath just stirring 'mid the dry bones of the past.

Then, but not now, the heart of New England was in her Little Straiton.

To be continued.

A SHOWER IN THE VILLAGE.

By Walter M. Egginton.

Over the village that stillness reigns which only a Sunday in Summer can produce. It is nearing the noon hour, and there is a glare of sunlight everywhere. The quiet of the streets seems to be intensified as one approaches the corner where the small stone church stands alone. There is a service going on inside, and the rolling music of the organ, faintly wafted from within, reaches the deserted streets outside. Rows of houses with closed blinds and unoccupied doorsteps meet the eye on every side, and down a narrow lane, near at hand, a freshly-painted barn gleams hotly in the fierce sunlight. Three or four pigeons have fluttered to the roof and are sunning themselves and softly cooing.

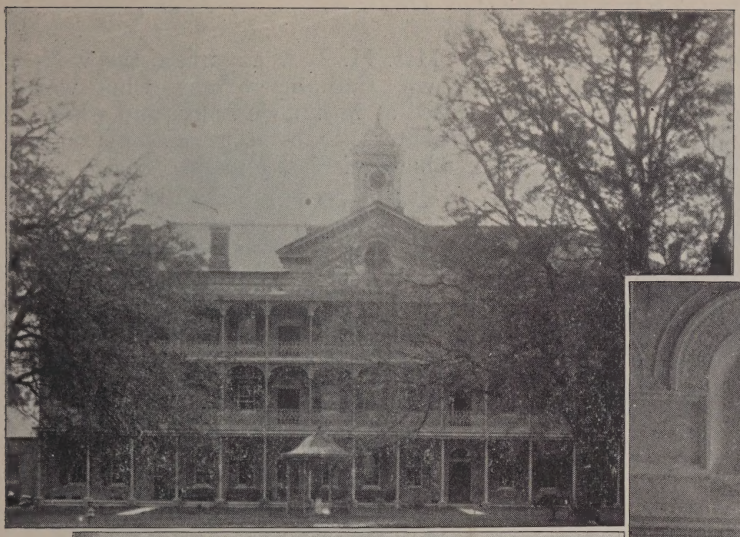
Near the door of the church a horse and buggy stand, and now and again the animal, bothered by flies, stamps and splashes his hoofs in the shallow puddle under him. A dog trots lazily up the street and stops on his way to chase and bark at a few belated sparrows. One of the pigeons stalks with dignity across the roof, and another flutters into the air with a whirring sound and disappears from sight.

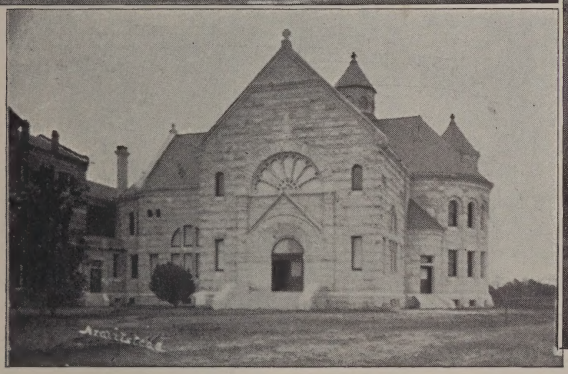
The sound of the organ has died away on the still air, and only the distant clucking of the disturbed hen breaks the quiet. The sunlight seems to have taken on a darker shade.

A sharp gust of wind sweeps up and down the street, and rushes through the foliage of the sleeping trees. The sparrows that occupied the street a few moments ago are not in sight. No living thing is to be seen, and the newly-painted barn, which a moment ago looked scorched and blistered, seems to have taken on a cooler tinge. The breeze has quite died away, and there is a moment of supreme stillness. Then a dull, sullen sound, that seems like the roar of a distant train, steals upon the air. It comes again, and there is no mistaking it—it is thunder.

A flurried hen runs across the lane and disappears behind a board, just as three large spots mark the dusty sidewalk. Drops are falling everywhere, and as they increase in number they decrease in size. There is a gentle patter on the sidewalk, on the housetops, through the trees, which becomes more and more hurried, until it generates into a steady rush of falling rain. The landscape is almost shut out from sight.

Slowly and by hardly perceptible degrees, the steady rush becomes a patter, and the sun, with sudden brilliance, changes each drop to a glistening diamond. The rain ceases and the sparkling trees gently shake themselves in the sunlight. The shower is over.





(1) Academy of the Visitation, Mobile, Ala.
(2) Chapel of the Sacred Heart.
(3) Marble Altar in Chapel.

THE VISITATION ORDER IN THE UNITED STATES.

SKETCH OF A CLOISTERED TEACHING ORDER.

By Lydia Sterling Flintham.

(Concluded.)

IN 1852 that generous mother, Georgetown, sent a colony of nuns to Catonsville, to establish the Academy of Mount de Sales.

This suburb of Baltimore is justly noted for its many institutions. The crowning gem of all is Mount de Sales. From its elevated position it commands a view of the Potapsco and the mighty Chesapeake.

Stately groves surround the convent; the spacious grounds are broken by walks and flower beds, with here and there an image of some saint, whose modest beauty invites to higher contemplation.

From its beginning, Mount de Sales was popular and successful. It lacked the sad experiences which characterized many other foundations, springing at once into activity.

Its fame soon spread, and parents from far and near willingly yielded up their loved ones to the sheltering arms of Mount de Sales.

That these children learned to love their adopted home was amply proved by Mrs. M. T. Waggaman, the well-known Catholic writer, who was reared at Mount de Sales, and whose daughter has been mentioned as a graduate of Georgetown.

Near the city of Wheeling stands Mount de Chantal, another convent of the Visitation. The Rt. Rev. R. V. Whelan founded it with Sisters from Baltimore, and so popular did the new school become (filling, as it did, a want long felt in the Southwest), that it was soon necessary to increase the corps of teachers. Among those who came to re-enforce their number were three from Georgetown—fine linguists, ripe scholars, and one of them, a musician and vocalist of such surpassing gifts as to challenge the admiration of Strackosh and Thalberg.

Many efforts were made to induce her to adopt the stage as a profession, and Max Strackosh offered her $50,000 for a tour of one season.

MRS. A. LEO. KNOTT, BALTIMORE, MD.
Graduate of Mt. de Sales, Baltimore, Md., and President of Alumnæ.

last year, when early in November a reunion occurred, and the Mount de Sales Alumnae was formally organized. From every section came former students, among them many who had trod those halls in ante-bellum days.

Mrs. A. Leo Knott, a lady well known in Baltimore society, was chosen president. The secretary, Mrs. Columbus Shriver, is another of the convent's brilliant pupils.

The address of welcome was penned

ROSINA LAWSON, BALTIMORE, MD.

Graduate of Mt. de Sales, Baltimore, Md.
Daughter of American Revolution.

MARIE VALENCIA SHEPHERD.

Graduate of Mt. de Sales, Baltimore, Md.
Daughter of Mrs. O. L. Shepherd, nee Marie Luzan, of Mexico.

Miss Gubert preferred the humble life of the cloister to all the honors of the world. Thus Mount de Chantal gained in those early days a reputation it has never lost. For, though

JEANNE A. GUTHRIE, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Graduate of Mt. de Sales, Baltimore, Md.
Daughter of Captain Guthrie, who lost his life while rescuing passengers from the "Huron."

MRS. W. R. ASHBY.

Graduate of Mt. de Sales, Baltimore, Md.
Sister of W. W. McIntire of Baltimore City Council.

MRS. W. H. MACNAIR, NORTH CAROLINA.
Graduate of Mt de Sales, Baltimore, Md.

long ago called to rest in the bosom of her Spouse, her spirit yet lingers in those stately halls.

J. FRANCES LAWSON.
Graduate of Mt. de Sales, Baltimore, Md.

Mount de Chantal has received testimonials from professors who stand at the head of the musical world in America.

In 1866 the Sainted Bishop McGill of Richmond obtained from Baltimore seven Sisters of the Visitation, under Mother Juliana Mathews, to found an academy in his episcopal city of Richmond.

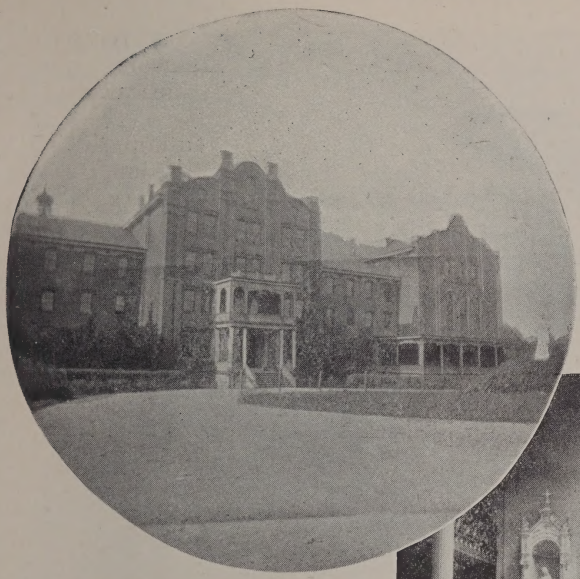
As these devoted women passed along the streets laid waste by the ravages of war, well might their hearts have sunk within them. But their spirits soared above the scenes of desolation. Had they not come to work for God?—to teach those high-

STELLA LAWSON.
Graduate of Mt. de Sales, Baltimore, Md.
Author, and Daughter of American Revolution.

born Southern maidens to bear reverses, not only with the noble spirit for which they are proverbial, but more in a spirit of submission to the will of our Lord?

Monte Maria is situated on an eminence more than a hundred feet above the beautiful James. In the distance is Hollywood, that land of departed great ones.

Monte Maria, or the old Adams mansion, as it was called in colonial times, was a place of social festivity when Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry were among its guests. Could the ladies who lent grace and beauty to the scene have looked upon



MT. DE CHANTAL, WHEELING, W. VA.
Main Entrance.

the once proscribed priest, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, and followed by the black-robed nuns, what would have been their feelings?

When, only a few paces distant, rang out the immortal words which roused a nation: "Give me liberty or give me death," did such a vision flash across

CHAPEL, MT. DE CHANTAL, WHEELING, W. VA.

the speaker's mind? I know not, but I do know that these changes are the blessed fruits of religious liberty.

Though comparatively young, Monte Maria can find her daughters in every state of the Union, in Rome and Paris, even in Corsica.

Many grace high social positions. Among them we may mention the Misses Weld, grand-daughters of the Earl of Lulworth, in whose castle our first American bishop was consecrated; Miss Julia Spencer, grand-daughter of President Tyler; the niece of General Pickett, and Miss Penn, daughter of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Penn of Louisiana, and, it is said, descendant of William Penn.

ADA VANKIRK.
Graduate of Mt. de Chantal, Wheeling, W. Virginia.

MARGARET KENNA.
Graduate of Mt. de Chantal, Charleston, W. Va. Author of "The Madonna of the Snowflakes."

JEAN QUINN.
Graduate Mt. de Chantal, Wheeling, W. Va.

JULIA DORAN.
Graduate Mt. de Chantal, Wheeling, W. Va.

The Misses Caldwell also attended school at Monte Maria when they lived in Richmond. Miss Harriet Bradshaw of North Carolina is soon to be admitted to the New York bar. With a smile of maternal pride, Monte Maria sees her children enter the lists in art and literature, as the Misses Seawell; or the editor's chair, as Miss Sue Green of Culpepper.

MARIE MORALES.
Graduate of "Monte Marie," Richmond, Va.

The Misses Genevieve and Helen O'Connell of Philadelphia were pupils of Monte Maria. Their father, Dr. J. C. O'Connell, is the author of "The Irish in the Revolution and the Civil War."

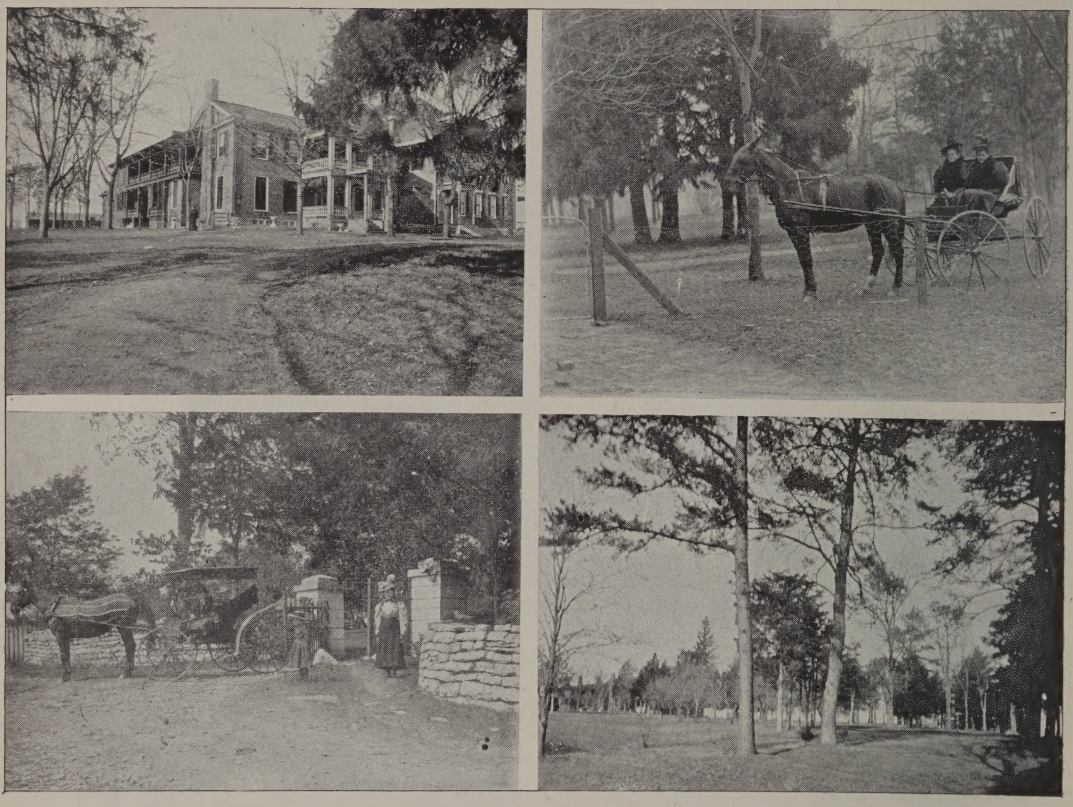
The memory of Genevieve O'Connell is tenderly cherished at Monte Maria. She was one who had heard that sublime "Follow Me," and was ready to answer the call. One night, just before her graduation, she retired full of health, but ere morning dawned the pure spirit had flown.

Her confessor said that it was his firm belief that Genevieve O'Connell went straight from earth to Heaven!

A Protestant gentleman thus writes to Monte Maria: "I have a public school near my home and a famous Protestant academy just outside the town; I pass them by and

HELEN O'CONNELL.
Graduate of "Monte Maria," Richmond, Va. Daughter of Dr. J. C. O'Connell, well known writer and linguist.

MARIE L. DOIZE.
Graduate of "Monte Marie," Richmond, Va.



(1) Cardome from South-east. (2) Parlor Boarders Driving from Cardome

CARDOME.

(3) Front Entrance of Cardome. (4) The Avenue from the Front Gate of Cardome.

Agnes Gannon.

Now Mrs. W. E. Robertson, Fort Dodge, Iowa. Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Ia.

separate myself from my darlings to procure for them such an education as their mother received from you!"

In the Blue Grass belt of beautiful Kentucky are situated the famous White Sulphur Springs, where, long "before the war," the wealth and beauty of the South flocked for its season of gaiety. Within reach of Lexington, with Georgetown, Versailles and Midway clustering around, that country was the abode of those who seemed to have gathered the golden grains of life and left us but the husks!

Night followed those golden days, and brought with it the scourge of war.

The Southern youth, with the sound of his sweetheart's tearless farewell ringing in his ears, shouldered

his musket and went forth to fight for his right.

The "Springs" shared the fate of its neighbors, and only a few stones remain of the grand hotel, once the scene of social gaiety.

These the weeds and friendly blue grass are striving to cover, but "better the land where the ruins are spread!"

The church, too, had its season of prosperity, and many converts testified to the influence of the little log building and its pious priest. Among them was Mrs. Mary McCracken Powell, whose family history is closely connected with that of White Sulphur.

A remarkable incident led to her conversion. A slave to whom her family was greatly attached fell ill, and expressed a desire to be received into the Baptist church, of which Mrs. Powell was a member.

An obstacle presented itself here in the fact that in her dying condition the slave could not be subjected to immersion.

MARIA LENIHAN.
Now Mrs. J. J. McCarthy, Dubuque, Iowa.
Graduate and first President of the Alumnæ of the Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

ANGELA MATHEWS.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.
President of the Federated Catholic Reading Circles of Iowa.

MILDRED MAHER.

Now Mrs. T. Phillips of Jackson, Neb. Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

One night she dreamed that a strange minister visited her, and she declared her intention of listening only to one who might resemble him. To please her, several ministers were called in, but none being the counterpart of her vision, the slave would not listen to them. At request of a Catholic neighbor, Father Edward Fenwick of White Sulphur called, and she at once declared him to be the object of her dream. She became a Catholic, as did also her mistress and her family.

BERTHA PALEN.

Graduate Visitation Academy, Dubuque.

KATHRYN LENIHAN.

Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa. Niece of Rt. Rev. T. M. Lenihan, Cheyenne.

ANNA BREDE.

Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

One of the latter, Willis Powell, devoted himself to the service of the church in the ministry. Years later the religious sentiment of the family was again manifested in a great-grand-daughter of Mrs. Powell's entering the Visitation Order, of which she is still a member. In 1875, Mother M. Gonzaga of Marysville laid at White Sulphur the foundation of Mt Admirabilis,

LUCY LENIHAN.

Now Madame Lenihan, Maryville, Sacred Heart Convent.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.
Niece of Rt. Rev. T. M. Lenihan, Cheyenne.

second convent of the Visitation Order in Kentucky.

With her came seven Sisters. From the beginning, although isolated in situation, the academy was a success; but lately, deeming it advis-

ELIZABETH MACQUILLAN.

Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.
Vice-President of Alumnæ.

able to improve their location, the Sisters purchased Cardome, the estate of the late Governor Robinson of Kentucky.

Of all the convents of the Visitation, none perhaps is more lovely in its situation, nor more historic in its associations, than "Cardome" (Caradomus—dear home).

CELESTINE GONNER, DUBUQUE.

Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.
Daughter of the late Nicholas Gonner, of the "National Democrat."

LILLIE SYNAN.

Now Mrs. James Foley, Ryan, Iowa.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

The estate has for its northern boundary the placid Elkhorn river, whose name carries with it whole pages of history. It winds past Cardome till it loses itself in the purple distance.

LUCIE MONTAGUE AS "ANIMA."
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

A mile from Georgetown by the Cincinnati pike, and but forty rods from the Midland railway station, its convenience to the traveller is not its least advantage.

EMMA HOGAN.
Graduate of the Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

To the south lies Georgetown, with its miniature city life.

Health goes hand in hand with beauty in this charming place. The Sisters state that it is the healthiest section they have lived in, and many

BERTHA STOLTEBEN.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

parents sending children here who were inclined to consumption have received them back restored to health.

Here, in the old days, came Lafayette and Webster, whose high-posted bed is still preserved in the room he occupied.

Henry Clay also visited Cardome, and it is worth noting that two of his great-grand-daughters were educated by these Sisters.

How meet that this mansion should be preserved! Here the saintly Visitandines prove themselves, as elsewhere, benefactors of the State, by training its daughters to fulfill their higher destinies.

The stately oaks bordering the entrance may well echo the words of Bayard Taylor's oaks: "There is an end to suspense—long shall we flourish on the hill."

MARY CLANCY, NEW ORLEANS.
Graduate Visitation Academy, Mobile, Ala.

GERTRUDE CROWSHAW.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

In 1872, Archbishop (then Bishop) Grace of St. Paul asked for a filiation from St. Louis to found a convent and academy in the former city.

All preliminaries being arranged, the usual Visitation swarm—six religious—took flight from the hive.

Their first home was on Somerset street, a pleasant spot in the then "lower town." The house was small, and the St. Louis nuns, who had made merry in recreation times over the dignity of a prospective "foundation," exercising their fancy regarding the quarters of their departing Sisters, commemorated their journey and its end in some of those verses which are a feature of Visitation common life. One of these couplets runs:

When the "gray abbey walls" broke
on their view,
'Twas a two-story house, with a window or two."

In spite of their unpretentious beginning, however, their most sanguine hopes were realized, and eight years

MRS. SCOTT GALLAGHER, NEW ORLEANS.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Mobile, Ala.

ROSALIND COHEN, NEW YORK.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Mobile, Ala.

MRS. LEVIN DE POORTER.
Who erected the marble altar and Sacred Heart Chapel, Mobile, Ala., in memory of her husband, the late Dr. de Poorter.

ELVIRA PEREZ SANTA MARIA, HAVANA, CUBA.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Mobile, Ala.

MICHELLE SAMUEL.
Graduates of Visitation Academy, Mobile, Ala.

MARGUERITE SAMUEL.
Daughters of Madame Samuel, celebrated musician and linguist

MARY M. CORCORAN.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Mobile, Ala.

MOLLIE R. LYONS.
Graduate of Visitation Academy, Mobile, Ala.

ELEANOR CLARKE (pupil o Visitation Convent Cabanne Place, St. Louis) celebrates Washington's Birthday in the guise of Mrs. Pres. John Quincy Adams.

ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION.
Cabanne Place, St. Louis.

AMANDA DAVIS AND MAE SCOTT celebrate Washington's Birthday in the dress of French peasants. Pupils of Visitation Convent, Cabanne Place, St. Louis.

GROTTO.
In the grounds of Visitation Academy, St. Louis

later it became necessary to remove to more commodious quarters.

The present site was secured through the exertions of Colonel Prince and Mr. P. R. Hardenbergh, and the community transferred themselves thither in June, 1881, followed later by the school rooms and dormitories of the Somerset-street house, which travelled up hill on wheels and by slow stages, the community going out every morning to view their "portable property" through a spyglass, as it lumbered through St. Paul.

One of the early foundations from Georgetown was at Kaskaskia, Ill., a once flourishing town before St. Louis could boast of a name,—the capital of the state, and the centre of civilization in the West.

An unhappy succession of flood, earthquake and pestilence has now, however, reduced it to a mere hamlet and it owned but a shadow of its former grandeur when the Visitation Sisters arrived there sixty years ago.

The new community shared in the general misfortune, and when Kaskaskia was submerged by a flood, a rescuing steamer took all aboard and turned its course to St. Louis.

In St. Louis, under the protection of the revered Prelate, Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, the Sisters built up that splendid institution of Academic instruction, the fame of which casts a lustre over the entire West.

On Cabanne Place is located the convent and academy, at once combining suburban beauty with city convenience.

From its portals have gone forth pupils who were and are the ornaments of households, not only in all sections of the Republic, but in the princely seats of Europe.

Washington's birthday was celebrated this year in happy vein by the young ladies of the academy.

The extreme Northwest is not without its Visitation. In Tacoma, Wash., is an academy presided over by the Visitandines.

Tacoma scenery is unsurpassed, as it embraces a view of the mountain, over fourteen thousand feet high, with the Cascade range on one side and on the other the Olympic mountains and the placid waters of Puget sound.

In this "City of Destiny," in 1891, came these Sisters from Kentucky, and founded the first of their institutions on the Pacific coast. It has met with the same success that has characterized the others; and a glance at the curriculum convinces one that its course of instruction is not behind its sister academies.

In 1892, Miss Mary Abell, daughter of the late editor of the Baltimore Sun, being inspired to establish the Visitation with its primitive rules, made such a proposition to the monastery of Wilmington, Del. (founded at Keokuk, 1853, from Montbuel, France, and transferred to Wilmington in 1868).

The plan was carried out under the guidance of Bishop Curtis of Wilmington. The mother house at Annecy sent two Sisters to establish the primitive rule, and the Sisters took possession of their new monastery on Bayard avenue.

These ladies no longer teach, but employ their time in sewing for churches and in other works of piety.

It has frequently been a subject of wonder that cloistered nuns, separated as they are from the outer world, should keep pace with its intellectual progress.

But when we reflect that the world of literature is open to them, and that they can at a word summon those who rank first in science and art into their halls of instruction, we no longer marvel.

The influence exerted by those in the quiet cloister is best displayed in the lives of the women who go forth to assume the various duties of life.

That they keep in touch with all that appertains to true advancement was manifested by the Sisters of Dubuque in sending a delegate to the

first session of the Columbian Catholic Summer School. The lady thus honored was Miss Maria Angela Mathews, well known in Dubuque's literary circles.

As member of the Ladies' Auxiliary Board she has taken an active part in the summer school movement, was one of the organizers of the Sherman Circle, and was last year elected president of the Federated Reading Circles of Iowa.

In the June number reference was made to the silver jubilee of the Dubuque Academy, and a sketch of the foundation given. It is needless to dwell at length upon the work of this foundation—the recent splendid demonstration was sufficient proof of the high place the Visitation Sisters hold in the esteem of the community.

The views of the academy and portraits of graduates given in this number will recall to many scenes and incidents very dear to memory.

Miss Clancy of New Orleans, who was educated at the Mobile convent, is another lady whose interest in educational work has made her widely known.

Other graduates are winning fame in other lines of public effort, or gladdening homes by bringing to bear upon the daily life the lessons learned in the happy years of convent training. The little cottage foundation has indeed been blessed; it has widened and spread, and many a prayer of thanksgiving is offered at the shrine of the Sacred Heart to Him who inspired the founders and rewarded their labors with success.

It is an acknowledged fact that during their twenty years in St. Paul the Visitandines have trained a large proportion of the women, both Catholic and Protestant, whose influence has been most powerful for good in the social life of that city.

The happy balance between secular and religious training is found in its fulness in convent education.

The Visitation inherits from its founder this happy quality.

The meek and holy missionary "seemed to breathe an eternal spirit through the world," and it is this spirit that gives a peculiar cast to his beloved order and fits its members to rule gently but firmly over the hearts of the young.

Knowledge and virtue must blend in the perfect woman. Her power is constantly growing, and it is more true today than ever that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the destinies of nations."

What teacher is better calculated to train the youthful character than she who, by earnest study, in union with prayer and meditation, has put in perfect form the lesson of Christ that "Christians must be the children of light, and that there is no knowledge, or truth, or beauty but through Him and by Him"?

MEN'S VALUE.

By William Watson.

Momentous to himself as I to me
  Hath each man been that ever woman bore;
Once, in a lightning-flash of Sympathy,
  I felt this truth, an instant, and no more.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

FRANK H. SWEET.

Curiously enough it had never come home to Elizabeth Dunning that she was an old maid until this morning. She had been trimming the unruly arms of a clambering seven sisters, when pretty Susie Wrenn came tripping by on her way to the mail.

"Oh, Miss Dunnin'," the girl had called, slackening her pace a little as she neared the gate, "ma wants to know if she can borrow your cake tins this mornin'. We're expectin' company, an' we've only got one."

"Why, certainly, Susie; you can have them and welcome. Stop on your way back from the mail."

"Thank you," moving on a little and then lingering as though wishing to say more, but hardly knew how to proceed, "them's awful nice roses you've got."

"Yes, they are nice," assented Miss Dunning, clipping off a handful and offering them across the fence. "You must come in some morning and look at my bed of teas, and at my hedge of Jacks." Then she smiled encouragingly into the blushing, upturned face. "Now, what is it, Susie?" she asked. "You have something else to tell me."

"Oh, it's nothin' much!" protested the girl bashfully, but with eyes and cheeks which belied her words. "You see, I've only told ma so far, an' now it seems I must tell you next."

"Of course," with affected indignation. "Did I not know you as a baby in long clothes, and have I not been your Sunday school teacher more than ten years? Certainly you must tell me."

But still the girl hesitated, looking at her feet and down the street and across the fence to the pretty cottage, whose verandas were embowered with clambering roses and honeysuckles. At last she broke into a frank, merry laugh.

"What a fool I am, Miss Dunnin'," she cried. "It's only that I'm goin' to be married. I'll stop for the tins comin' back," and she ran lightly down the sidewalk, only pausing for a moment to glance back over her shoulder.

"It's Mr. Gray," she called, with something that was almost exultant in her voice, "an' he's real nice, even if I do say it."

Miss Dunning's face had been full of the kindliest interest, and its expression did not change now as she watched the girl speed buoyantly down the street. But her long, taper gers trembled slightly as they left the the paling and returned to the rose clipping. Long years ago—she did not care to remember how many—she had tripped down the sidewalk like that, and had been pretty and vivacious and hopeful. And with her in those days it had also been Mr. Gray, and she, too, had thought him real nice.

Snip! snap! snip! went the pruning

shears, and from a branch of the great elm overhead came down the mellow love song of an oriole to his mate in a swaying nest near by. Butterflies chased each other in bewildering circles above the flower beds, and a gray squirrel whisked down the trunk of the elm and up the gray garden skirt to the shoulder of Miss Dunning. She stopped her clipping a moment to stroke the soft fur and look into the bright eyes that were asking so obviously for recognition. They, too, were friends of long standing.

But the rose bushes were waiting, and presently she lifted the squirrel in her hand and replaced him carefully upon the ground. Only for an instant, however, for with a curious little bark of expostulation, he made a quick spring and was back on her shoulder. Again she essayed to put him down, but he chattered so appealingly that she relented and dropped her pruning shears instead. A cosy garden seat was but a few yards away, and she walked to it and sat down; and the squirrel, as though it was all of his own planning, dropped lightly into her lap, where he curled up and went to sleep.

And still the golden oriole sang on, oblivious of all but his mate and the rapture of his own music. Miss Dunning listened with a tender smile on her face.

Had she chosen for the best? She thought so unflinchingly, even when her heartstrings were crying for redress. He had succeeded wonderfully; as he could not possibly have done had there been a weight to clog his flight. Yes, there had been no other way.

She stroked the squirrel tremulously, and he wakened enough to play with her finger for a moment, and then was again lost in sleep. The house dog came down from the veranda and took a position beside her, not to sleep, but to wag his tail and gaze up into her face with a satisfied love in his big, brown eyes. Other birds beside the oriole were singing about her, the odors of many flowers came from various points of the garden, and the deep, vine-covered verandas looked very inviting and home-like. Yes, she had chosen for the best.

The returning footsteps of the young girl broke in upon her meditation, and she went forward to meet her with the same loving eyes and tender smile which had made her the older sister and adviser of all the young girls in the neighborhood. The tins were procured, with many bits of advice and cheery gossip, and sympathetic and congratulatory remarks were made about the new joy and obligation that were coming into the perspective of the young girl's life; and yet Susie lingered, smelling of the roses and caressing the squirrel and dog, and occasionally moving forward a few steps, only to find a new excuse of flowers or birds to encourage her return. This little world of beauty and tranquility was a place by itself, not easy to relinquish or leave behind.

But at last the gate clicked reluctantly, and the now softened footsteps of the young girl grew fainter up the street, until they were lost in the sudden whirr of racing bicycles. Miss Dunning went to her rose bushes and gazed down absently at the pruning shears; then she turned and walked back to the shade of her garden seat and to her unaccustomed retrospection; and the dog returned to his loving watchfulness at her side, and the squirrel to his slumber in her lap.

Yes, she was an old maid; Susie's approaching marriage emphasized that beyond question of doubt. Even Susie's mother had once been her Sunday school scholar, and Susie's father had been a little neighboring boy whom she had sometimes dragged to school on her sled. Surely, it must be a long time ago, and yet it seemed such a little while. She would scarcely have realized it but for Susie's announcement and for another bit of

indubitable evidence which made her lips grow tremulous. He had planted the maple under which she was sitting, and which they had found as a little sapling in the woods. Now it shaded the ground for many yards around, and its trunk was as large as a man's body.

At that time Alfred Gray had been teller in the village bank, but with ability and intellect which rose superior to the circumscribed area. A tender, reminiscent look came into her eyes as she thought of their congenial tastes; they had liked the same books, and the same walks, and the same bits of landscape; and they had had the same broad, loving charity for the world and its foibles. It had seemed almost wonderful that they two had come together, so alike in all their dreamings and ambitions.

And then had come that great opportunity which had seemed specially created for Alfred's advancement, and which would carry him on to a pinnacle of success of which neither of them had ever dreamed. Only to attain its utmost height he must go without clog or impediment of any sort to retard his progress.

She was glad to remember that she had impetuously told him to go, with unflinching eyes and lips; and she was glad to remember, also, that he had looked at her with expostulation and entreaty, and that he had flatly refused to consider so cold-blooded a thing, and then had flamed out and declared she did not love him as he did her, and that he would follow her command and make ambition the rule of his life. She had not faltered, even when he left her in anger and did not communicate with her through long years of struggle and success. His work was perhaps even dearer to her than to him, and it was her determination that had rendered it possible. Had she hesitated in the least he would not have gone, and with her his success could only have been the moderate success of other men.

She had not been able to keep up with his progress very closely, for even a brilliant career on the other side of the world only comes back in stray paragraphs and the most meagre of reports. But she knew the success was there, and that it was of the kind they had dreamed. Never among all the scraps which she had preserved had she found one that spoke slightingly of the man, or in anything but the highest praise of his work. Truly it was well worth the sacrifice! The world was better for his being, and the work was hers as well as his.

Long ago she had given up all thought of their ever being to each other more than they had been; perhaps they would never see one another again in this world. But what then? Were they not working together in mind and heart, even though the world divided them? Only sometimes she thought that his part was the easier, for he was working with his hands and in the face of positive results, while she must be content with her waiting and trusting. Even when she learned that he was coming home, renowned for his intellect and noble work, she looked forward to meeting him with unquestioning gladness. It was not so much her youth returning as it was the great success of her planning coming back for approval and commendation. Their youth was very near and dear, but it was something that was past and laid away in the lavender and rose leaves of her memory.

She had always remembered him as the young man who had gone away from her strong, erect and with black, curling hair thrust carelessly back from his forehead; now, looking clearly into the past through the revelation which had just come to her, and without the glamor or her own love to idealize him, she tried to imagine how this man who had been hers, but was now another's, might appear. He was older than she by two years; that meant he was forty-one—here she

broke resolutely from her retrospection. Why was she so foolish? Forty-one was young for a man, even as thirty-nine was old for a woman. Of course he was just the right age for pretty, simple-minded Susie, and would have the clear judgment and experience which she lacked; and of course a strong, beauty-loving man, who had been so long away from the world, would prefer a pretty young girl to a faded old maid. But as she walked resolutely to the house, forgetting alike the squirrel and dog and pruning shears, there was for the first time a hard, bitter pain at her heart. She could spare him to greater usefulness, to a noble ambition; but this —ah, this was different.

And yet when she came from her room an hour later there was no sign of disquiet in her brown eyes, or trace of agitation on the delicate flush of her cheeks. The rest of the unruly arms of the Seven Sisters were cut away or trained toward usefulness, and she was standing with her head tipped slightly to one side in contemplation of her work, when again came the familiar tap, tap, tap down the sidewalk, ending with the sharp click of her gate latch.

"Here I am again, Miss Dunnin'," a blithe voice called, "beggin' for roses this time. The cows have eaten ours off clean, an' we must have a good spread for our company. I don't know what the place would do without your rose garden an' lilies an' strawberry bed—or we girls, for that matter—without you," catching a hand and raising it to her lips with a pretty, graceful caress that caused the older woman to throw an arm across the young girl's shoulders in sudden tenderness. "We often speak together about our Miss Dunnin', just as if you really an' truly belonged to us."

A cluster of freshly opened roses caught her attention, and she ran forward to smell of them, and then engaged in a romp of tag with the squirrel, who evidently enjoyed the excitement of the game. At length she came back with flushed face and sparkling eyes.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Miss Dunnin'," she cried, roguishly, "he's come."

Miss Dunning's hand closed a little more closely upon the pruning shears, but her face was calm, even smiling.

"I thought he was not expected until next week," she observed, "at least, that is what the papers said."

"Oh, I don't know," doubtful; "we don't have the paper. But I think Charlie was expectin' him before next week—Charlie's my brother-in-law, you know, an' owns that pretty house next the river. Mr. Gray's goin' to stay with him. They used to know each other. But, there! I'd better get the roses an' be goin'. They're all comin' up this evenin', an' ma said for me to hurry back an' get through with my fixin' an' fussin'. An', say, Miss Dunnin', if you don't mind, I'd like to bring him to see you 'fore he goes," looking up with a roguish, pleading expression on her pretty baby face.

"Of course," the strained lips forced themselves to say; "you must bring him by all means."

But after the girl's departure Miss Dunning left the roses and hurried away to the seclusion of her room. Bring him to her, this young girl who had been but a baby when they two had been so much to each other? What did it mean? And he had not even written to her, or in any way announced his coming.

The next day was spent on the front veranda, under a mixed pretense of reading, or playing with the squirrel and dog, or idly touching the strings of the guitar, which was another of her hobbies. But through it all her mind was elsewhere, listening for long absent but familiar footsteps, recalling incidents which she had stored away among the treasures of her memory, and sending swift, eager glances to that point of the road at which Susie

first appeared. She was getting old, she told herself, weakly; this lack of self-control was proof of it. But still she sat there, and listened and thought and watched. This man's life and work had been hers too long for separation; every day the joy of them had been with her, and had added new beauty to the roses and household duties. A little while and it would all have to be put away forever, and then there would be for her but the memory of the past and the work which had been done.

But the day wore away, and he did not come; and then the next and the next. Through all these years her eyes had retained their brightness and buoyancy, and her cheeks had lost but little of the delicate bloom of their youth. But now her face grew strained and piteous, and dark circles began to enclose her eyes. If only he had gone by once and lifted his hat, or had given some sign of remembrance or recognition! But no, he did not even pass along her sidewalk or in any way evince a consciousness of her existence. On the fourth day Susie hurried by on her way to the post office and back, but was apparently too much occupied with her thoughts to glance at the rose bushes or vine-enclosed veranda. Miss Dunning watched her until she disappeared behind a hedge of altheas, and then turned hastily in search of some work to occupy her tremulous fingers. Evidently Susie was too happy to divide her thoughts, and probably he was happy, too; but somehow, for the first time in her life, Miss Dunning could not bring herself into thorough sympathy with the happiness of others.

One day, as she sat there with the squirrel in her lap and her eyes fixed upon that last visible point of the street before it was shut out by the althea hedge, a firm, eager step came up the sidewalk from the opposite direction. But she did not notice until her gate-latch clicked. Then she turned inquiringly.

She knew him in an instant, for the years had brought but a stronger step and nobler carriage, with perhaps a too liberal sprinkling of gray hair, which she could discern even from the veranda. She was conscious of a curious thrill of awe and tenderness as she rose from her chair, for even in that brief instant she remembered that there was not a single gray intruder among her own soft hair, and his she associated with the work which had conquered obstacles and adversity.

There was no reserve or ceremony in her movements, and by the time he had closed the gate she was half-way down the walk. But it was as an older sister greeting her brother hero, or, rather, as one who had sent her best thoughts out to conquer the world and was now eager to wreathe them with the laurel of victory.

"Alfred," she said, as she went forward with extended hands.

"Elizabeth," and then he bent forward and touched his lips to her forehead. And she received the kiss with her eyes looking straight into his and with only the faintest possible color stealing into her cheeks. It was not a wrong to her girlish admirer, nor an act of presumption or breach of faith on his part. It was merely a seal of the success of their twenty years of joint labor.

"Come up to the veranda, Alfred," she said, with her eyes full of frank welcome. "I want to hear all about it. Of course I know, in a fragmentary way; but it will seem new and more real from your lips."

And he told her, sitting in his old place behind the honeysuckle, with the swaying sprays sending alternate lines of sunlight and shade across his face in the same old way; and she listened with eyes full and lips half parted and with her head nodding commendation or sympathy from time to time. It was a story of heroism and triumph, told in a straightforward matter-of-fact way, without egotism or self-depreciation, knowing it was her

right to have it entire, even as she had lived it.

"But it is good to be home again, Elizabeth," he concluded, with a satisfied sigh, as he leaned back in his chair and surveyed the veranda and rose garden beyond. "The memory of these flowers and their owner has been with me through all the twenty years, and many times have I been on the point of giving up and returning to them. And, indeed," a trace of reserve coming into his voice, "I might have done so but for what you said, and the look you gave me when we last stood together among your honeysuckles. I knew I could only return to the sentence of a deserter who had forsaken his colors." She was looking at him in a wondering, startled way now, with the color coming softly into her face.

"But—you never wrote, Alfred," as though she hardly knew what to say.

"Yes, twice. One of the letters was lost, however, for I heard of the ship going down in mid-ocean. The other I never heard from. Perhaps it was lost, too."

"I never received it." Then "but you have been in the place a week, Alfred, and only just called."

He looked puzzled.

"I came in on the train an hour ago, Elizabeth, and would have been here before but for a complication over a telegram. It seems there is another man of the same name in town."

"But Susie?"

He raised his hand impatiently.

"Never mind Susie. I have gone through my probation, and have done my work with all the strength that God gave me. Now I have come ten thousand miles for my reward—for you. If there is more work, bid me do it; but for charity's sake do not refuse your companionship in the labor."

She was not looking at him now. Her heart was too full for speech, almost for thought. The squirrel ran down a pillar of the veranda and sought her lap, and the oriole lifted up his voice in a sudden ecstasy of song. She stroked the one tremulously and looked at the other with the new tenderness of the great joy that had come to her.

Then the gate clicked, and she roused herself with an effort. A young man whom she did not know stood before her, and with him was Susie.

"I've brought him at last, Miss Dunnin'," the girl cried merrily, "but I just had to drag him, he's so bashful. Mr. Gray, this is the Sunday school teacher I've told you about." Then disregarding further formality, and with bubbling gladness in her voice, "An', oh, say, Miss Dunnin', we've coaxed him to stay with us for good an' all. He's goin' to open a grocery next the post office." Here she caught sight of the gray-haired, soldierly figure in the background, and stopped in sudden confusion.

"This is Mr. Gray, too, Susie," Miss Dunning said, with something in her voice which the girl could not understand, "and we, too, are—going to be married."

SAINT PATRICK:

HIS LIFE, LEGENDS, AND MIRACLES.

By P. J. Lynch.

Continued.

St. Patrick's Meeting with the Princesses.

St. Patrick continued his journey into Connaught, crossing the Shannon near Clonmacnoise, and soon after occurred his famous meeting with the two princesses, the story of which is one of the prettiest connected with this portion of his journey. The two princesses referred to were the daughters of King Leoghaire, who were living at Cruachan, the palace of the King of Connaught. They were named Ethna, the fair, and Fethlema, the red or ruddy. There was a well or fountain near the palace, and the two princesses, as was their custom, went out early one morning to perform their ablutions there. They were much surprised to see a number of men arrayed in white garments and with their books spread before them, holding a sort of synod or council at the well. The maidens were amazed, but finally one plucked up courage to ask some questions—questions which, because of their extraordinary quaintness, beauty and simplicity, give an excellent idea of the religious feelings of the time, while the replies of St. Patrick show one of the most beautiful sides of his character.

One of the princesses asked: "whence are you and whither have you come? Is it from the Sidhe (fairies) or are you Gods?"

Patrick—"It would be better for you to believe in God than to ask regarding our race."

The elder princess—"Who is your God and in what place is he—in Heaven or on earth? It is under the earth, or on the earth, or in the seas, or in the streams, or in hills or valleys? Has he sons and daughters? Has he gold and silver? Is there a profusion of every good in his kingdom? Tell us plainly how we shall see him, and how he is to be loved, and how he is to be found. Is he young or old, or is he ever-living? Is he beautiful, or have many fostered his son, or is his daughter handsome and dear to men of the world?"

St. Patrick—"Our God is the God of all, the God of heaven and earth, the God of the seas and rivers, the God of the sun and the moon, God of the hills and the valleys, God over heaven, in heaven and under heaven. And He has a mansion, *i.e.*, Heaven, and the earth and the sea and all things that are in them. He inspireth all things; He enkindleth all things; He quickeneth all things; He giveth light to the sun and the moon. He hath a Son, co-eternal and co-equal with Himself, and the Son is not younger than the father, nor is the Father older than the Son. I desire, moreover, to unite you to the Son of the Heavenly King, for ye are the daughters of an earthly king."

The princesses—"How shall we come to believe in that King? Teach us duly, that we may see the Lord face to face. Teach us and we will do as you will say to us."

Then St. Patrick instructed the princesses and baptized them, after which he placed a white veil on their heads. And the two maidens, filled with divine grace, expressed a desire to see Christ face to face, but St. Patrick answered, "you cannot see Christ except that you first taste death, and

unless you receive the body of Christ and His blood."

The princesses answered, saying, "Give us the Communion, that we may be able to see the Prophesied One." And after the princesses had received the Communion they fell asleep in death, so that their desire of being joined to their Heavenly Spouse was quickly fulfilled.

ST. PATRICK MEETING THE PRINCESSES.

The Contest with the Angel on Croagh Patrick.

St. Patrick next passed through Sligo and Mayo, baptizing thousands and founding many churches for his converts to worship in. He passed through Mayo to the west until he came to the famous Croagh Patrick, a high mountain overlooking Clew Bay and the Atlantic. It was the Lenten season, and the saint desired to spend some time in retirement for the better performance of penitential exercises. On Shrove Saturday he ascended the mountain and entered upon a period of fasting and prayer. Here it pleased God to allow His servant to be subjected to a fearful ordeal, in which the enemy of mankind and his demons were allowed to array themselves against him. For

forty days and nights he fasted and prayed; his heart was wrung with anguish and his tears fell so fast that his cowl and casula were drenched. Demons in the form of black birds gathered around him and in such numbers as to shut out the sight of earth and sky. He rang his bell, the sound of which seems to have always had the power to put demons to flight, but in this case it was of no avail. Then in holy anger he threw the bell among them, and when it struck the ground a piece was broken from it; but still

LOUGH DERG.

the powers of Darkness held their ground.

At last the prayers and tears of St. Patrick prevailed, and God sent his angel to comfort and aid him. The angel cleansed his cowl, and put the demons to flight. Then he brought white birds about the mountain which sang sweet melodies for the saint. As a reward for his work and virtues, and in recompense for the torments to which he had been subjected, the angel offered him as many souls as could cover the wide expanse of the Atlantic, as far as his eyes could reach. "It is not far that my eyes can see," answered St. Patrick. "I want in addition, as many as will cover the land between here and the sea." "It is granted," said the angel, "and now leave the mountain." But the saint grew bolder with success, especially as he remembered what he had suffered, and he said, "I shall not depart because I have been tormented, until I am recompensed." He asked for seven souls from pain every Thursday and twelve every Saturday; that the religion which he had taught should not be supplanted in Erin while he was in Heaven; that no one repeating his hymn daily, even from "Christ with me" to the end, and doing penance, should go to hell, and that on the day of judgment he should deliver from pain seven souls for every hair in his casula. The angel replied, "All these things are granted unto thee, and now leave the mountain." But Patrick, still unsatisfied, answered, "I will not depart until I am gratified, because I have been tormented." Then he made his greatest request of all. "I want," he said, "from God, that on that day that the twelve royal seats shall be on the mount, and when the three peoples shall be there, viz.: the people of Heaven, the people of earth and the people of hell,—that I myself shall be judge over the men of Erin on that day."

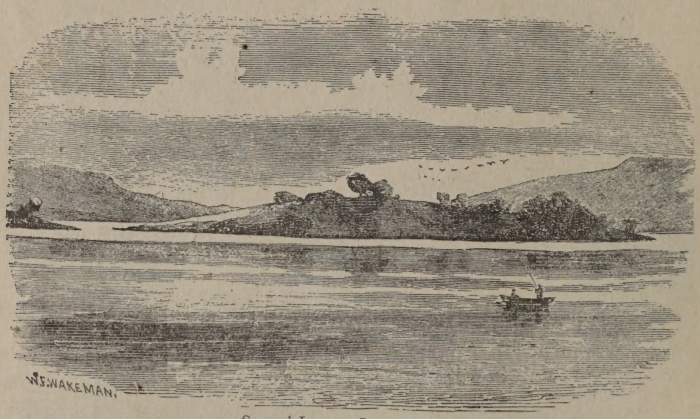
The angel said, "This request cannot be obtained of the Lord. It is too great." And St. Patrick replied, "Un-

less this is obtained from Him I will not consent to leave Cruachan from this day forever, and even after my death there shall be a caretaker for me there." The angel went to Heaven, and Patrick returned to his devotions. The angel returned in the evening, and the saint inquired what the result of his mission was. "It is thus," answered the angel: "All creatures, visible and invisible, including the twelve apostles, intreated for thee and they have obtained. Strike thy bell, thou art commanded from Heaven to fall on thy knees, that it may be a blessing to the people of Erin, both living and dead." "A blessing on the bountiful King that gave," replied the saint, "the Cruachan shall be left."

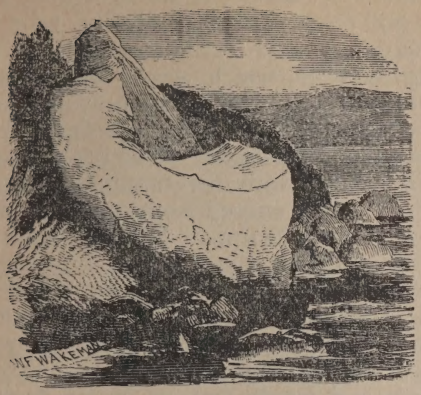
Another request is mentioned in the Tripartite as being granted by the angel. It is, "that the great sea should cover over Erin seven years before the Day of Judgment."

It is at this time, too, that St. Patrick performed that work known as "banishing the snakes out of Ireland." He succeeded in driving them into the Atlantic, and some accounts say that some of them afterwards swam ashore in Ulster, where they remained until the great St. Columba, or Columbkille, came some years afterwards and completed the work of extermination.

It would seem, however, that what St. Patrick banished was spiritual foes and demons, under the guise of serpents and other repulsive reptiles, for there is good authority for the belief that real snakes never existed in Ireland. Indeed, the presence of snakes in Ireland would be inconsistent with the truth of one of the most cherished traditions of the Milesian race. This tells how their forefather, Gadelius, when a child, was bitten by a serpent, and how his father carried him to the camp of the Israelites to be cured. Moses prophesied that the posterity of the child should live in an island in which no venomous reptile could live—an island which they were told they were to seek and find "in the track of the setting sun." This "Isle of Destiny" was Ireland, which the Milesians found after centuries of wandering, and it seems to be a most remarkable and interesting fact that during all those wanderings the Milesians never, except in one instance, settled anywhere except on an island. This one exception was Spain, and that country, with three sides and a part of the fourth side surrounded by water, might very naturally be taken for an island. Another very remarkable fact would also seem to be established, namely, that of the many lands in which the Milesians settled during



SAINTS' ISLAND, LOUGH DERG.



ST. BRIGID'S CHAIR, LOUGH DERG.

their wanderings, there is not one in which venomous reptiles are found.

The marked immunity of Ireland from snakes and venomous reptiles of all kinds has been commented upon by many of the early writers. It was noted as a characteristic of the land long before St. Patrick's time. St. Donat, Bishop of Fesula, near Florence, wrote the following lines of ancient Scotia:

Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name;
Enrolled in books, exhaustless is her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters and her air with health;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
No savage bear with lawless fury roves,
Nor rav'nous lion through the peaceful groves;
No poison there infects; no scaly snake
Creeps through the grass; nor frog annoys the lake—
An island worthy of her pious race,
In war triumphant and unmatched in peace.

From St. Patrick's time Croagh Patrick has been a famous resort for pilgrims. The mountain is about 2500 feet above the sea level, and the view from the summit is magnificent. The "Station" is generally held on the last Friday in summer, and the 15th of August is also a great day for pilgrims. Several hundred visit the place annually. On the shoulder of the mountain and within about 300 feet from the summit is the first station, in the shape of a stone circle, around which the pilgrims generally make fifteen circuits.

From this point to the summit the ascent is very difficult. On the summit of the mountain is a flat plain, about half an acre in extent, and here are the remains of what is known as "St. Patrick's altar," or oratory, some cells and a large penitential "bed" or circle. At each of these places the pilgrim recites certain prayers. A low parapet runs around the summit, and apart from its associations from a religious and historic point of view the place presents a picturesque appearance.

St. Patrick's Purgatory, and Lough Derg.

More celebrated even than Croagh Patrick as a pilgrimage is St. Patrick's Purgatory at Lough Derg. This has been for centuries the national pilgrimage of Ireland, and it is the oldest existing institution of the kind in the Irish church.

Lough Derg is situated in the Parish of Templecarne, in the county of Donegal. In Irish the name is Lough Dharrig, which means "red lake," "dharrig" being Irish for red or crimson, and the name has been given it because of the peculiar reddish tint of its waters. The explanation for this reddish color is found in a legend which has come down for ages among the peasantry. Once upon a time, according to the legend, there lived in Ireland an old, repulsive hag, who with her son, who was a giant and fully as repulsive-looking as his mother, spent the time in contriving mischief for their fellow-creatures.

She was skilled in witchcraft, and knowing the virtues of every herb that grew, she could brew the most deadly poisons, with which she tipped the arrows of her son.

The celebrated Finn McCool, who was then Captain-General of the Fenians, thought it a reproach to his warriors that such a pest should be tolerated in the land, and one day he set out to search for the pair, accompanied by his son Ossian (Usheen), Goll Mac Morna and Conan Mael. They found the witch and the giant gathering herbs on a green hill in East Munster. Goll let fly an arrow, but though it struck the hag, it did not seem to have the least effect on her. Finn, who possessed the gift of divination or prophecy, by placing his thumb in his mouth, "under his wisdom tooth," had taken counsel with himself before setting out on the chase, and he knew that the hag could only be killed with a silver arrow. He had thus come prepared, and as the giant threw his mother over his shoulders and fled with great swiftness, Finn released his silver arrow. It pierced the hag through the heart, killing her instantly; but the son never noticed what had happened, and he continued his swift flight until he came to the shores of what is now Lough Derg, in the mountains of Donegal. Then stopping to take breath he was greatly astonished to find that nothing remained of the mother but the two legs by which he had grasped her, the remainder of the body having been worn away, bit by bit, by briar and brush, during his rapid flight through wood and brake.

Some years after, Finn and a number of his warriors were hunting in Ulster, and they happened to pass along the shore of the lake. As they came near the spot where the bones of the hag lay, a red-headed dwarf appeared to them and told them on no account to meddle with the remains of the skeleton, because in the thigh bone there was confined a worm which, if it got released and could find water enough, would become an all-destroying monster, which would devastate the country. Conan Mael, who was a cynical character, disregarded the counsel of the dwarf, for he broke the thigh bone with his hunting spear, when truly enough out crawled a long, hairy worm. With a sneer Conan threw the creature into the lake, saying: "If you want water, there is water enough for you"; but immediately the worm began to grow with startling rapidity, and the warriors had barely time to make their escape. It grew into a terrible monster, which destroyed every living thing for miles around and turned that section of the country into a desert.

St. Patrick Destroys the Louugh Derg Monster.

Such was the state of things when St. Patrick journeyed north. He was warned not to go near the lake, but on the contrary he determined to go there and destroy the monster. As he approached the shore the hideous creature came out of the water to swallow him, roaring and bellowing in a terrific manner, but before it could touch him he struck it with his staff, causing it to utter a roar which was heard throughout the province. The monster, mortally wounded, fled towards the lake, its path being marked by a river of blood from the wound in its side, and as it plunged into the lake its blood dyed the waters a crimson color, which has remained ever since. Then St. Patrick sent the creature to the bottom of the lake, where he caused it to be effectually secured, after which he blessed the lake, its islands and its surroundings.

Lough Derg is quite an extensive sheet of water. It is six miles long, about four miles wide at its widest part and it covers an area of 2,200 statute acres. It is surrounded by a

chain of mountains, some of which are quite high. The lake itself stands about 450 feet above the level of the sea, and it is interspersed with numerous islands, the principal of which are Saints' Island, Station Island and Friar's Island. There are dozens of small islets, some of which are no more than barren rocks.

The Origin of the Purgatory.

For the origin of the Purgatory various causes are assigned. One of the most generally accepted is that which Mathew of Paris, St. Antonius and Denis the Carthusian adopt. This explanation is to the effect that while preaching the gospel in Ulster St. Patrick found many of the people very reluctant to believe his words. They told him that they would not believe him unless he could show them the pains and pleasures of that future life of which he preached. The saint prayed long and earnestly for a solution of the difficulty, when he was inspired to strike the earth in a certain place with his staff, and as he did so, making the sign of the cross at the same time, a deep pit or cave opened up at his feet. In this pit those who entered in a truly penitent spirit and remained a certain time were cleansed from their sins, and it was said that many were favored by visions of paradise and of the place of eternal torment.

The Knight Owen's Vision of Purgatory.

The purgatory or cave was located on Station island, and the fame of the place soon spread over all the land, so that pilgrims came from the most distant places to do penance. In the twelfth century the fame of the place went all over Europe, chiefly through the publication by Henry of Saltrey of the marvellous experiences of the Knight Owen while doing penance at the purgatory. Owen was a Crusader, and feeling remorse of conscience for some irregularities in his life, he repaired to Lough Derg. This was about the year 1153. He prepared himself by the usual fifteen days' fast and prayer before entering the cave, and having received the holy communion and being duly instructed, he was led to the mouth of the cave, which was closed behind him. The knight soon found himself surrounded by demons, who tried to induce him to turn back. Finding him determined, they conducted him from place to place and showed him vast multitudes enduring all sorts of torments. At each new danger, however, he escaped by calling on the name of Jesus, as he had been warned to do.

Then came the most terrible ordeal of all. He was made to pass over a high, narrow bridge, as slippery as ice, beneath which flowed a river of sulphur, from which arose thick, fetid clouds, and in which multitudes of demons were waiting to seize him should he fall off the bridge. Again he invoked the holy name of Jesus, and he crossed in safety. On the other side of the bridge the scene was completely changed. Here he was shown the paradise of the blessed, with its golden gates, its walls of pearl and its resplendent beauties, such as no mortal eye had seen. He was so captivated that he wished to stay forever, but he was told that he must return to the world again and spend the remainder of his days in penance to atone for his past.

The knight on his return told the monks of his vision, and thus it came to the knowledge of Henry of Saltrey, who wrote an account of the event. The narrative was soon translated into several languages, and it seems to have inspired most of the legends and stories concerning hell and purgatory so common throughout Europe during the Middle Ages. It furnished

many a theme for the medieval poets, and it is considered by good judges that it was the origin and inspiration of the celebrated "Inferno" of Dante. Ariosto was familiar with it, and on it the Spanish poet, Calderon, founded one of his most charming plays. Maria of France, the celebrated Anglo-Norman poetess of the twelfth century, made a translation in verse of the legend, and this, too, was widely copied.

Thus the vision of the Knight Owen made St. Patrick's Purgatory famous throughout Europe. During the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries various accounts of the place and of the visions vouchsafed to those who entered it are to be found in the works of the principal writers of the age. In 1409 Sir William Staunton wrote a long account of "ye revelacon ye which he saw in St. Patrick's Purgatorie." About the same time another account was written by a knight of Hungary. In the fifteenth century there appeared an account of a vision with which a pilgrim named Nicholas was favored. It was almost similar to that of the Knight Owen.

The Purgatory Grows in Fame.

It is no wonder that with the great fame of the place during the Middle Ages the pilgrimages, which had continued even from St. Patrick's time, should have grown in magnitude; in fact, the vast increase in the number of pilgrims was the principal cause which brought the purgatory temporarily into disrepute towards the end of the fifteenth century. The revenues from such a number of visitors were naturally very large, and complaints began to be made of irregularities on the part of the canons regular of St. Augustine, who were in charge of the place. These reports reached Pope Alexander VI. about the same time that he received a highly prejudiced report of the place from a monk from Holland, who had visited the purgatory with the fullest expectations of seeing even more wonderful visions than any who had gone before him, but who came away after having only spent one day in the cave, complaining that he saw nothing. The result was that the Pope ordered the cave to be closed up until the irregularities and infringement of discipline complained of had been remedied.

Early in the sixteenth century the successor of Alexander recalled the edict of his predecessor, granted further indulgences to pilgrims to the purgatory, and the place became even more famous than before. The Augustinian friars had charge of the place till their expulsion by the agents of the Reformation in 1632. Afterwards the Franciscans took charge until towards the close of the last century, when the Bishop of Clogher sent one of the secular priests of his diocese to act as friar. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries from six thousand to ten thousand pilgrims annually visited Lough Derg, though the Reformation propagandists tried by edict and proclamation and even by acts of Parliament to abolish the pilgrimage. From the year 1800 down to 1824 the average annual number of pilgrims was over ten thousand. In 1834 the number is said to have reached nineteen thousand, and one thousand three hundred were known to arrive on a single day. From that time up to the famine years, beginning in 1846, the number kept gradually increasing, but after the famine the number began to decrease as the population of Ireland rapidly diminished.

It is a remarkable fact that despite the vast numbers carried yearly from the shores of the lake to the islands and back again, only one serious accident is recorded. This occurred in 1795, when a large boat, containing ninety-three pilgrims, began to leak when about half-way to Station island, and the panic which ensued among the passengers caused the craft to

MISSION ISLAND, AND OTHER ISLANDS, LOUGH DERG, TAKEN FROM BOAT PIER.

capsize. Of the ninety-three people in the boat, only three escaped. At the present time there is a large boat called the St. Patrick, capable of accommodating sixty pilgrims and of making the passage from the ferry house to the island, a distance of nearly a mile, in ten to twelve minutes. There is a smaller boat, called the St. Brigid, and a third, called the St. Columba.

To be continued.

MISSION ISLAND, LOUGH DERG.

A Bit of Irish Coast.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.

Donahoe's Magazine is fortunate in having Dr. Smith upon its staff of contributors.

Rev. John Talbot Smith is an original, forceful writer who has selected as the scene of his many stories the mountain towns bordering on Canada, with their rough, uncultivated men and women as his characters. No more picturesque people is to be found in New England and New York than the French Canadian, with his happy disposition, his wife a model of thrift inherited with her French blood, his large family, his church, and national feasts.

Rev. John Talbot Smith.

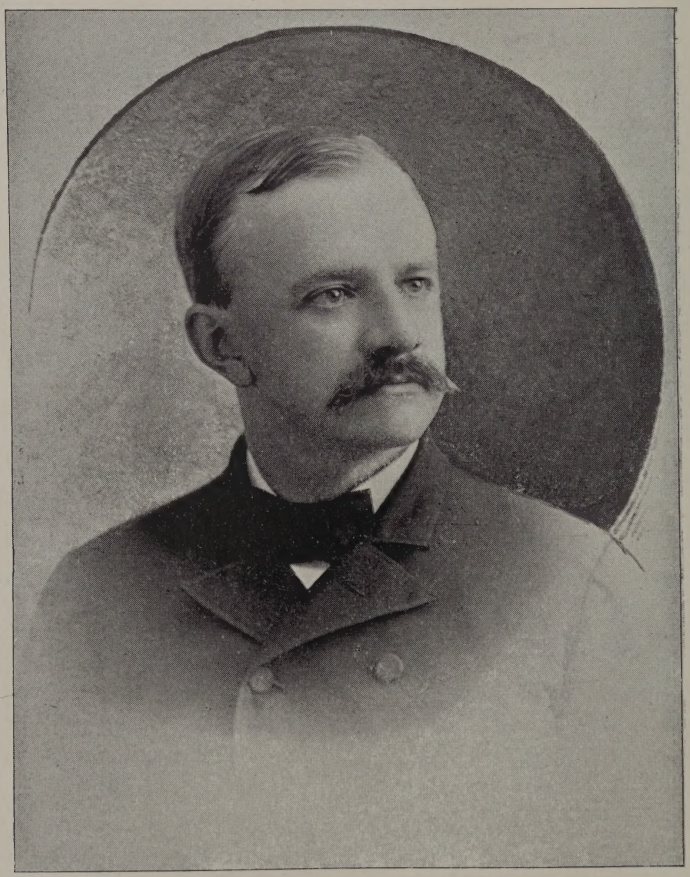
Diametrically opposite to him in character and mode of life is his Irish-American neighbor, his enemy at first, but subsequently his friend and later his relative by marriage. From a long acquaintance with these people Father Smith has learned to know them intimately, not only from daily association, but through his priestly relations. He has studied them and describes them, their life and their surroundings with wonderful fidelity.

Father Smith was born at Saratoga, New York, in 1855. He went to the Christian Brothers' school in Albany, and made his classical and seminary course at St. Michael's College, with the Basilians at Toronto. He was ordained in 1881, and appointed curate in a little mission on Lake

Champlain, where he laid in the backgrounds of romantic scenery and the characters to be found in his stories. In 1883 he was made pastor in Rouse's Point, and subsequently held an official office in the diocese of Ogdensburg.

On the death of P. V. Hickey, the editor and founder of The Catholic Review, Father Smith became editor of that paper, a position he filled for nearly three years. As a journalist he was masterful and brilliant.

Since his retirement from journalism he has lived in New York as chaplain to the Sisters of Mercy on Madison avenue, and has devoted himself entirely to literature and journalism. He contributes to the daily papers and to the magazines, and at regular intervals produces a volume of fiction or more serious matter. His published works are: "A Woman of Culture," "Solitary Island," "His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," "The Prairie Boy," "History of the Diocese of Ogdensburg," and "Our Seminaries," an essay on the training of young men for the priesthood.



HON. ROBERT M. DOUGLAS.
Associate Judge of Supreme Court of North Carolina.

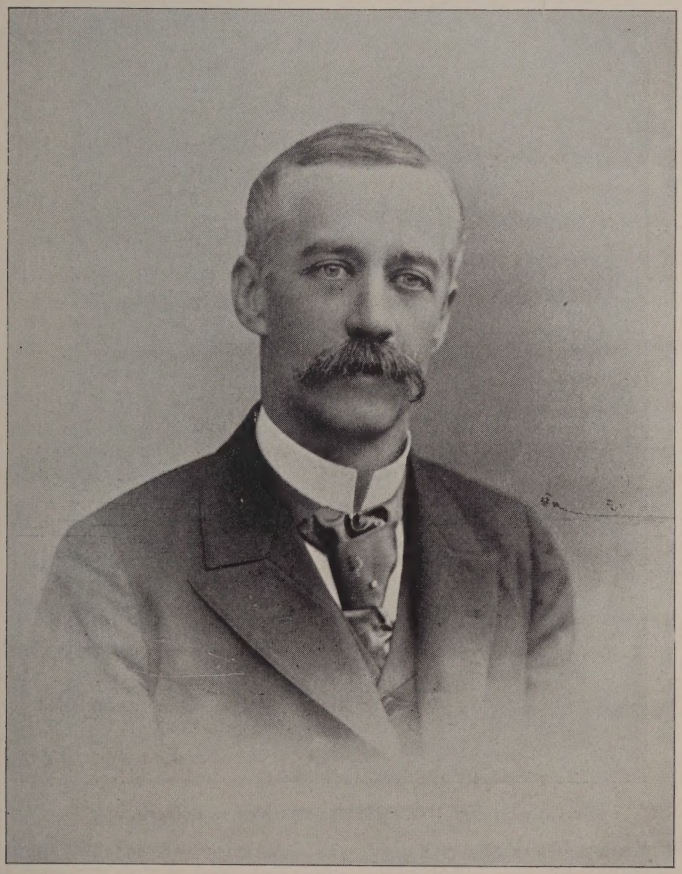
Among the most notable of the Southern Catholics is Hon. Robert M. Douglas, whose term as associate judge of the Supreme court of North Carolina began on the first day of January, 1897. Judge Douglas is the son of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the national democratic candidate for president in 1860. He graduated at Georgetown University with the degree of bachelor of arts, and his alma mater conferred on him the LL. D. He has been entirely engaged in public offices of state and country. At the early age of twenty he held the responsible position of private

secretary to General Grant, then President of the United States, resigning four years later to become United States marshal for the eastern district of North Carolina. For the past six years he has been standing master in chancery of the United States for his present office.

An able and forcible speaker, an astute lawyer, he has reached the Supreme court and is its youngest member, and his fitness for the position is evidenced by the emolument gained.

Judge Douglas was nominated by acclamation by the Republican state convention, and throughout a long and bitter campaign nothing was said against his personal or professional character.

Judge Douglas married the eldest daughter of Hon. Robert T. Dick, U. S. District judge at Greensboro, N. C. Mrs. Douglas, though a convert, enjoys the enviable reputation of being one of the most zealous, earnest and charitable Catholic women in the South.



S Edwin Megargee.

President of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia.

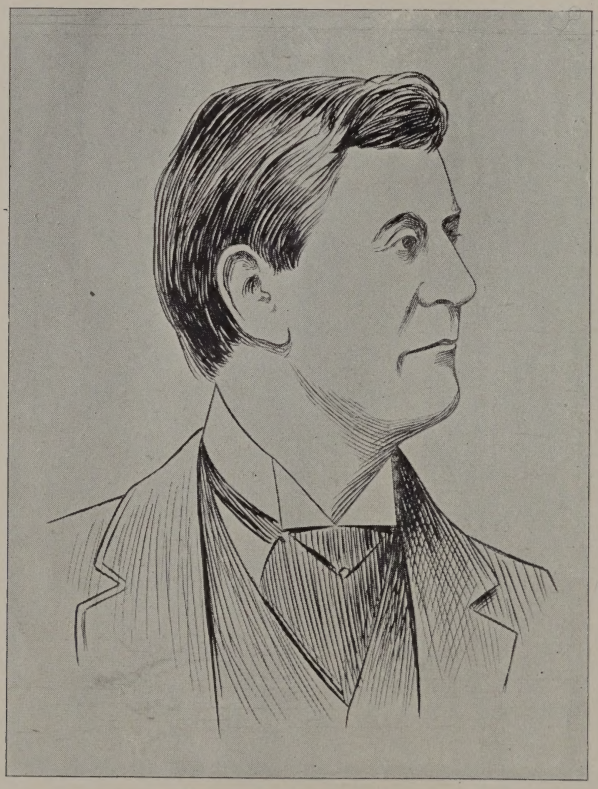
It was found impossible to crowd into one week all the events planned to mark the silver jubilee of His Grace, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, hence the banquet given in his honor by the Catholic Club at the Union League the Monday evening following. Though not occurring in what will go down in history as "Jubilee Week," it was nevertheless, in its meaning, dignity and effect, a fitting climax, a strong and beautiful peroration to the discourse of praise sung by the people during the preceding days of festivity. Elaborate and comprehensive as were the programme features of the jubilee week, there had been no fitting opportunity offered for a formal

expression of the esteem and reverence that distinguished men not of the faith entertain in their individual and representative capacities for the jubilarian.

The Catholic Club banquet gave this opportunity, and it was eagerly grasped and ably improved, in the presence of His Grace and of the leading members of his flock. Non-Catholic citizens of the highest type, men exalted in the highest walks of life, spoke their approval and praise of the work of a man not of their creed, but a model Christian, an enlightened and progressive citizen, a benefactor of mankind and a sterling patriot.

To the successful culmination of these public events a great measure of credit is due to the Catholic Club of Philadelphia, and particularly to its president, Mr. S. Edwin Megargee.

Mr. Megargee worked zealously and faithfully to make the event one of historic interest, and how well he succeeded was told in the words of praise from his archbishop, and the plaudits of the people of Philadelphia.



BELLAMY STORER, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM.

President McKinley has made a happy selection in sending Bellamy Storer as United States Minister to Belgium.

A Catholic to a Catholic country!

Mr. Storer's recent conversion was a notable one.

"Yes, I am a Catholic, at last," remarks the ex-member of Congress, who married Marie Longworth Nichols, the richest woman in Cincinnati. "There is no secret about my conversion," he adds, "but I never sought to advertise the matter, as I regarded it solely as an affair of my own. But I certainly do not shrink from the admission, as there is nothing of which I am ashamed. I reached the conclusion after long and mature thought, and became a member of Father Rourke's congregation of the Church of the Holy Angel."

There was an entire absence of display in the baptism of Mr. Storer. Mrs. Storer became a Catholic convert in Washington while her husband was in Congress. Her daughter, recently married to the Marquis De Chumbrum, is also a convert, Mrs. Storer's devotion to the Catholic faith has also brought her into prominence by her offer to present Archbishop Elder with a costly country residence, which, however, the archbishop declined.

The numerous friends of Mr Edward O'Flaherty will be glad to learn that he has again resumed his old relations with the dry goods firm of McPartland & O'Flaherty, on Eighth avenue, between Fortieth and Forty-first streets, New York city.

Mr. O'Flaherty is a very popular and prominent man in business and social circles, in Irish political matters and in church affairs. For years he was a recognized leader in the early-closing movement. He is a brother of the late Rev. Martin A. O'Flaherty, who built the splendid church and rectory at Rosendale, N. Y. He was superintendent of Holy Cross Sunday school for several years, organized the first Sunday school association in that parish, and was one of the chief organizers and founders of Holy Cross Lyceum. He also, in conjunction with other prominent friends, organized the Twenty-second ward branch of the Irish National League, which was the banner branch in the United States.

He represented this organization in the great Irish convention in Chicago in 1881, in conjunction with Counsellor M. J. Costello. He visited Ireland in 1893 and was highly honored everywhere he went, noticeably in the cities of Dublin, Waterford and Cork. The display in his honor by the city of Cork was a memorable affair. The mayor and principal men of the city joined in the reception as well as the city bands and all the popular organizations.

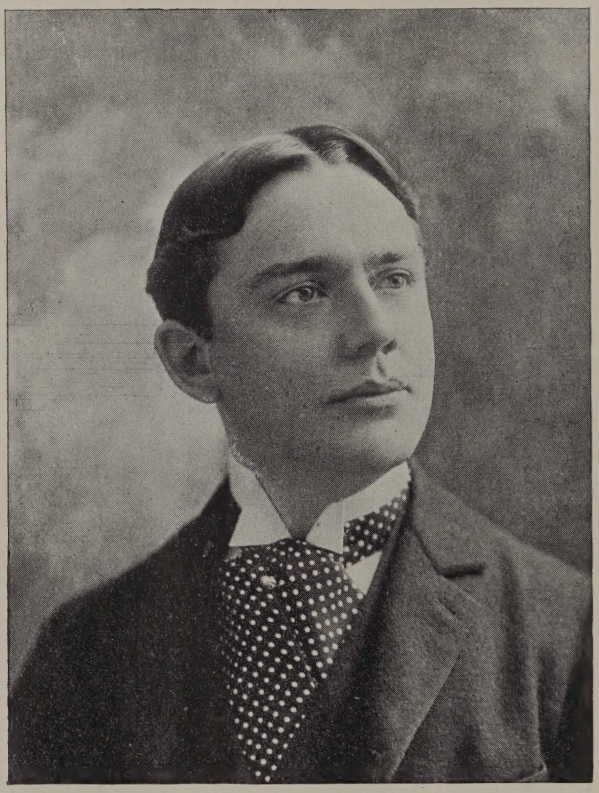
In his native county of Wexford, the bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. James Brown, and numbers of the clergy showed him much courtesy. He visited London and was given a dinner in the House of Commons by John E. Redmond and his colleagues. He has been always a generous subscriber to the Irish movement as well as all other good objects.

MR. EDWARD O'FLAHERTY.

"The early closing of the retail dry goods stores" was a burning question in that trade in the seventies and eighties. Mr. O'Flaherty, with such prominent dry goods men as Thomas Morrissey, John J. Murphy, David J. Naughtin, Thomas E. Lyons, James H. Robinson, Martin Dunne, James Healy, John E. Cotter, Thomas E.

Lynch, James Durkin, William O'Flaherty, Myles Ward, Theo Chabot, and other advocates, inaugurated the six-o'clock movement in 1878. The movement was completely successful.

His experience in his own trade has been from that of a cash boy with A. T. Stewart, to responsible positions in the best city retail and wholesale houses. The present firm of McPartland & O'Flaherty was organized in 1882 and has been a phenomenal success obtaining the confidence of the New York public by fair and honorable business methods.



MR. WILLIAM A. PRENDERGAST.

Mr. William A. Prendergast, a distinguished New York Catholic, was born in New York city, and for the last twenty years has resided in Brooklyn. His education was acquired entirely in the public schools, At the age of fourteen he entered mercantile life, and his progress has been steady from that time on, he occupying a position at the present time, which involves the management of the finances and credits of one of the largest concerns in his line.

He is a member of nearly all the prominent Catholic organizations, and joined the Catholic Benevolent Legion when eighteen years old, for a time enjoying the distinction of being the youngest member on the roll of the Legion. He was one of the organizers of Columbus Council, No. 126, Knights of Columbus, at the time the work of the order took root in Brooklyn, and is a past District Deputy. He is well and very favorably known in both business and political circles.

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT WILLIAMS.

S. H. F.

"I've been ordered to report to you, sir, for orders," said a boyish and somewhat diffident voice.

Head-of-the-Department Williams looked up irritably. Things had been going amiss on the wholesale crockery floor that morning. An invoice of goods had been sent to the wrong customer, and there had been a choleric letter in consequence; and, by mistake, another invoice had been charged to a small out-of-town dealer whose credit had been recently blacklisted. Two errors like that in one morning, especially in such a methodical and clock-like-work department as the wholesale crockery, was enough to upset the equanimity of its youthful chief. True, he was head of the department, and senior clerk in service, but there were gray-haired men under him who were in every way competent to take his place at the desk, and he could never quite get over the incongruity of his position over them.

"You're no good," he said, brusquely, as he shot a quick, comprehensive look at the frail figure before him; "we want a strong man, who is able to lift boxes and handle heavy crockery."

"I'll do the best I can, sir."

"Oh, of course; that's understood. Well, if they've sent you to me, I must make the best of it. Here, Tom," to a broad-shouldered man who was wheeling a heavy truck across the floor, "take this"—he was about to say young man, but in his impatience substituted "duffer," instead, "and show him about unpacking and distributing that new lot of Dresden. And, oh, I say," as the new man reddened and turned to follow his guide, "what's your name?"

"Williams."

"H'm!" The chief turned to his books again, and made the third error of that morning, charging a dozen plates where he should have credited them. He did not like so many namesakes, and there were already three or four Williams in the establishment. Well, thank goodness! this was not a poor cousin who would look to him for favor.

Presently the mail was brought in, and several papers and a letter were tossed on his desk. He picked up the letter and opened it carelessly; but as he did so his indifference became amazement, and he glanced quickly back at the address to assure himself of its reality. Yes, there it was, "Mr. John Williams, at Burton & True's," and the invitation was as straightforward and direct as the most skeptical could wish, a cordial request for his company at an informal Thanksgiving dinner on the morrow, and signed by "Mrs. Thorndyke Ware."

He drew a long breath. All the twenty-two years of his life had been passed in the city, but he had never received an invitation like this before—nor, indeed, many invitations of any kind. He was entirely alone in the world, and since he had entered the employ of Burton & True, as sweeper in the basement, twelve years before, he had given all the force of his strong, determined nature to the mastery of the business. Society and social intercourse had been a closed—and, as he thought, undesired—book to him; but this cordially worded invitation brought him a thrill such as had never come to him through any of his promotions from one department to another. But still he could not quite understand it. The other clerks received invitations, but they were something entirely different from this. Mrs. Thorndyke Ware was very wealthy and very exclusive, and this

invitation was one which he knew even Mr. Burton and Mr. True themselves might have been glad to receive. The only solution he could imagine was that, as he had been the shipping clerk who had had charge of the packing of many costly articles for the Ware mansion, this might be meant as a token of appreciation for his services—but this explanation was anything but satisfactory.

However, he presented himself at the Ware mansion at the time appointed, and was ushered into a large room that was already filled with guests. Mrs. Thorndyke Ware received him graciously, but, as he thought, with a slightly surprised expression on her face; then he drifted away from one group to another.

At first he felt diffident and out of place, but as this wore off he found himself talking with men whose names he was familiar with as being leaders in the financial world. And little by little they began to listen to him with interest, and then with deference. John Williams had not passed much of his time in idleness, and besides thoroughly familiarizing himself with the various makes and trade-marks and other intricate details of the goods in which his employers dealt, he had stored his mind with a vast fund of miscellaneous information. And it so happened that rare and unique makes of earthenware was just now the subject in which the fashionable world was interested.

But as the evening wore away his face began to look puzzled, then questioning, then grave. At last he made his way across the room to his hostess.

"I am glad you have come," she said, cordially. "I have been waiting an opportunity for a quiet talk. While the guests were arriving, I could only just bid you welcome. Now, how is Agnes and how are your sisters?"

"It is about them I wish to speak," he said, bluntly. "Mr. Ware asked me if my people were well, and one of your daughters just asked me if my sisters were coming to the city soon. Now, I am alone in the world. My mother has been dead ten years, and I never had any sisters. There has been a mistake."

"Are you not John Williams, at Burton & True's?"

"Yes."

She looked puzzled.

"Is there another clerk of the same name in the establishment?"

"Not that I know of. There are several Williams, but I do not think any of them are named John."

"It is curious. Agnes Williams wrote me that her son was coming to the city to engage with Burton & True, and that she hoped I would look after him a little. She is an old school friend of mine. I thought that you appeared rather older than her son could be."

"Well, my being here is evidently a mistake," he said, gravely. "But you must allow me to thank you, Mrs. Ware, for the pleasantest evening of my life. I will go now. I am sorry for the person whose place I have usurped, but I cannot help being a little glad on my own account. It has given me something to think about, and has shown me there are more sides to life than a narrow-minded man sometimes sees."

"But, really, you must not go until the end of the evening," Mrs. Ware interposed, pleasantly. "It has been a mistake, certainly; but I hope you will not make that a reason for leaving us."

He shook his head.

"I would better go," he answered. "I do not like to take advantage of mistakes."

When he saw the new man come in the next morning he left his desk with a sudden presentiment of the truth.

"What did you say your name was?" he asked.

"Williams, sir."

"John?"

"Yes; John Williams."

"H'm!"

"I am Mr. Burton's nephew," the new man continued, blandly, "and am learning the routine of each department, with a view to entering the firm in January. I would have told you this yesterday, if you had given me an opportunity. But I am afraid I shall have to ask you to excuse me from handling the heavy boxes. I am not particularly robust, and must content myself with the lighter work."

"Very well."

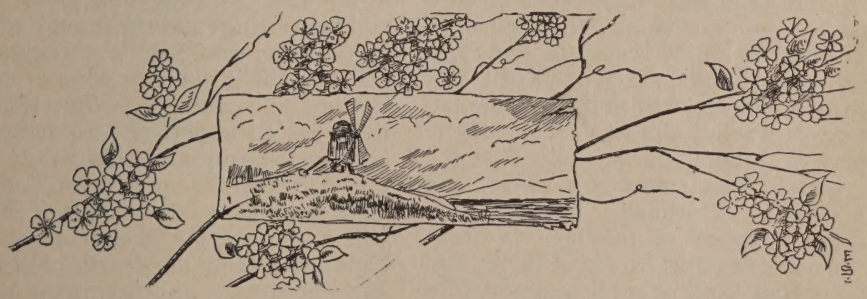
Head-of-Department Williams' creed was to view the world as a huge machine, of which he and his fellow-clerks were cogs. Emotion of any kind was looked down upon by him as unbusinesslike; so now he turned stoically to his desk, and his copy clerk thought he had been giving some directions to the new man.

But all through the day there was a peculiar light in the matter-of-fact eyes of the chief, and when he went to his boarding house that night he did not turn to his books, as usual, but sat gazing out across the twinkling lights of the great city, thinking.

In the main office, a few weeks later, Mr. Burton suddenly laid down his pen.

"Do you know, True," he said, confidentially, "I believe our machine clerk, Williams, is becoming humanized. I actually caught him lifting a beggar child out of the mud today and saw him giving her pennies. I must ask him up to the house some time. I wouldn't be surprised if there was considerable good material beneath that shell of his."

"Yes," answered Mr. True, poising his pen meditatively above his ledger, "I think you are right. Williams has been a good automaton, but I always held that a business man could not reach the best success by mere mechanical ability," and then they both bent over their desks and were speedily lost in the computations evolved by their swiftly moving pens.



FATE.

By W. Tyler Olcott.

Ever swimming, swimming, swimming
On the brimming
Sea of dark Humanity,
Weaker beaten down by stronger,
Living longer,
Waiting but their destiny.

FLORIDA FOR A PLEASURE TRIP.

By F. T. Stewart.

In many ways Florida is larger and of more diverse climate than the size of its map would indicate. We have May and June, with their buoyant springiness and their occasional chill winds when the sun is off duty; and the clear, crisp air of September and October, when the feet never tire nor the energy flag; and in some sections we have a combination of the buoyant springiness and clear crispness, with the advantage of an utter ignorance of frost except through the newspapers. Travelers compare certain sections of it to Italy, to the south of France, to Algiers; and the other evening, as a party were descending the broad steps of one of Flagler's palace hotels, a former editor of the New York Sun paused and declared that the scene before us was an almost exact counterpart of Monte Carlo, only that the grounds were more extensive and beautiful. Outlined against the smooth waters of the lake in front were the swaying fronds of palms and poincianas, and over all was poured a mellow moonlight that was only intensified by the brilliancy of the stars that filled the sky.

In seeking Florida the tourist has a right to expect more than climate. It is popularly a land of flowers, and he is not presumptuous in demanding a fulfillment of his expectations. Therefore, when one section has nothing to add to its climate but sand and palmettoes, and perhaps a few scattering orange groves, and another has only isolated villages of unpainted houses and unconfined, razor-back hogs, and a third is perhaps a well-settled and prosperous community, where there is a fair sprinkling of shrubs and vines that "have been" covered with blossoms, or that soon will be, the sight-seer, whose imagination has been aroused by lurid descriptions, is perfectly justifiable in being disappointed, and even disgusted.

There are many beautiful places in Florida. Tallahassee is literally embowered in flowers during certain months of the year; St. Augustine is at all times quaint and picturesque and interesting; and the orange groves of the sand and palmetto region are magnificent in their seasons of efflorescence and fruitage. But none of them are quite perfect. Sometimes it is a predisposition to cold winds from the northeast or northwest, or the landscape lacks the tropical foliage which the climate promises, or perhaps it is merely the dearth of flowers. But one way or another, many of the visitors who only penetrate into the northern or central portions of the state have a feeling of disappointment, silent or emphatically expressed.

Those who are invalids, and who merely come to escape the rigors of their own climate, are perhaps satisfied with the boon of being able to be out of doors; but to the average pleasure-seeking tourist this is not enough. He demands the fulfillment of his ex-

pectations; and, failing in this, is prompt to seek them elsewhere.

I receive many letters asking information about Florida, and while the majority of them are from prospective settlers, some are from those who can only indulge themselves in a week or perhaps a month of sight-seeing. And generally these letters are very particular about the route, and intimate that the writers of them have no money to waste on useless journeyings. They wish to visit the pleasantest and most picturesque portions of the state, but have no time to ferret it out for themselves.

Now, the winter climate of Punta Gorda and Lake Worth, and all the section below, may be said to be almost without flaw, but while the Gulf coast has so far received only inadequate artificial aid, that of the East coast—especially at Palm Beach—presents the rare combination of perfect tropical beauty and tasteful landscape gardening. Here one is in the midst of palms and flowers and beautiful shrubbery, the climate invites him to spend his days indoors and his evenings on the verandas, and on every hand are beautiful vistas of ocean and lake and waving palm fronds. I have been in nearly every county in Florida, but nowhere have I met with a land so near my ideal, or to which I felt so ardent a longing to return. It is in very truth a land of flowers—a land of sunshine and dreaming.

THE GATE OF LOVE.

By M. J. Malloy.

Love's little gate is very low
To enter in;
And piled about with winter's snow —
So chill, so chill the breezes blow!
Love's gate is very hard and low
To enter in.

Love's gate is just so low, sweetheart,
That Self must stoop to win;
And underneath the winter snows
Lies warm the beauty of the rose;
The winds that round Love's portals blow
Bring to the cheek the heart's best glow;
Unbar, unbar Love's little gate
And enter in!

BOOK REVIEWS.

Novels.

The irreligious spirit of continental Freemasonry has been strongly evidenced during the past century. The secret efforts of the oath-bound lodges to overthrow the temporal power of the Pope form the groundwork of an instructive novel by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, entitled "The Secret Directory." It is a romance of hidden history and brings us face to face with Mazzini, Garibaldi and the other arch-conspirators, whose social machinations fomented so many social disturbances in Europe within the last fifty years. The baneful effects of secret, oath-bound societies upon individual lives and nations at large are powerfully portrayed, while the pen pictures of Mazzini, Garibaldi and their followers give the book an historical value. Fac-simile copies of letters of Mazzini and the English Admiral Napier throw light upon the history of the times and make the reader understand how anxious liberty-loving England was to assist the conspirators in wresting from its rightful owners the fairest portions of Italy. The characters in the story are well drawn, especially admirable being the type of educated Americans which the authoress presents to us. Written in a captivating style, this book is bound to interest all who wish to become conversant with the secret plottings of the Carbonari and Freemasons, which finally compassed the usurpation of the patrimony of St. Peter.

Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

American boys owe another debt of gratitude to Maurice F. Egan for his admirable story of boy life in New York, entitled, "Jasper Thorn." The author has demonstrated the fact that an intensely interesting story for boys may be written without violating the code of morals. The presentment of New York life in the crowded tenement district, which the pages of this book reveal, will be recognized as true, while the insight into boyish character, which the author shows in his delineation of the different types who become the actors in the drama of life being enacted before us, is at once surprising and admirable. We need more books of this kind, healthful and moral in tone, and calculated to inspire the youthful reader with love of honesty and truthfulness, and to impress upon his plastic mind the beauty and advantage of right and honorable living.

Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.; 50 cents.

Timothy Wilfred Coakley has entered the literary field, and gives us a wierd and interesting story entitled "Keef; A Life-Story in Nine Phases." The author describes in a brilliant series of word paintings the effect of the Moorish drug upon a young artist who becomes addicted to its use, and presents for the reader's consideration the strange, abnormal life of the victim to its tragic close.

Boston: Charles E. Brown & Co.; $1.00.

Miscellaneous.

The poems of Rev. Dominic Brennan, C. P., well known in Catholic periodical literature, through his pen-names "D. O'Kelly Branden" and "Harlowe Howe," have been published in a neat volume by the Peter Paul Book Co. of Buffalo and New York. The title chosen for the book by the author, "Heart-Tones," is happily expressive of his manner of treating the subjects of his verse, for Father Brennan thinks strongly upon the themes that strike his imagination, and puts into his lines only the deepest feelings of his nature. There are four divisions in the volume, embracing "Poems of the Sentiments," which are more numerous than the rest; "Patriotic Poems," "Religious Poems," and a long single poem in six parts, treating the "Visions of Saint Paul of the Cross." It is hard to determine where the author is at his best, as he writes with general evenness of merit upon the various topics selected. We think, however, that the "Visions of Saint Paul of the Cross" most fully represents the spirit of his muse, and affords the most favorable criticism of his verse. It is a long poem of well-sustained rhythm throughout, and reveals a deep sympathy with the spirit and trials of the Sainted founder of the Congregation of which the author is a member.

Among the shorter poems "The Changing Sea," "What is Worth While," "Soul-Stirrings," "Morn," "In Memoriam," "Longings," the ode on John Boyle O'Reilly, and the groups of hymns on subjects of our Lord's Passion, will probably appeal most convincingly to readers.

This is Father Brennan's first collation of his poems in book form, and promises well for his future among the Catholic writers of the day. His contributions both in prose and verse in various periodicals show the earnest, conscientious student and worker, the writer with a high ideal and the capacity to persevere industriously in its pursuit.

The faults, which to some extent mar his lines today, are a tendency to too great a use of the auxiliaries "do" and "doth" to help out the meter, a proneness for the "eth" in the third person singular of verbs, and frequently a forced construction, sometimes lapsing into a grammatical error. It is hardly permissible even by poetic license to write "Why should it thus be so?" or to use the verb "lay" for "lie." A second edition should show such inelegancies expunged.

"Heart-Tones," by Rev. Dominic Brennan, C. P. The Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo and New York.

An admirable compilation in every respect is the one which Lelia Hardin Bugg presents to the public under the title "A Little Book of Wisdom." She has culled and formed an exquisite bouquet of the choicest flowers of literature, and in a short space gives us the great thoughts of many wise men and women on topics which can interest the human mind. The grouping together of these best thoughts under the headings, "Character," "Honor," "Success," "Wealth," "My Country," "The Brotherhood of Man," "The Higher Life," "Religion," "Age," "Death," "Eternity," "Follies," "Vices," "Happiness," "Sorrow," "The Tongue," "Books," "Friendship," "Women," "Love," "In the World of Men," "Some old Proverbs," "Sayings of Saints," "Pearls from 'The Imitation,'" "Go to the Scriptures for Wisdom," gives an idea of the value and helpfulness of this little book.

St. Louis: B. Herder; 75 cents.

The lecture on "Catholic Education and American Institutions," which Rev. John F. Mullany, D. D., brother of the lamented Azarais, delivered before the Catholic Winter School at New Orleans, has been published in book form by the Azarias Reading Circle of Syracuse, N.Y. The Catholic idea of education and its place in this land of freedom are interestingly discussed in this well-reasoned discourse.

"The Archconfraternity of Christian Mothers" is a little manual which explains the objects and advantages of this admirable society, which makes for the preservation of the Christian spirit among those upon whom principally devolve the care and nurture of the youthful soul.

New York: Joseph Schaefer.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Sunday-school Work.

It is good news to learn that at the Champlain Assembly the question of raising the standard of Sunday school instruction will be earnestly discussed. Every phase of the work will be thoughtfully considered, and interest must be roused by these conferences. It is to be hoped that one result will be the awakening of many to a sense of their duty towards the young, a responsibility to which they have been wholly indifferent.

Who are the teachers in most of our Sunday schools? Chiefly women and girls who have worked all week in stores, factories, or workrooms—noble, self-sacrificing spirits, whose generous gift of time and means makes possible the maintenance of a Sunday school.

Otherwise the doors would have to be closed for lack of teachers. Catholic laymen have little aptitude for Sunday school work. The duty is irksome and they shirk it after the whole-souled manner of their sex. It breaks in on the Sunday, so in every parish only a very limited number of men can be induced to teach, and these are regarded by their fellow-men as being of the "goody" type.

There is another class of teachers, by far too large, the immature graduates of the Senior class, who, armed with a catechism, proceed to make its contents forever distasteful to the little unfortunates committed to their charge. Their one idea of teaching is reiterating question and answer till the meaningless words are memorized by the children, and a certain number of chapters committed to memory.

Patience is rarely a part of these young teachers' equipment, and in the course of acquiring say the first five chapters many a poor little mortal is taught to believe that he is hopelessly stupid! The hour that should be happily spent is regarded as a time of torture, and ways and means of evading it fill to repletion the bewildered little brain that cannot intelligently grasp and retain knowledge of the great truths the tyro teacher insistently forces upon it.

But this is wandering from our purpose, which was not to censure effort, however ill advised, but to call attention to the unpardonable indifference of many Catholic women, whose freedom from care, educational opportunities, and the many other advantages attendant on the possession of wealth and position, would enable them to bring to the work of teaching an equipment impossible to working women, whose best efforts must ever be circumscribed by the exigencies arising from limited time, and still more restricted means. Under such conditions how can they bring to the work of teaching the energy, enthusiasm and knowledge of the best methods necessary to ensure the highest measure of success?

Hand or Machine.

The author wrote "to wander through the mazes of German anthology," the compositor made it read "to squander the wages of German anthology," and this trifling difference gave rise to a heated dispute wherein all parties lost temper and gained nothing as an equivalent. The compositor hinted broadly that with typewritten copy results would be different, and we, not being proud of our "hand," were inclined to agree with him and throw all the blame on the manuscript.

Still the typewriter has its defects. We were trying to sum them up, and remembered joyously that on one occasion, wishing to strike a comma we struck the right key, but accidentally holding down the case, produced a question mark after the word "Gentlemen." Imagine if that had gone forth to people whose good-will we desired.

The relative merits of the pen and the machine are ably discussed in the following article reprinted here by the kind permission of the author, Editor William Hopkins, whose wide experience has made Him acquainted with all kinds of copy from the clearest typescript to the most occult hieroglyphics employed by man to torture his fellow being.

FROM THE EDITORIAL STANDPOINT.

(Written for *Newspaperdom*, the journal of newspaper publishers, New York.)

Typewritten copy, revised by the author, is, of course, the easiest kind of manuscript for an editor to handle.

I should regret to say a word against the typewriter. Typewriting represents progress; and all progress is good. But, I fear that careless typewriters are creating among editors distrust and a dislike of typewritten copy. It is the exception, rather than the rule, that typewritten manuscript is ever revised or even read over

by the person who produced it. He seems to think that, like the tell-tale camera in "The Octoroon," "the instrument won't lie." Yet, I have found in very many important instances that the instrument does "lie." I have seen the most egregious errors perpetrated on a typewriter, which I am quite sure would never have occurred if the manuscript had been hand-prepared. Fifty per cent. of the typewriter's efficiency is thus destroyed.

Here is the argument in favor of handwritten copy: It is rarely ever blindly inaccurate; proper names usually bear the correct initials; punctuation is nearly always perfect.

On the typewriter, the most conscientious operator, when at high pressure, is apt to hit an S for a D, or put in a comma for a period. A whole line is sometimes left out, and "doublets" are not infrequently encountered.

A man would scarcely play such havoc with his copy while transcribing with pen or pencil.

But in behalf of typewritten MSS. it may be said that an editor, finding the matter accurately prepared, can edit faster. There is more material on a page; and very often in the hurry to catch an edition, for instance, the editor can grasp the meat of a story in a single glance. The copy must be from the hands of a careful reporter, however, or the lively linotypist and vigilant proofreader will have cause to regret it.

As this is an age when the human race is racing as it never raced before, perhaps, above all things else, speed is the vitalest essential in the newspaper profession. Then, as an editor can be speedier with typewritten manuscript than with any other, no doubt that kind of copy, from the editorial point of view, must be best.

But it should be punctuated, capitalized and spelled correctly, and it ought to be wide-spaced for the inevitable interlineation.

So Find We Profit.

"I prayed so hard for a vocation," said one, "and the good God let me see how unfit I was for the religious life and made me happy and useful in the world."

"I longed for earthly joy, and prayed for it," another said, "and when my joy was taken from me I could not understand the answer to my prayer. Now see how happy I am as a nun!"

Instances might be piled like Ossa upon Pelion of the cases where people find their true happiness in the reverse of what they have most earnestly wished.

"Ask of thy God in prayer, and if He gives thee not thy wish, be sure that He will give thee a better thing," says the old chronicler, and experience proves to us all the truth of the saying. So often does one find that a prayer granted proves a doubtful blessing that one is nearly afraid to ask God for temporal things.

"He gave them their requests, but sent leanness into their souls," is said of the Israelites, and even of spiritual things God often refrains from answering prayers.

"I prayed constantly when I was young," said a lovely woman, "that I might conquer a very quick temper. My greatest fault, I thought. I failed to see that the temper came from hurt vanity and that it was the very thing to keep me humble, since I could have no fault more glaring."

Our Lord wants us to "pray without ceasing," with earnestness and confidence, but He wants us also to leave the answers to Himself, since

"We ignorant of ourselves,
Beget often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers."

— Mary F. Nixon.

In Our Mail.

We found something addressed to us, though properly belonging to the Business Department, but the spirit breathed was so elevating, and the fine interpretation of the commandment to pay one's just dues (so rare in these days, when many people consider taking a periodical without paying for it, cheating the customs, and shirking taxes commendable, that we may be pardoned for reproducing it here.

Editor Donahoe's Magazine:

Will find enclosed $2 for magazine up to October, 1897; will also find a few extra stamps for past bills to me, as I neglected payment for this year through carelessness. Thanking you for your trouble, I am a devoted admirer of your monthly.

Over the Teacups.

A very serious and noticeably growing evil, which it behooves all right-minded parents to carefully consider and endeavor to eradicate, is the immense importance that is attached to wealth and its luxuries by the children of this generation in what is known as the "smart set." It would be amusing, if it were not sad, to see the exaggerated respect which these ignorant and necessarily indiscriminating little beings feel for money and money's worth, and how they choose their friends, not because they are lovable, attractive and worthy of affec-

tion, but because they are in a certain set—and because their parents are known for the position acquired by large possessions. Even the little ones esteem it an honor to be among the intimates of those who possess the lion's share of this world's goods. It is a curious and melancholy study to note how this taint of the "almighty dollar" runs through modern childish life.

A little girl of the period receives a bit of jewelry or silver as a gift, and the name on the box is immediately looked for to gauge its probable cost. A pretty frock or coat is despised unless it comes from a well-known and consequently high priced establishment; while many people of moderate means find that they must give up entertaining their children's friends altogether or compete in the latter's critical estimation of those whose luxurious table, appointments, flowers and gifts make a child's party an affair of absurd cost and consideration.

Parents have only themselves to thank for this condition of affairs. Children are essentially imitators, and it is the growing adoration of wealth and its representatives by their elders that perverts the minds of the coming generation. Mammon worship is undoubtedly one of the greatest as well as one of the worst influences of our modern life; and it is unreasonable to expect high ideals from the children when the parents bow down before the golden image.

— New World.

Rash Judgments.

Hasty judgment of the actions of others is dangerous and often unjust. We measure too much by some superficial appearance, and condemn hastily, when, if we but knew and understood the motives and reasons, we would warmly approve. We sometimes say of some one: "That pain, sorrow or loss has not deeply affected him." But we do not know. It is like the death of a few of the soldiers in front of a regiment. The broken rank closes up again into the solid phalanx and the loss is not apparent. There may be no disorganization, no surrender, no craving for pity, no display of despair. It is like the calm, dazzling play of the waves warmed by the morning's sun after a night of storm and disaster. There is no sign of the wreck; the tide has carried the debris away far out on the ocean; the treacherous water has swallowed all signs and tokens of the night's awful work. We see only the fairness of the morning, not the suffering of the night. Let us be charitable in our judgment and condemn not when we do not know. — William George Jordan, Ladies' Home Journal.

Are We Not?

Woman's day in active journalism has been a brief one. There has been no proclamation of the fact that woman's day in the field of daily journalism is past, but among editors and women-workers there is an unspoken conviction that such is the case. The newspaper changes its standard now and then. One of the changes occurred about eight years ago, when it took women workers into its pages. In blacklisting the women writers because they are women, not because they are writers, there is evidence that the standard has changed again.

Women are not as adaptable in business life as men are. The woman who writes is no exception to this rule. The times called her and she responded—called her because she was a woman and as such her views were novel. She played her part in the freak show; she offered herself as a condiment to the great unsatiated maw of the daily newspaper, until as a condiment her savory qualities lost their savor. As a novelty she no longer attracts.

Men have much to contend with in daily journalism. For example, the daily newspaper is made by young men. Unlike other professions, the experience of years does not accentuate the value of service in journalism. The man who is able to earn ten thousand dollars per year in the fifth year of experience is more than likely to earn two thousand dollars in the tenth year of his experience. The man who holds his own against the great onward march of youth into the journalistic field is the man who has become a specialist. His specialism may be reminiscence, he may be a statistician, a political writer, or an authority on stocks and Wall street; certain it is he must be individual. Then his advancing years are tolerated. Women must also become specialists in order to resist the prejudices against time and sex.—Leslie's Weekly.

Small Difficulties in Large Families.

"There ought to be a place for everything, and everything in its place," remarked the neat member, sententiously, as she poured some bay rum into a bottle marked "vinegar," and added a little borax to the liquid. "I'll keep this hairwash in my own room; otherwise they will waste it."

"They" referred to a large family of grown people with a happy knack of never putting back an article where it was taken from. As a natural consequence queries about missing property, and disparaging remarks about "people who couldn't leave

other people's possessions alone" were frequently heard.

The father, who always relied on "the girls" to hunt up anything he needed, from his pipe to the newspaper, prided himself on his highly-developed sense of order, and, on the rare occasions when no one was looking for misplaced articles, indulged in humorous comments on the family failing.

"I do hope this will be let alone," continued the neat member, "but you never can be sure of anything in this family!" And carefully corking the wash she put it away on her dressing-table, where it was discovered by the housekeeper.

"Who left the vinegar in here?" she asked a trifle wearily. "Was there ever such a family!" The bottle was promptly returned to the pantry.

By and by the amateur cook, preparing cucumbers for the dinner, scanned the pantry shelves till her eye fell on the label "vinegar," and seizing the bottle, she poured a generous share of the contents on the sliced cucumbers.

"This vinegar has the strangest smell," she called out to the neat member, who was now ironing in the kitchen, "just like ——"

Further comment was arrested by the prompt action of the owner, who, thrusting the cook aside, rescued the remainder of the mixture.

"You are the most interfering people!" she asserted, stormily, as she decanted the wash into an empty lime-juice bottle. "Perhaps I may have this! I never saw such a family!"

"And you never will," said her father, soothingly. "Does anyone know anything about the hammer and nails?"

Diligent search brought them to view, the cucumbers were set aside, the wash hidden behind a crock, and harmony temporarily restored. But the end was not yet.

The day was very warm, and as it drew towards evening one of the breadwinners came in, calm, happy, smiling, as was her wont, and—extremely thirsty. She threw her hat on the table, her gloves on the rocker, wedged her pocket-book in among the mantel ornaments, and smiling a reply to her father's jocular "What's missing today, Carrie? The ring, or the beads?" disappeared into the pantry, from which she presently emerged, tranquil as usual, but slightly puzzled. In her hand she held a glass nearly filled with a pale gold mixture, deliciously cool and refreshing—to the eye.

"This lime juice has the funniest taste!" she drawled, in her languid way, then sipped a little more, critically. "Perhaps it's because I'm so thirsty."

"Where did you get it?" asked the neat member, an ominous calm in her voice.

"Behind the crock," said the thirsty one. "I had quite a search for it."

"Well, you are the most interfering people!" reiterated the neat member. Then, turning sternly on the latest offender: "I hope you like the flavor. You're drinking bay rum and borax. Did anyone——"

"Will it poison me?" interrupted the offender, in her gentle way.

"You deserve to be poisoned!" stormed the owner. "Just think of the waste! I never saw such a family!"

Have you, reader?

There are many of them. Large families, the members bound together by the strong tie of love that makes possible a happy, harmonious family life despite all the differences caused by differing dispositions, tastes and temperament.

Thank God for this great bond. It is more than order, more than law, more than any earthly power that may dominate homes and mold the destinies of men and women.

* * * * * * * * * *

And this was intended to open an essay on order! How we do get away from our purpose when memories crowd upon us. An exhortation to study order became a eulogy of disorder. Ah, well! Order goes a long way in establishing comfort, and preventing friction, but we doubt if realms where it reigns are one whit happier than are the happy-go-lucky homes where codes of regulations are ruthlessly infringed upon, thereby furnishing humorous experiences, opportunities for bearing with little deficiencies, and insights into character never afforded under rigid conditions.

Wedding Ring.

The ring was considered a badge of servitude by some, and was for that reason given by the man to his wife, like our forefathers, who were accustomed to give the future son-in-law one of the bride's shoes as a sign of authority over her. It was reputed to be accompanied by a tap on the head of the bride with the said shoe by the husband, in order to assert his prerogative. The ring was used in ancient times as a sign of contract, and from that fact, according to the antiquary Brand, it was nearly abolished by the Puritans of Cromwell on account of its heathenish origin. Butler, in his "Hudibras," refers to it:

"Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which the unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb.
As wise as ringing of a pig
That used to break up ground and dig."

The circlet of love withstood the assaults of the sanctified Roundheads, and Cupid's yoke did and does still have sway. An old Latin writer thus describes the ring: "(1) It is circular, because its form importeth that mutual love and hearty affection should always exist between the giver and wearer. (2) Its rotundity exemplifieth that the loving joys of courtship and matrimony should be forever, their continuity remaining as unbroken as the circlet itself."—Chambers' Journal.

Stunted by Coffee Drinking.

Some respectable statisticians hold that the strong marked tendency of the inhabitants of Saxony to become dwarfed in stature is in a great measure one of the mischievous results of over-indulgence in so-called coffee, which in the families of the poorer classes is drunk from early morn to dewy eve, and is a substitute for tea, meats, dessert, etc., like the miraculous manna of the ancient Hebrews. The stuff employed in Saxony, which plays such havoc with the nation, has, of course, little or nothing in common with the beans of Mocha, whose jollifying effects upon the unsuspicious goats that chewed them first drew the attention of Mahometan monks to the wonderful properties of the berry.

Most articles of food are liable to adulteration, especially when they do not happen to be primary necessaries of life, merchants and middlemen acting on the principle that it is always profitable to mingle the useful with the agreeable. But few, probably none, have had so many "excellent substitutes" offered in their stead as coffee, in which not a particle of the original article has a place.

— London Telegraph.

Swallowing Seeds.

A writer in the Medical Journal writes as follows relative to the fear of seed fruits producing certain diseases:

"I am at the present writing spending a vacation in El Cajon Valley, one of the most noted of California, famous for its Muscat grapes and Valencia raisins. There are in this valley nearly two thousand inhabitants, of whom about one hundred and fifty are school children, and a large number of children from school age downward. All of these, adults and children, eat grapes and guavas (the latter fruit having more seeds than the former) every day and many times a day during the season—a period of three months and over.

"I have just taken an averaged-size bunch of these grapes, such as a man would select at the table, and carefully counted the seeds. There were from one to five seeds in each grape (averaging three or four) and ninety-five in the bunch. At a guava festival (similar to your Eastern strawberry festivals) a saucer of guavas will contain four hundred and thirty-three seeds. These vary from the size of a pin-head to a grape seed, and are as hard as a stone. Seeds and all are swallowed by everyone. I know that school children eat two and three times as many grapes as I took, so I said to one of the schoolboys, about fourteen years of age: 'What is the "dose" of grapes for you school boys—a bunch as large as this?' First a queer look of contempt came over his face, followed by a smile, as he said: 'Why, doctor, we boys and girls eat grapes until we can't get another one down, and that just about lasts us until recess.' 'Well! do you discard the skin and seeds?' 'No; the teachers do, but with us boys everything goes except the stems.'

"The next day I drove past the high school, located at the edge of a very large vineyard. The bell had just rung for the close of recess, and the children came running in from among the vines, grapes in hand, munching away for dear life, proving the boy's statement.

"It is entirely within bounds to state that the average school child will swallow from one hundred to three hundred grape seeds daily (one to three teaspoonfuls) for weeks at a time, during the grape season, and the rest of the population will eat in proportion.

"Now, what is the practical outcome of this? I drove over to Dr. C. M. Johnson, formerly of New York State, who for many years has had all the medical and surgical practice of the valley, and asked him, in a casual way, how many cases of appendicitis he had had of late years. He said that there had been none. I then asked for cases of peritonitis—because formerly cases of appendicitis were considered as cases of peritonitis—but to this again came a negative reply. Then followed a careful conversation with Dr. Johnson, and it was most evident that not only had there been no cases of appendicitis or of peritonitis in this grape-eating community for many years, but that the health of the valley was unusually good during the three or four months of the grape season. This report was also confirmed by two well-educated ladies of the valley, who were conversant with most of the cases of sickness here.

"Now these statistics, gathered in this practical way, ought to relieve all anxiety and allow the free use of the desirable seed fruits, which add so much to the general health."

Home Hints.

The great point of good management in the kitchen is to clean things away as you go on, and to be one day ahead in ordering necessaries. For instance, take the every-day want of tea and sugar. At starting, order in two packages of each, and as one packet is cleared, order in another, so you will always be prepared for an emergency, and the servant will not be called away from her regular work to "run to the grocer's." The kitchen, managed by some cooks, is everlastingly in a muddle, because things, after they have been used, are left here, there and everywhere, instead of being washed and put away in their proper places. The mistress of the house should insist upon order in the kitchen, and also that her cook should get ahead with vegetables —at least in preparing them—before they are wanted; that is to say, with regard to potatoes, try to get them pared early in the day, and don't leave the shelling of peas when in season until the last moment. A dinner is often spoiled through vegetables being insufficiently cooked. It is the fashion in some houses to put a kitchen clock on at least ten minutes, a plan that is worth following when the cook has a tendency to be late. It is wonderful what a lot of trouble will be saved by a little forethought and method in the kitchen, and how time is economized if every vessel is in its right place. Sometimes one sees the sink laden with dirty pudding basins, milk jugs, knives and forks and other things besides. Cooks will leave stale pieces of bread about, and choppers and boards with fragments of meat still clinging to them. This is all very untidy and very unnecessary. One great secret of success in cooking is to have everything clean and fresh; another is: "Never put off till the last anything that can be done beforehand"; thirdly, keep a wary eye upon the clock.—Madame.

It is necessary to launder handkerchiefs properly, if you wish them to retain their beauty. Prepare a good suds with Ivory soap and warm, soft water, and wash them between the hands until quite clean; rinse in clear water to which a very little bluing has been added, then dip them in thin boiled starch. Spread them out on a marble-topped washstand, or lacking that, on a clean window-pane to dry, taking care to have them smooth and free from wrinkles. If the handkerchiefs are embroidered, they should be spread with the wrong side next to the glass. Allow them to remain until they are perfectly dry, and they can be "peeled off" and folded as desired. They will need no ironing, and will have a fresh, new look that is lacking when they are smoothed with a hot iron.

If white china or ironstone tableware is stained or discolored, scour it with wood ashes.

The lustre of leather may be restored by rubbing over with the white of an egg.

A shiny or greasy drain-pipe is cleansed by dissolved copperas allowed to work slowly through it.

If ants are in a cupboard, scrub out frequently with strong carbolic soap and sprinkle red pepper in every crevice.

To clean oilcloth, melt half an ounce of beeswax in a saucer of turpentine; rub this over and polish it with a dry cloth.

One part of oxalic acid, two parts of cream of tartar (pulverized). Apply to the spots when the fabric is dry, and drip from the fingers a few drops of warm water. It is important to rinse the cloth as soon as there is no vestige of the rust remaining.—Good Housekeeping.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

By Edward Benninghaus Kenna.

Oh, modest flower, 'tis thine to bring
The herald perfume of the spring.
So, silent death, 'tis thine to be
The herald of eternity.

HOLIDAY TIMES.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Romance of the Doodle-Bugs.

CHAPTER III. — THE BANKER AND THE BOY.

It was late in the night when the speed slackened and a brakeman called "Waynesboro!" As they reached the platform the banker handed the boy his small valise.

"You may carry that," he said, socially. "Now we'll go to some good hotel."

But the boy drew back.

"I'll carry the valise to the hotel for you," he demurred; "but I'd rather not stop myself. I've got in debt enough already—fare and dinner and all. I'll walk out to my place tonight; it's only three miles, and they'll be glad to see me."

"Just as you like; but as there are no folks on my place to be glad to see me, I'll go to a hotel. Tomorrow I'll drive out and see what changes forty years have made. If I buy the place—as I expect to—we will see more of each other. You must visit me occasionally, and get acquainted with my doodle-bugs."

The boy turned away with a puzzled look on his face. What did the fine, white-haired old gentleman, who seemed to know everything and to have an unlimited amount of money, mean by such foolishness? Doodle-bugs, indeed! Why, he had not played with them since he was a small boy who ran around with the girls.

The next day was one of those rare, crisp days for which the Shenandoah Valley is famous. The mountains seemed to have approached to half their distance in the clear atmosphere, and from every grain field came the piping of quail and the bracing odors of harvest. The banker's spirits rose as he whirled out from the town across the first iron bridge, and then across the second, and on over the well-cultivated hills beyond. The bridge had not been there in the old days. Then people had forded the river, and sometimes the fordings had been very dangerous. He was glad to see the country was improving.

At length they came to a small building on the right, evidently a schoolhouse, for there were children playing under the trees outside. A group of them were kneeling in a circle under one of the great pines, as though examining something on the ground in their midst. The banker half rose from his seat, his face flushed, and with suppressed excitement in his voice.

"Hold on a minute, driver. That's the place where I used to go to school, and those are the very trees I used to climb, and, yes—bless my soul, driver!—I believe those children are actually calling up doodle-bugs now. I remember there used to be a few under that tree. Listen!"

In the interest of their occupation the group had not noticed the approach of the carriage, and now there came a low singsong:

"Doodle dan-dy, doodle dan-dy,
Doodle up! doodle up!"

the last uttered in a quick, accelerating voice.

The banker was breathing hard.

"Just the same, driver—just exactly as it

was forty years ago. Hush!" for now the invocation was changed, and came to them:

"Doodle dan-dy, doodle dan-dy,
Doodle down! doodle down!"

"It is wonderful, driver. Bless my soul! it is perfectly wonderful! I almost believe I could go and pick myself out among those children. Forty years! It don't seem possible. You may drive on."

A little farther, and the carriage turned to the left through a long lane, over a ridge, and then down to where a very small house and a very large barn stood. Off to one side was an oblong basin of clear water, evidently a boiling spring, for while a good-sized stream flowed away from it across the meadows, no stream appeared to flow in.

The banker looked about with glistening eyes.

"Just the same," he murmured. "Everything just the same, except the barn; that is new. Hello! you here?" as his fellow-traveler of the day before appeared from the barn with an inquiring smile of welcome on his face. "This your place?"

"Yes, sir," the smile broadening into a grin. "Is it yours?"

"Yes, it is mine, too." He descended from the carriage, the flush of pleased recognition deepening on his face as one familiar object after another presented itself. "Will you go and tell the owner I wish to see him?—say Mr. Wharton."

The boy had already started to comply, but at the sound of the name turned swiftly.

"Not William Wharton?"

"Yes. Why?"

"William Wharton who had a brother Andrew?"

It was now the banker's turn to look surprised.

"I had a brother Andrew, but he died twenty years or more ago. It was reported in the papers."

"No; that was another Andrew Wharton—no kin of ours. I've heard father tell about it. Father didn't die till three years ago, out West. I'm William Andrew Wharton."

The banker took a quick step forward and placed both hands upon the boy's shoulders.

"Yes, I see now," he said, after an earnest examination of the boy's features. "You have Andrew's looks. I thought the eyes seemed familiar, and that way of carrying the shoulders. But how—why did not your father write to me?"

The boy looked embarrassed.

"He said he couldn't after what you had done for him; it would seem like asking for more help. He said you started him in business and told him how to carry it on, and that he went just opposite your advice, and lost everything. Father was proud, and after his bad luck he went out West. He married out there."

"But he ought to have written again," wistfully. "He was the baby of our family—fifteen years younger than the rest of us. What was a little money? I would have helped him again—a dozen times if he had liked."

"Yonder comes Mr. Hatch," said the boy, as a tall, loose-jointed man slouched down from the porch toward them.

"The owner?"

"Yes; and he'll sell," eagerly. "I told him a gentleman came with me who was going to buy a place in the neighborhood, and he said he only wished some one would offer to buy his place, he'd sell mighty quick."

"Well," said the banker, "we'll give him a chance to keep his word."

And so they went forward, hand in hand, to meet the man who was to sell them the place which was to belong to them both.

—FRANK H. SWEET.

The Grumble-Box.

"Here, Nell, put in your cent; that was a big one."

"I only said the potatoes were stone-cold, and it's the honest truth—they are. If that's grumbling, I'd like to know. Is that a grumble, mother?"

"I rather think it is, Helen," answered Mrs. Porter. "Some one had better read our contract again. We haven't heard it for nearly two days. You read it, Harry."

Harry took a box from the middle of the table, and read aloud:—

"Each and every member of this family of Porter agrees to pay one cent into this box for each and every grumble or complaint he or she may make about any article of food on this table. Signed, Edward Porter, Mary Porter, Harry Porter, Helen Porter, Elizabeth Porter."

"If that isn't the strangest agreement I ever heard read!" exclaimed Aunt Margaret, who had come in unexpectedly for lunch. "How did it ever come about?"

Oh! we've had it for a month or more, now, and the box is nearly full," said Helen. "For the first day or two, cents just poured in, but now father can eat salt butter and drink weak coffee without a word. He's almost heroic. Mother always was a martyr; nothing but tough beefsteak ever made her complain, but she would swallow shoe-leather now and smile. I suppose Harry and Bess and I are to fill the box—we're no saints yet."

"But," said Aunt Margaret, " you haven't

told me why you began to have a grumble-box."

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Porter. "Don't you remember some of the times you have been here to lunch or dinner when everything was wrong on the table? The soup was either too hot or too cold, the beef was overdone, the vegetables either too salt or not salt enough, the bread was dry, or the toast was burnt; sometimes we hadn't even the right kind of dessert. If there was pie, every one longed for custard or cream."

Aunt Margaret smiled.

"I've know such things to happen in other people's houses, too."

"So have I," said Mrs. Porter; "but don't you remember, too, the little blessing father asks before meals, 'O Lord, for the food Thou hast given us, give us grateful hearts'? We would bow our heads and listen, and then grumble over every mouthful."

"You didn't, mother; you never did. It was the rest of us."

"Well," continued Mrs. Porter, "one beautiful Sunday morning we all went to church, and heard an unusually good sermon. Then we came home and sat down to a very good dinner; but it was worse than ever, and before we left the table, father stopped us, and said: 'I've been thinking, children, it would be just as well not to ask a blessing on the food any longer. We have such poor things to eat we cannot feel grateful.'"

"I tell you that took the breath out of us," said Harry.

"Yes, but it opened our eyes," said Helen. "We couldn't believe that we found so much fault with everything."

"It was father who thought of the box," said Harry. "He said it would help us keep a good resolution if we had to pay for breaking it."

"I've got some pennies in, too," said little Bess, "cause I cried for more sugar on my oatmeal."

"And what are you going to do with the money when the box is filled?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"We don't know yet what kind of heathen are to have it," answered Harry—"Chinese, Siamese, Japanese, Indian, or plain American; it will go from the heathen to the heathen!"

Aunt Margaret rose to take her departure.

"Must you go, Margaret?" asked Mrs. Porter. "I am glad you came in for lunch. I am only sorry we did not have a better meal to offer you."

"A cent, mother! A cent from you!" exclaimed the children. "That is a genuine out-and-out grumble."

And Mrs. Porter laughingly slipped a coin into the grumble-box.—Sunday School Times.

The Spirit of Fun.

Perhaps some of our boys, and it may be a few girls, will find a needed moral in this extract from "Our Animal Friends."

If our boys and girls know but little else, we are certain they will assure us promptly that they understand the spirit of fun. It is born in them, they believe, and they have it in common with other young animals; for is not every living creature playful after a fashion of its own?

But how is it that the mere beasts are usually so gentle in their play? A horse will do his best to avoid stepping on you—even in fun. A dog will not bite you in fun, although he will worry a rag or a stick that you hold out to him and will chew it to bits, unless you draw it away to offer your defenceless hand, which he will caress as tenderly as if his strong, sharp teeth had suddenly lost their power to hurt. We once knew a parrot who was remarkably fond of play. She would waddle after a bit of string, laugh and chuckle when she captured it, and then jerk her pretty head this way and that to sieze her mistress' finger in her bill, simply to hold it with affectionate gentleness while coaxing for her head to be rubbed. The owner of the parrot managed never by any chance to startle or annoy her, and never by any chance was she bitten by the bird.

If our young people will try to be as thoughtful of their animal friends as the animals are of their human playmates it will be only fair, will it not? We have seen a pet animal forgive a great deal that he seemed to understand was done to him in fun; but don't imagine that rough play is really amusing, boys and girls. If you do, you haven't yet caught the spirit of fun, no matter how much your game may divert you. Real fun is enjoyed as much by one playfellow as by the other, you will find. When it is not, it degenerates into cruelty.

Gen. Grant in Command:

It had been the habit of Colonel Grant to seize upon this hour of dress parade to make a speech, and he had been accustomed to end by saying: "I know this regiment, men and officers alike, would march with me to the cannon's mouth; but to renew and verify that pledge, the regiment will step two paces to the front." Having returned the salute of the adjutant, he said to the aligned officers: "A soldier's first duty is to obey his commander. I shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

As the men turned back to quarters discussion broke forth. "What do they mean by sending down a little man like that to

command this regiment?" they asked. "He can't pound sand in a straight hole," said one disgusted private. "He may be like a singed cat, more alive than he looks," a third man suggested. "Nonsense. He can't make a speech. Look at him! Look at the clothes he wears! Who is he, anyhow?" added others. "Boys, let me tell you something," said a sergeant. "I stood close enough to him to see his eyes and the set of his jaw. I'll tell you who he is—he's the colonel of this regiment."

And so, indeed, Grant at once proved himself. He stopped all drinking. He made the picket line a reality. He put an end to foraging, and arrested every insubordinate, and made all understand that play was over.—McClure's Magazine.

St. Aloysius' Home.

At the entrance of the little village of San Domenico, a country lane branches to the right from the main road, and skirts the southern wall of the convent. Following it we presently find ourselves in an enchanting spot, between gardens of luxuriant trees and hedges of wild myrtle and cyclamen, with glorious views all round. Wild flowers abound, mantling the ground with purple and gold, and loading the air with fragrance. In the centre of this delightful spot is a country mansion belonging to the del Turcho family, which on several occasions was the home of St. Aloysius in his boyhood. In the hot summer months, when Florence was considered to be unhealthy, the boy saint came with his tutor, del Turcho, to live at Fontanelle, his presence imparting to this secluded spot a religious charm, as though it were some consecrated cloister, where saints only should enter. Everything at Fontanelle reminds us of the young saint: we see the little room he occupied, now converted into a chapel; the lawn where he used to play at ball; the sheltered paths along which he used to stray with his young heart fixed on God.—Sacred Heart Messenger.

We must ask our young readers to bear with us yet a little while. That book talk we promised will surely appear in the next issue. Pressure of time prevented us from getting it ready for this number. Will our friend from Scotch Hill consider this an acknowledgement of the receipt of her interesting little letter?

Summer Haunts.

A charming little book, finely illustrated, has recently been issued by the Fitchburg railroad, and cannot fail to interest many intent on plans for the holiday season. The taste displayed in the get-up of this most interesting guide for the traveling public reflects great credit on the company, who are sure of profit by its circulation. The illustrations include everything of interest along the line of the entire system, and are just the spots a summer tourist is likely to select. The information contained in this little volume is of the most complete character, and includes the names of all hotels, together with rates. No pleasanter route to Saratoga from Boston can be had, while the popular route to the Adirondacks will always be over the Fitchburg. The latter service will be inaugurated on June 28, and those who approach that enchanted region will find the Fitchburg prepared to make the journey one of ease and comfort.

In the Green Mountains.

"In the Green Hills of Vermont" is the alluring title of the Central Vermont railroad's 1897 guidebook for tourists and those in search of a quiet summer home. It is a publication of unusual merit, containing more than a hundred pages of entertaining text, richly illustrated with halftone cuts of the choicest bits of Vermont scenery, and a vast amount of information calculated to give the reader a clear idea as to what the lovely Green Mountain State has to offer in the way of summer attractions. Chapters are also devoted to Lake Champlain, to the Adirondack region and to Canada resorts reached by the popular "Green Mountains Route." A five-cent stamp will secure the book by addressing T. H. Hanley, Central Vermont railroad, 194 Washington St., Boston.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

Convert asks: 1. Is it necessary to pray to the Blessed Virgin, since Christ alone is the Mediator? 2. Do not Catholics depend too much on ceremonies, and not on their faith? 3. Why are candles and little lamps set burning before images? 4. Is the Pope ever likely to come to the United States, and settle here, instead of at Rome? 5. Might I advise a Protestant to attend the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg.

1. Christ alone is our Mediator, having made full satisfaction to His Heavenly Father for all our sins. We have redemption and salvation through Him, and through Him alone. "There is no other name under heaven whereby men must be saved." All the saints now in heaven owe their salvation to Him, to the merits of His sufferings, His precious blood and His death. And this is as true of the Blessed Virgin, His mother, as it is of any one else that is saved. He did more for Mary than for any other creature, preserving her from all sin, original and actual, and making her His own mother. But He merited all her graces for her. They are His free gift to her. Now, she is in heaven, and He has on multiplied occasions approved of prayers to her, by granting petitions, over and over again, that were asked in her name and at her intercession. God's approval on any practice of religion proves that practice good. And He has approved of prayers to Mary. It seems fitting, too, that God, who gave us His own Son by Mary, should also give a vast number of that Son's graces through the intercession of Mary. The Son makes His mother the dispenser of His own unlimited, infinite treasures.

Now, is it necessary to pray to Mary? Absolutely, positively necessary, as are the merits of Christ for our salvation? No. Necessary to our encouragement to our better prayers, to the carrying out of God's will in the manner of dispensing graces? Sometimes, no; sometimes, yes. There is only one necessary means of salvation, Christ. No matter how His benefits and graces come to us, directly or indirectly, so that they come. But there are many ways of availing ourselves of an approach to Jesus, of an access to His graces and His blessings; and the best, the easiest, the sweetest, the most efficacious of these ways is Mary. No one understanding the relations of the mother to her son would feel any hesitancy in asking the mother's help; no one understanding the manner of the Son's answer to our prayers to Mary, but must feel not only the advantage, but a kind of necessity, arising from our own condition as creatures and as sinners that we should come to the Son through the mother, and that His benefits should come to us from Him always, but through her.

2. Instructed Catholics know as well to distinguish between ceremonies and the faith, the religious action itself, as we all know to not confound the clothes with the person who wears them. The ceremonies beautify and adorn the action, while they also serve to fix our attention upon the work itself, and make us more conscious of its meaning. If at times we permit them to come as distractions, making us attend more to the body than to the soul, then, as in all distractions, we must come back to ourselves and to the work in hand. We must strive to enter into the soul of the action, and Catholics understand this, and do this. The grand ceremonies of the most solemn mass may occupy the attention of the worshippers, but in the supreme moment of the sacrifice, at the consecration, ceremonies are all laid aside, are all forgotten, and the people adore the God who comes then upon the altar under the appearance of bread and wine. That in the Church there are some poorly-instructed persons who confound the ceremonies with religion itself is deplorable, but it would be very wrong to magnify the number of these, or to extend to Catholics in general the shortcomings or the misapprehensions of the few. Any honest inquirer among us will find the vast majority of practical and church-going Catholics too well acquainted with their religion to not understand the relative value of the ceremonies and the religion itself. As regards other Catholics, or those whose parents were Catholics, but who themselves scarcely or ever frequent the Church, it is certainly not fair to place their ignorance or their sins upon the good and earnest Catholics.

3. As the pictures and images serve only as reminders of the persons represented, so the lamps or candles lighted and burning before pictures and images are emblematic of our devotion towards the persons recalled to us, and a token of our desire to be remembered by the saints in their pray-

ers, or by our dear Lord in the mercy and love of His Sacred Heart. When we have gone away, we have the lights behind to indicate that we still wish to pray to the saint, to Mary, or to Jesus, and that we hope the will shall be accepted for the deed, and that like graces shall come to us, as if our prayer had been a continual one.

4. Well, hardly. In the imagination of certain incoherent dreamers, he has already come here, and is established at our National Capital. But somnambulists are not expected to do as persons who are awake, and as these dreamers awake one by one, and rub their slumberous eyes, they cannot see that the poor old man has even left his quarters in Rome. Peter has been in Rome, that is, Peter personally to begin with, and his successors, since a short time after Christ's ascension down to the present time. True, at a few periods of turmoil and disturbance, the Pope has resided elsewhere, but only to return to Rome, and to stay there. Providence appears to have fixed there the residence of Christ's Vicar, and convert can tell her Protestant friends who have any desire of seeing the Holy Father, that they may do as others are doing, and have done before them, journey across the ocean, visit Rome, and there receive his blessing, which he will impart with a kind heart to any who ask it from America, or Europe, or Asia, or Africa.

5. Most assuredly. Anything that will help to bring our Protestant brethren into the knowledge of Catholic truths and Catholic practices is to be highly commended. And the Summer School offers unique advantages in this line. Catholic learning, Catholic traditions, Catholic views of life and of eternity must be impressed upon the visitor. There will be no conscious or determined effort to do this on any and all occasions, but the very atmosphere of the Summer School is Catholic. There will be religious instruction at appointed time and place, and this will be most beneficial for Catholic and Protestant. But there will be a thousand and one unconscious ways of learning about the Catholics themselves, and to many a non-Catholic, the insight into the social life of Catholics will do a world of good, to break down old prejudices, and to establish the truthfulness of knowledge. By all means, bring your Protestant friend to the Catholic Summer School.

And apropos of this subject, every effort should be made to impress on our Protestant friends that Catholics are not exclusive. They know they possess the truth; but they know, too, that it is intended for all, and that the riches of divine grace are so boundless, that there is infinitely more than enough for all the members of the human race. The Catholic wants to share his blessings of religion with the whole, wide world, and offers a world-wide invitation to all to come to his religious, as well as social, meetings.

Robert J. asks the meaning of the words: Alleluia, Hosanna, Iconoclasts, Doxology.

"Alleluia" is a Hebrew word, or rather a union of two Hebrew words, and means "praise the Lord." David uses the word frequently in his last psalms, and St. John, in the Apocalypse, says that he heard the angels saying it in heaven. The Church uses it with particular jubilation on Easter Sunday and also on all her feasts of joy; she introduces it into her sacrifice and offices.

"Hosanna" is likewise a Hebrew word. It is found in Psalm cxvii., 25, "O Lord, save me; O Lord, give good success." The words of the Psalm, "Save, we beseech Thee," were shouted by the Jews at the great feast of tabernacles, to the waving of palm and willow branches. The feast by reason of this shouting of the word became known as the "Hosanna." The people hailed our Divine Lord at His entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday with acclamations of "Hosanna to the Son of David." The Church uses the word in the function of the Mass, and in the hymn of the Mass on Palm Sunday.

"Iconoclasts" means "image-breakers." It designates a powerful and violent party of the eighth and ninth centuries who proclaimed against the Church's use of images in religion.

"Doxology" in its general acceptation means the "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," that is recited at the end of the Psalms. This form of words appears to be of very ancient origin in the Church, arising no doubt from the form of baptism. There is another doxology, which is "Gloria in excelsis Deo," "Glory be to God in the highest," etc.

Sacristan inquires as to (1) the number of altar cloths on the altar; (2) the material uesd in making altar-breads, and (3) the number of candles lighted at Mass; (4) meaning of the word "host."

1. There are three altar cloths.
2. Wheaten flour.
3. For a priest saying Low Mass, two; at High Mass, many more are used, and at Solemn Masses or on great solemnities, the altar is lighted as much as possible.
4. The word "host," as commonly applied today, designates the bread that is

to be used in the Mass, and to be consecrated into the Body of Christ. The word "altar-breads" is of frequent use for the same purpose. These are made, as we said, of wheat, or wheaten flour, because that was the material used by our Divine Lord at the Last Supper. This flour, too, must be unleavened, in the practice of the Latin Church. The altar-breads are of two sizes, the small one to be given to the faithful in holy communion, the large one to be the host used in the Mass and received by the priest. A large host is also reserved for the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Student of History writes us: Can you quote for me any Protestant authorities to show that Protestantism was not the friend of religious and civil liberty?

We can, and are only sorry that our limits will permit us only a few words, but these may suffice to make our readers investigate for themselves, and learn that the Catholic Church alone through all the ages has been the true and steadfast friend of all liberty, civil, political and religious. Protestantism has been the foe of liberty, and, despite the proclamations of her friends, this is too well attested even on the evidence of Protestant writers. To quote:

Lecky, "Rationalism in Europe," says: "So strong and so general was its intolerance that for some time it may, I believe, be truly said that there were more instances of partial toleration being advocated by Roman Catholics than by orthodox Protestants."

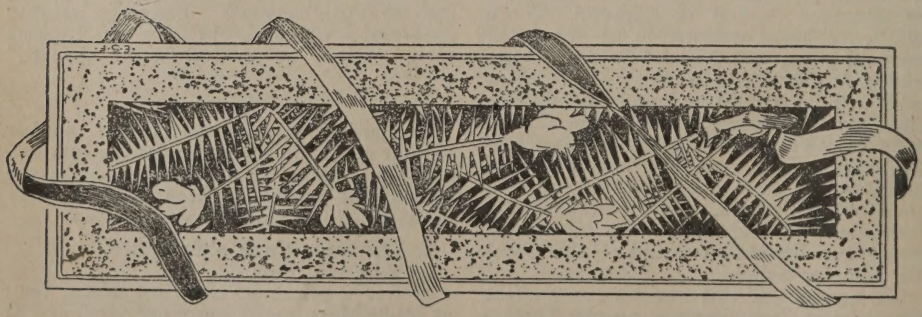
Hallam, "Constitutional History of England": Persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive."

Macauley in "Essays on Hampden": "It required no great sagacity to perceive the inconsistency and dishonesty of men who, dissenting from all Christendom, would suffer none to dissent from themselves; who demanded freedom of conscience, yet refused to grant it; who execrated persecution, yet persecuted; who urged reason against the authority of one opponent, and authority against the reason of another."

These will suffice regarding religious "liberty." Now regarding political and civil liberty.

Guizot, "History of Civilization," says: "In Germany, far from demanding political liberty, the Reformation accepted, I shall not say servitude, but the absence of liberty.

Macauley, "Essay on Hampden": "The immediate effect on the Reformation in England was by no means favorable to political liberty. The authority which had been exercised by the Popes was transferred almost entire to the King. Two formidable powers, which had ofen served to check each other, were united in a single despot. If the system on which the founders of the Church of England acted could have been permanent, the Reformation would have been, in a poliical sense, the greatest curse that ever fell on our country."



THOUGHTS FROM EXCHANGES.

All plantation life is to a considerable extent patriarchal, except that, instead of woman being subordinated to masculine pleasure and aggrandizement as with the patriarchs of old, they are set on a pedestal and practically worshipped. It is a feature of the day in the South as well as elsewhere that women are being better educated than men. In the Northern States of the Union this higher culture is tending manifestly to celibacy, but in rural localities through the South the girls come back from academies and colleges and accept the young men who stayed at home to work the plantations, the same ones they would have married had they not gone away for the education the parents sacrificed so much to bestow. They know what splendid material these men are made of, and in the attraction between the eternal Womanly and the eternal Manly the question of book-learning counts for little. Youth is considered the high prize, the valuable capital and stock in trade. The women fade no earlier than their Northern sisters, but, owing to an inherited habit of thought, the label of decay is respectfully fastened on them by the popular mind while they are still in their prime, and in the Northern and Eastern States would be accounted capable of all things, even of marrying well.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The real government of Russia is the Council of State. It has no beginning, no end. Czars come and go. But the Council of State remains and works on. A member dies, or is displaced, but his place is filled. The plan is not changed. The policy is worked out just the same. The chart the Council of State works by has for its foundation the will of Peter the Great, modified by the changes of time and circumstances. The Czar is the visible autocrat, the Council of State the real one. The Czar is the head of the State and the Greek Church, those two powers which are in fact the government of Russia. The Council of State and the Greek Church work by rule. The development of Russia, or of Russian plans, domestic or foreign, is never hurried. It moves fast or slow, according to its power and the advantages or obstructions of the time. But Russian development always progresses. During the past decade Russia has made more progress than ever before in a like period, more, indeed, than any other nation has ever made in a decade.—North American Review.

The end of education is undoubtedly the development of character. The experience of the world has demonstrated that while there are magnificent and surprising exceptions to the rule, the average man is greatly helped by submission, during all his adolescence, to the precept, example, criticism and suggestion of those who have themselves been well trained. By such influences, character—physical, intellectual and moral—is most likely to be harmoniously developed. Hence it is that, while we miss from the catalogues of college graduates many names of extraordinary distinction—for example, three or more of the most resolute and brilliant of the men who have been Presidents of the United States—we do find upon the roll a very large percentage of men who have led long, useful and influential careers in the service of the church and state, or in the advancement of science and education. — Cosmopolitan Magazine.

We live in a strange period of transitions. Never before has the old order changed as rapidly as it is changing now. O writers of dull verse and duller prose, quit the well-worked field of fiction, the arid waste of sonnets and sad poems, and chronicle in little leather-covered books the incidents which tell their wondrous tale of resistless and inevitable change. Write of electric motors, of bicycles, of peace societies, of hospitals for pussy cats, of women's clubs and colleges, of the price of food and house rent, of hotel bills, of new fashions in dress and furniture, of gay dinners, of extension lectures, of municipal corruption and reform, of robberies unpunished, of murders unavenged. These things do not interest us profoundly now, being part of our daily surroundings; but the generations that are to come will read of them with mingled envy and derision: envy because we have done so little, derision because we think that we have done so much.—The Atlantic Monthly.

The Hospital of St. Francis is the name chosen by a collection of anti-vivisectionists for a hospital they propose to build in London. The institution is to be named after St. Francis of Assisi, whose love for animals was the source of so many beautiful legends. Forgetting that St. Francis also loved his fellow-men, these people purpose to treat the patients of the hospital after

the guesswork methods of the darkest ages. Of course such consistency would be as impossible as it would be criminal, and we shall therefore see patients treated by antivivisectionists according to principles discovered through vivisection. A vegetarian butcher would be no greater an absurdity.

The welfare of the race, as well as the health of the nation—the healthier the wealthier is the rule — depends upon a sentiment which maintains and exalts the physical well-being. A sturdy workingman, with his pick and shovel, earning a dollar a day, is worth more to a country than a dyspeptic millionaire munching apples, cursing fate, and cutting off coupons. The sturdy workingman is always possible. If he gets sick or loses his job a little help will make him well or get him another place. The dyspeptic millionaire is hopeless, because nothing but death, followed by the usual contest over his millions, can cure the cause of his uselessness. But we ignore the sturdy workingman simply because he is sturdy. We say to him: "Look here, my man, you can work; you've no business to be ill; you have no right to rest. You cannot have any of our aid unless you go crazy or get mashed up." There is sense in this, of course, because it makes the man work all the harder, but in the end there is loss because it hurts the man. And what injures the producer of a nation strikes at the very foundation of the national strength.—Leslie's Weekly.

You can obtain a bird's eye view of Matanzas and its once beautiful surroundings from the great hill on the top of which is enshrined the famous image of Our Lady of Montserrat, to whom all Spaniards, and as their special patron all Catalonians, pray. Here to the right stretches out before you the beautiful valley of the Yumuri, and the clear, pellucid stream in which are mirrored the waving reflections of the graceful royal palms which line its banks. To the left, and stretching down toward the city and the bay, are the lomas, or slopes of Simpson. Upon these little hills the concentrados have erected their palm huts. The little hill of Cascoro in particular is simply covered with them. Here and there, interrupting the long, interminable rows of yellow huts, are to be seen heaps of ashes and the long black lines which mark the spot where stood the houses which have been burnt down when their inmates were attacked with smallpox. It is wonderful to see how quickly the country people can erect these huts. One sees how capable they must be in occupations which are familiar to them. Give a guajiro a cane knife and in two hours he has run up a ridge pole and a half a dozen supports for the frame work, and then in another hour the women and children of the family can thatch it over with the dried palm leaves, and the house, such as it is, is ready.—Review of Reviews.

The "funny man" is of another class. For him earth, sea and sky are but a stage for the farce of life; for him the full moon rises with a broad grin, and he clothes dignity in the robes of harlequin. He distorts the face of creation with a diabolic art that sometimes upsets the gravity of the weightiest minds. The grotesque in art is an expression of this breaking out of all settled order and propriety. The gargoyle under the eaves of the minster seems to some eyes to be spouting derision in the face of grandeur.

The wit makes men laugh admiringly. The man of humor keeps them smilingly amused. The "funny man" sets the rabble in a roar, and sometimes surprises stiff decorum into a guffaw or an idiotic titter, of which it is instantly ashamed. To produce this latter effect is the funniest thing the funny man ever does.

It is undeniable that this manifestation of mirth often jars on the sensibiliies of the earnest-minded, but like many other things that seem incompatible with the dignity of human nature, it may have some salutary mission which we do not at present understand.—Woman's Home Companion.

Old Lovell—John Lovell—was a Tory. He went off to Halifax with Howe and the defeated English army, and he remained in Halifax till he died. The son, who had been the assistant master, was as eager a Whig. He accompanied the successful army, and had one and another position in civil life, until he died. His descendants are well known in Boston to this day, and fill important places in our affairs. Perhaps none of them has ever served the State to more advantage than did his beautiful daughter. On June 17, 1775, while Prescott was driving every man to the completion of the redoubt on Bunker Hill, the advance of the English force landed, in boats from Boston, where the navy yard now stands. Why did they not move immediately to the attack on the unfinished intrenchments? The answer is this: When they arrived the fieldpieces were without balls. A messenger was at once sent for the missing ammunition, and as the officers waited and chafed for it, one said to another: "Where is So-and-so, who should have handled this ammunition?" To which the answer was: "He is making love to the schoolmaster's daughter." Miss Lovell has the honor in our history of being the

Delilah who had thus chained some Samson of the day whose name has not come down in history. And Prescott had the advantage not of half an hour but of several hours in the completion of his works. The first balls sent over proved to be too large, and after much more difficulty the field-pieces were finally served with grape shot, and it is said that no balls loaded any English cannon on that day. So much for what one pretty girl can do, even unconsciously, on occasion.—Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in National Magazine.

It has so long been the fashion among really kindly-minded foreigners to decry our national breathlessness that anything said in its favor, in these inflammable times, may seem open almost to the charge of jingoism. Yet is it not possible that even in our habit of being continually in a hurry we have ordered things better than we know, as a distinguished critic has lately decided is the case with our sky-scraping architecture? We ourselves have been inclined to look askance at the working out in iron and stone of the problem involved in securing an adequate financial return on the thousands invested in each foot of downtown street frontage. But now it seems that these tower-like structures are the one manifestation of national spirit in our art. In view of this, I should not be surprised if a very pretty case would yet be made out in favor of our general habit of being in a hurry.—Scribner's Magazine.

Nothing, then, could be more lamentable than the decrease of congregational singing. The constant attempt to restrict it is due to the pedantry of a class of people to whom a little learning is a dangerous thing; for, knowing as they do, that discord is in a general way undesirable, they taboo it fanatically, though they ignore the fact that none of our instruments or voices can be absolutely accurate, and that some, like the piano, are purposely tuned out of tune to a large extent. So they depute the voicings of the religion of a great congregation to an oratorical pastor and a concerted troupe of more or less professional men and women, whom they pen apart in an enclosure. This choir is, likely enough, Heaven knows, to offend the critical taste, in spite of its professionalism. In the delivery of the more elaborate anthems it may often stir the soul of the congregation to the depth, and finds herein a good excuse for existence; yet it can never be a substitute for the popular voice.—Godey's Magazine.

How many of our readers are aware, we wonder, that the sarcophagus now surmounting the tomb of Lord Nelson in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, is actually that which Cardinal Wolsey had prepared for the reception of his own body, and the handiwork of a Florentine sculptor of the early sixteenth century, Benedetto da Rovezzano? The statement has sometimes been made, but it is for the first time proved to be absolutely accurate in a very learned brochure on the work of Florentine sculptors in England, prepared by Mr. Alfred Higgins for the Archaeological Institute.

Between the great churchman and the great sailor the tomb has had most remarkable vicissitudes. The cardinal, who was great on monuments, had it prepared for himself in his lifetime, and obtained from Henry VIII. the grant of the small building adjoining the east end of St. George's Chapel, Windsor (now the Prince Consort Memorial Chapel), for its reception. But Wolsey's fall interfered with these ambitious schemes, and when he died he was buried "before day" in the Abbey Church at Leicester. Moreover, while preparing his own tomb on a magnificent scale, he had left his promise to prepare another tomb for his royal master unfulfilled, so Henry, to repair that omission, took possession of the cardinal's tomb, used "so much as he found fit, and called it his." That tomb, which was finally adorned with a profusion of metal work and statuary, and in its total effect, Mr. Higgins thinks, comparable only to the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian at Innsbruck, was dismantled during the civil war under the ordinance "for the removal of scandalous monuments and pictures," and it was found impossible to restore it at any later date. But the sarcophagus and base remained in situ until some time between 1808 and 1810, when they were brought from Windsor to St. Paul's to make part of the Nelson monument.

Their identity is absolutely established by Mr. Higgins' investigation. He has made careful measurements of the Nelson sarcophagus, and found it to correspond in its dimensions with the particulars given by Benedetto da Rovezzano in his inventories, which are still extant. Nelson's body does not, of course, lie in the sarcophagus, but in a vault underneath; but we have the curious fact that the tomb which was prepared by the cardinal for his own body, grabbed by Henry VIII. for the royal tomb, defaced by a Puritan Parliament as a "scandalous monument," now forms part of the national monument to the great captain. In other words, Nelson has the sarcophagus which Wolsey intended for himself.—Westminster Gazette.

This extract from a letter addressed to the pupils of the Ursuline Convent. Thildonck, Belgium, tells a beautiful story of heroism:

"I was received into the holy church in the cathedral of Belmont, Hereford. Perhaps some of you may know it. From then I resolved to give up everything, even my music—I had graduated at Leipzig Conservatorium—and to devote my life to a good work; in fact, to give it up to God. So I offered myself to good Father Welmiger for his leper asylum. I went as a nurse in one of our English hospitals to train, and last May I arrived here.

"Now, this is one of the largest leper hospitals in the world, and next year, when the buildings are completed, it will be the largest. We shall be able, I hope, to accommodate from 1,000 to 2,000 lepers. You will wonder that there are so many, but the country is overrun with them, and in Mandalay alone there are 3,000; it is the scourge of the place.

"At present I am the only nursing sister and the only English out here. Now, first of all, I think I had better give you a description of the terrible disease, for I want to rouse your sympathies, as I am sure there are some among you who will take the kindest interest in the work. Well, the disease is a most cruel one. It begins, perhaps, only by certain light marks on their dark skin—for the Burmese are very dark—little patches, or a very common way is a doubling in of the fingers, the lobes of the ears becoming very big or loose, or the nostrils somewhat distended. These patients will wait perhaps two or three years before a wound will come, but still they are doomed; that is the first stage. Then we have them with wounds. These are not ordinary wounds as one meets with in an English hospital, but great pieces eaten out of the soles of their feet, their fingers, under their arms and elsewhere; then their extremities, such as toes, fingers, noses, etc., drop off.

"Then there is another kind, called 'dry leprosy,' which means that all the flesh between the skin and the bone gradually wastes away. There is no wound, but at last nothing is left but actual skin stretched over the bones. They get thinner and thinner until they die. Sometimes poor creatures come covered from head to foot with running sores. I remember one came like that a short time ago, so bad that I could hardly tell where his face was. It used to take me a tremendous time to dress his wounds, or rather him."

—EXCHANGE.

Despite the raillery Mr. Stevenson, librarian of the Carnegie Free Library, Allegheny, Pa., has aroused by his action in removing certain works from the library shelves, there is a good deal of practical common sense in his objections thereto, though it is manifestly unjust to include in the same category all the authors mentioned. He says:

"First, their low rank in the literary scale; they are not immoral, but they are not literature. Secondly, the books are made of such poor paper, so badly bound, and so high in price in proportion to their value as reading, that the library's funds are utterly inadequate to supply the demand for them. Thirdly, the theory advanced by librarians of standing, that readers to whom books of this grade are supplied will gradually rise to something better, has proved in the six years' experience of this library absolutely false. To the young, who have no personal literary guides, it is particularly an injustice for the public library to put it in their power to acquire thus early in life a vitiated taste in their reading, a fault which long years of study may not suffice to correct. Fourthly, school principals have complained that many of their pupils were reading books of this grade to the gross neglect of their school studies."

—EXCHANGE.

CHERRIES.

AN IMMIGRANT GIRL OF LONG AGO.

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CONSOLATION.

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WITH THE ANGELS.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

THANKS, friends on every hand, most heartfelt thanks.

Of course you all agree with me. I knew you would.

But now to do the deed, achieve, attain, complete, as you all say the times call desperately that some man should.

Brains of America which have as well the one true Light of Faith, can you not, will you not, come to my aid?

Help me to make these pages of DONAHOE'S tingle from month to month with living interest. I want above all things to bring to the surface the struggling, unnoticed beginners; to clear, and to keep clear, a high-road for any brave mind who comes with a truth.

To the moles and the bats with that clique of old humbugs who wrote something once, and then have been telling us through all these years how they came to have written it!

Away with the cant and the gushy laudation of the whole genus Bore!

Have you a thought burning its way into your life? Tell it!

Has God given you vision, or His last, best gift, song? See for us! Sing for us!

Or can you a tale unfold? Yes. But the Editors have been deaf to you? So? They preferred to have some Lew Wallace or Howells tell them what books had most influenced their grandmothers? Of course! That is "literature."

If you can tell a story, send it to me, and, though your modest name never yet blushed in print,

"Sir, your tale shall cure deafness."

I promise I shall hear it. But it must be a story, not a soporific nor an underdone veal cutlet. If you are heart and soul in any cause or high emprise — especially those many untold yearnings for larger life which are the witness of a people's growth — tell what is in your heart to tens of thousands of Catholics with brains.

If you cannot contribute the raw ideas to be worked up into life for all the people in this thought-factory of

ours, then in God's name, and for your Church and Country, give us your interest and support, that we may spread and thrive. My good co-workers here and I will do our all and best, but every Catholic owes something to the great effort making on all sides now for higher living.

I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE in announcing that Maurice Francis Egan, Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University, Washington, will begin next month to contribute regularly a series of papers of the very highest order and the most timely interest.

This foremost critic and author will keep the readers of DONAHOE'S abreast of the latest and best in literature.

RITUALISM has broken out among the Reformed Episcopalians, — a sect which lopped itself off from the "Anglican Branch" twenty-odd years ago on account of that church's papistical leanings. Quakers will be wearing copes next.

M. T. ELDER, whose words always stick into you, will find some savage critics of the paper on country life which we publish in this issue; but an answer to the trenchant propositions will be hard to make. It is high time that many things were said. Only fools think that safety consists of silence.

God send us many in these coming days with eyes and minds to see, and tongues and pens to tell, the naked, living Truth!

FASCINATING reading indeed are the recently published "*Mémoires de la Comtesse Potocka*," a woman whose beauty, whose wit and whose thrilling experiences, to say nothing of her princely *entourage*, would make her incredible as a creature of fiction. A wise head was hers, and much had she noted and thought of men and of things.

"God bless the old times," writes the Countess in her old age, "when we believed in everything, even in Providence. We even believed in virtue itself, for the most brilliant and charming writers we knew had not then proved that resistance to vice was misplaced and that human passion was its own justification. We believed not only in miracles, but in a love that was not always interest, in friendship that was a real devotion; we even believed in the reality of gratitude. We believed in philtres, in prognostics, in presentiments, in fortune tellers, in astrologers, in ghosts. And those beliefs engendered poets, visionaries, sectaries, heroes, lunatics. Now our brains are so trained, our souls so enlightened and well-balanced, that we believe in nothing but the rise and fall of stocks. God only knows whether this new creed with but a single dogma will prove any surer a foundation for the stability of things."

A modern realistic novelist would require a whole volume in which to say that.

ONE OF THE BEST of the many papers and periodicals having a Catholic temper and tone, is the *Ave Maria*. It sustains a remarkably high literary standard with seldom a break. May its subscription list never be shorter!

WHILE THE MOON endures there will be fools. The end of the theosophico-hypnotico-bamboozical dream-chaser is not yet. The last madhouse will not be closed until the night before the day of Judgment. Reason is patient.

BLESSINGS ON THOSE of a thick skin! When one is a pachyderm and also of an agitating turn of mind and a keen sense of smell withal, there is no telling the amount of good that one can do. While the rest of us put up with any and very grievous impositions and outrages — rather than bring publicity and ill-will on ourselves — these heaven-sent imperviosities loudly protest and fight for rights and decencies and championless reforms. They write tremendous protests to the daily papers, organize all sorts of leagues, and fight the oppressor, tooth and nail. So daring are some of these cuticle-armored souls that they will even suggest politeness to the conductor of a car. A woman recently spent a whole night, complacently and, no doubt, triumphantly, in a police station, rather than pay her fare twice or be put off by the barbarian in uniform and liquor who happened to be mis-conductor. Most of us cowards would not be marched to a station-house for forty fares. Thus lags our civilization, and brutes grow fat and prosper.

A BRAVE PRIEST and patriot is the pastor of Derby, Connecticut, the Reverend Charles McElroy. Discovering in a popular history much read by children certain vile insinuations and dirty lies concerning Holy Church, he came out squarely into the open, from the safe routine and comfort of his pastoral work, for a hand-to-hand grapple with the Devil. He invaded the citadel of the august publishers of the shameless book and beat them. He has driven the pestilential germ of prejudice out of many libraries. He has stirred up wholesome controversy and discussion. He has maintained the simple right, as an American and Catholic, to have the book expelled from any library supported by taxation.

All of which doings must go to show that Father McElroy has no doubt made enemies, and passed a larger number of disagreeable half-hours than was necessary -- in other words, that he has done his simple duty.

WRITERS WHO may be about to write stories for this Magazine will confer a favor upon me, if they will find some way of disposing of their hero other than to clap him into a monastery.

During the last month three gentlemen (in stories sent to me) have found in the echoing solitude of the cloister surcease of sorrow for their lost (or undeserving) Lenore. One of them, poor chap! was in a very bad way, and took his solemn vows "within an hour" after getting the mitten! Let's think up some other end for these love-lorn gallants. The cowl is over-worked. I am going to make one of my heroes live in Amer-

ica and canvass for a great magazine. 'Twere a thrilling end!

FRANCIS THOMPSON is far and away the most remarkable poet that has arisen in these past ten years. The wealth of his imagination, the splendor of his words, and the magnificent quality of power found in his verse, rank him already with the great immortals.

The critics, of course, are pecking at his heart-strings, and any novice in the art can find innumerable (perhaps unpardonable) flaws in Thompson's work; but if one cares to reach the highest, deepest, best, given to us to feel by any of the moderns, he would do well in mastering soon this marvelous young man.

THE MOMENT a man begins to admit that there is another side to a question, another view than his, his intellectual salvation has begun. Let him thank God and take courage. He will know *something* finally if it takes him a life-time.

Otherwise, give up all hope for him. Culture is not for him, nor light, nor aught of truth. He is opaque, parochial, dense, stupid, lost. For such, nothing to us remains but prayer.

JUBILEES GALORE, silver, golden, diamond, pathetic proofs to us that our brief day and generation are setting fast.

NO, DEAR CONTRIBUTORS, our pages are not open for the discussion of religious questions. I do not for a moment allow that any article of Catholic belief *is* a moot question: each is truth, final, absolute, eternal.

Nor will I suffer God's glorious Church and her anointed priesthood to be here criticised. The Holy Ghost is the only "reformer" in whom history teaches me to place the slightest confidence.

ALL OTHER QUESTIONS I earnestly invite all of the faithful who have original and vigorous ideas, to openly discuss, as often and as timely as may be possible. Both sides of living issues will find an equal welcome.

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIPTION means increased ability to secure the best contributors and so to improve the Magazine. Subscribers, then, should for their own sakes increase their numbers.

POOR PRIESTS! POOR SISTERS! Poor everybody who is also good! What have their reverences and their nunships done that they should be treated as they are by authors? I do not now refer to those old dense, unblushing mountebanks, the Standard Historians, nor to their graceful liars-in-ordinary, the Great Novelists, not I. *Their* lying was professional. Their caricatures were boomerangs. Mighty in history has been the boomerang! Boston to-day is the unspeakable antithesis, ("Historians" would say, the consequence) to Cotton Matherdom.

And so the Day of Days will show that the recoil from a three-hundred-

years-old defamation has pushed, and will keep pushing, men who weigh evidence, into the Church of God.

My reference now is to our own inexplicable enemies, the "Catholic" authors.

What grudge have they against the clergy that they make all their priests such nincompoops? I have found priests of all men the most manly; the freest, as a class, from vapid pietism. The Church would wither fast if the back-boneless clergy of our fiction should come to life. Is it respect for the cloth? Is it squeamish unwillingness to admit — (it should be a boast) — that there is a human element at work among the good and holy?

Fiddlesticks! Show the priest as he is, and your book will contain a strong, true, human character, fortified and ennobled by the grace of coworking with Christ for our world. God's Son was a man.

And the gentle nuns, also! Let our chivalry save us from damning their utter nobility by mawkish, faint praise. To the villanous filth that "great writers" have flung at these pure brides of Truth, it needs not that answer be made. The drunken and greedy world stops now and then in its very sense-vortex to say, "God bless the Sisters!"

The Devil himself, falling sick, would beg for their nursing care. Pain, childhood, sin,— life's pathos and tragedy, have woven the wreath of a nun's crown of beauty and simple attaining. Then, why, in the name of Sir Galahad, do we scribble them down to inanity? A somewhat singular experience in Convent schools, as lecturer, extending now over some three or four years, leads me to the conviction that the average nun of our goody-goody "premium" novelette, never lived, thank God!

Would you find cheerful commonsense, unconscious goodness, frank, simple, strong, intelligent and busy women unspeakably free from moonshine and cant, —

"*Get thee to a nunnery!*"

NINE OUT OF TEN young men would look with profit into the few quiet details making up the life of Warren E. Mosher of Youngstown, Ohio. Poor, of unusual modesty of bearing, with all the common, manly duties which we know might and do claim our all of time and money, this noble fellow, working and striving by our very side, worked and strove also for a sublime ideal. Mosher remains the quiet and hard-working young American husband and father like all the rest of us, but the Summer Schools and the Reading Circles bear witness that his life is not like ours in barrenness and narrowness and self.

HERBERT SPENCER declares that "the profoundest of all infidelity is the fear lest the truth be bad." A half-hour's digestion of this bit of wisdom will drive you out of your shell, oh, ye of little faith.

"THERE'S wit in poaching eggs," says Leo XIII. in his quaintly classical poem on frugality. The wit is in seeing it.

AMERICA will be Catholic when the Catholics make it so. Protestantism is dead. *R. I. P.* Sentimentalism, philanthropy, jargon and dervish-dance of blatant, Sabbath-circus acrobats, do not and cannot constitute a Religion. Faith for our Fatherland shall come from us, if it shall come at all. How? By every mother's son of us being, at every living hour, a downright and uncompromising Catholic. By this alone.

AFTER ASPARAGUS, WHAT?

BY CHARLES A. L. MORSE.

The weird things which the newspapers hurl at a bewildered public in the guise of Catholic news have long been to me a source of mingled amusement and wonder. A few years since I read in a Kansas City paper an elaborate description, written in the wildest and most lurid newspaper English, of a solemn function in the Baltimore Cathedral. After a column or two of adjectives, the article ended with this startling climax: "And finally, at the end of this glowing, glittering pageant, appeared His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop, in his trailing crimson robes, and carrying the asparagus"!

Some time ago a Chicago paper, in a ponderously erudite (?) article upon the supposed feud between two archbishops and the coming of the new papal ablegate, had this bewildering statement: "Undoubtedly the new turn in affairs will give the Jesuits free scope to promulgate their pet doctrine"!

With lofty indifference the paper neglected to explain to a breathless audience what this pet doctrine may be; and I, happening to have the honor of a somewhat close friendship with one or two members of that awful order, have been filled with chagrin and jealousy at the thought that my Jesuit friends never allowed me to even guess that they had some mysterious and fearsome pet doctrine locked up in their hearts!

It is all very ludicrous, and yet may we feel quite confident that it does not do a good deal of harm? I know so many good people who seem to take the newspaper seriously and to form their somewhat chaotic opinions upon newspaper twaddle, that I sometimes fancy all this senseless stuff about the Church and her ceremonies must do mischief. But, then, those who are brainless enough to build their notions on newspaper philosophy and ethics are probably hopeless cases anyway.

A NEW TRADES-UNION PLAN.

By Bolton Hall.

The politicians are organized; the banks are organized; the protected manufacturers are organized, the railroads are organized: all the robbers are organized; why should not the robbed organize too? Where there is no one behind a man it is as much as his job is worth even to complain of abuse. If he ask for more pay he gets "fired"; but a union can complain and a union's demands will be listened to.

Every man who has any skill at all, or who can learn any skill, is always threatening the mechanic. He can do his job or learn to do it, not so well, perhaps, nor so quick, but he can do it cheaper.

More than all, "a man's enemies are those of his own household." It is the mechanic who bids against the other because he has to bid in order to get a job at all. The 'longshoreman, even on this side of the ocean, is a continual threat to his better paid fellow on the British side.

The British workingman's wages have risen greatly during the past ten years, and owing to his easy access to other lands consequent on extended trade, rents have not risen in the same degree. Although he still gets less wages in money than his American brother, goods are so cheap there that his wages will buy more. His condition is therefore an improved and improving one, and is attracting foreign laborers to compete.

That is why the English 'longshoremen have sent one of their leaders here to organize the men on this side. This is a part of their steady policy: they found that the farming districts and the collieries of the interior were sending men to take their places at lower wages. What did they do?

American trades-unionists would probably have raised their initiation fee and made more stringent rules against outsiders. That would have built up an army of non-union men, "scab" labor, which would eventually have overwhelmed their defences.

The English were wiser. They sent men out to organize the farmers and the colliers, to improve their conditions so that they would not come to the docks to offer their services in competition with the freight handlers.

Later they found that American men were shipped over there when the stevedores wanted more men or wanted to reduce wages. Their counter-move was to start the organization here.

In time the American 'Longshoremen's Union will profit by this example, and, if necessary, send missionary organizers to the truck drivers and hod carriers, and to other trades everywhere from which their own ranks are recruited.

The idea of the American 'Longshoremen's Union is, not to strike if it can be avoided. The strike is like a gas-pipe gun, as good as the best to threaten with, but sure to hurt the user as well as others if he fires it off. Besides that, we know a better weapon, of which you will hear more later. But much may be and is obtained by the possession even of a poor weapon. Many of the abuses from which the men suffer are due as much to ignorance as to contempt of human

rights. For instance, some of the foremen are little else than wild beasts. They curse and storm at the men, treat them brutally, and neglect the simplest precautions for their safety. That is no more advantage to employer than to the employed. There is no regular time for employing hands. At any hour when there seems to be occasion they are taken on; therefore the men, who get only just enough to support themselves, stand about all day, often in the cold and rain, waiting for the chance of a job. Often they have to wait around for days and nights for their pay after doing the work.

To waste the time of the men in that senseless way is to put a tax on the employer as well as on the men. For whether a man works for seven days in the week or works for four and hangs about the other three, the employer has to pay him just enough to live upon.

In England, the union has established three regular "calls," morning, noon and night, so that, if a man is not taken on then he has the intervals for odd jobs or for his family.

But all that unions can do with any weapon, in improving rules or shortening hours, is as nothing compared to what unions should do and what the new Longshoremen's Union aims to do and to help others to do.

A glance at its constitution will show that it teaches its members what it is that makes employment scarce and conditions hard. It intends to acquire such power as will enable it to open up the closed avenues of employment. At the beginning, its provisional convention adopted this constitution, which recognizes and emphasizes the great facts that it is restrictive laws and the monopoly of the resources of the earth that make employment hard to get. Since raw materials, machinery, and capital are all alike produced by man's labor, from the stores of nature, it is evident that if the lands containing these stores are held out of use men must be "unemployed."

The chief care of this union, therefore, will be, by following the spirit of its constitution, to secure and restore to the laborer the use of the land of his country.

The first annual convention of the different branches of the American Longshoremen's Union enthusiastically ratified this novel constitution and new Declaration of Independence.

THE COLONEL, THE WIDOW AND THE OTHERS.

By Thomas Gaffney Taaffe.

Given a hot June day, a hammock swung in a shady spot, a pipeful of tobacco and time to enjoy them all—what more could a man of a naturally lazy disposition desire? So thought I as I swung idly back and forth, gazing up through a cloud of fragrant smoke at the time-stained roof of Colonel Tabor's piazza. And yet I was not satisfied—contentment knew not me, though I confess a sense of listless gratification, a sort of blissful resignation that was a good enough substitute. But even as I exulted—if, indeed, such passive enjoyment as mine could be dignified by such a term—there came a suspicion of weariness that I could not shake off. How quickly the seed of discontent germinates! Its presence is hardly detected when it begins to assert itself, and it was not long before I found myself regretting that I had ever seen Mt. Tabor. Yet I had not been there a week.

I roused myself as this new mood took possession of me and looked around. I was becoming bored. It was all very well, I argued, for Colonel Tabor to be content to bury himself there, for his business interests demanded his presence. He was the head of a syndicate which was "improving" a large tract of land in the vicinity to be known to future generations as Tabor Park. This, he had informed me, was his method of handing himself down to posterity. As a further effort in this direction he had brought sufficient influence to bear on the powers that be to have the name of the little village itself changed from some unpronounceable mouthful of Indian vocables to the more appropriate designation Mt. Tabor. I don't know where the idea of the "mount" originated, unless it was in some dim recollection of early Scriptural instruction by his own patronymic, for there was not within a hundred miles an eminence that could by any stretch of the imagination be considered a mountain.

But to return to myself. Everything had begun to seem intolerably dull to me—why, I cannot tell. A short time before I had been content enough. I was growing restless and wanted something to divert me. I strolled down the garden path to the little bit of wood that skirted the end of the property at the rear of the house. As I picked my way along the narrow walk the sound of the brook dancing over the rocks, singing its soothing melody as it danced, grew in my ear. And as I listened I halted, for there was another voice mingling its music with the song of the brook. It was a merry voice, too, singing the lilting measures of some old ballad. I paused to listen, and as I did so the song halted for a moment, then came in disjointed fragments, as though the singer were carefully picking her steps over a treacherous spot, singing mechanically as she went.

Suddenly there was a scream, followed by a crash as of some structure

falling, and a splash in the water of the brook. I rushed in that direction, but was checked by a peal of feminine laughter. Pushing aside the intervening bushes I found myself in sight of the stream, and there, perched on a rock in the middle, was a young woman, laughing immoderately as she held her skirts clear of the water and gazed after the fragments of an improvised bridge which were floating away on the current. I confess I failed to see how the situation could be so mirth-provoking to her, although from my point of view it was amusing enough, for there were fully seven feet of water between her and either bank. As I stepped to the bank she saw me, and her paroxysm was renewed.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came," she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered herself. "Not you, especially," she added, "but anybody who can help me out of this predicament."

"You seem to enjoy the situation," I answered, smiling.

"I do," with another laugh. "It isn't so very serious, you know. Only if nobody came I would have to wade ashore. I was crossing on an old plank that had been thrown across," she continued, "and when I reached the middle I felt one end slip off. I had just time to jump on this rock and escape a ducking. Now," she added briskly, "what are you going to do for me?"

"I see nothing for it," I said, after glancing about in a desultory fashion, as if for something to take the place of the bridge, "but to go out for you and bring you here—that is, unless you can fly."

"Why," she answered, smiling, "do you take me for a bird?"

"You might be—or a fairy."

"See," she exclaimed, turning her gaze away quickly, but not too quickly for me to see her cheek flush slightly and her lips part in a smile, "see—there is a board under that tree. Put it over and I can walk."

"It isn't long enough," I answered.

"Oh yes it is. I was looking at it yesterday."

"But it's rotten." (It was as sound as it could be.) "It would not bear your weight."

"Oh, dear; what is to be done?"

"I see only one way out of the difficulty."

"What is it?"

"I'll carry you in."

She demurred a little, but there was no other course open, so in I went. She gave a little scream as I stepped into the water. It was cold and very nearly waist deep, and I shivered involuntarily. She was seized with sudden apprehension when I offered to take her in my arms, and I had all I could do to persuade her that it was safe. When I did take her she clutched me about the neck so convulsively that I nearly lost my balance. My head swam and my heart thumped violently, and I almost forgot what I was doing. I confess I found the journey back to the bank all too short, much as I tried to prolong it. If I did not find many obstacles to retard me, it was not because I did not seek them, and when I set her down her sigh of relief was echoed by one of regret from me. Then as I scrambled out on the bank and shook the muddy water from me like a great, ungainly dog, she threw her head back and laughed until the tears ran down her sunburned cheeks.

"You must excuse my rudeness," she said apologetically, when she had sufficiently recovered, "but you look so funny. I know it's very ill-natured of me to say so after you helped me out of that very awkward predicament, but I can't help it," and she leaned against a tree and laughed again until from sheer infection I laughed with her.

"But you'll catch cold," she exclaimed suddenly, her mirth giving way to her solicitude and a sober look creeping into her face.

"Oh, there's no fear," I answered. "I have not far to go. I am stopping at Colonel Tabor's."

"Is that so? Are you the gentleman who came a week—" she stopped, and again blushed. "You must excuse me for seeming to know all about your movements, but I live next door and cannot help seeing who comes and goes."

"Indeed," I replied. "I did not know I had such—"

"Such charming neighbors, you were going to say," she interrupted with a smile. "Yes, they all say that," and she laughed again. "But then you need some recompense for having to live in the same house with Colonel Tabor. That must be worse than wading in the brook."

"What!" I exclaimed, "don't you like the colonel?"

"The colonel—ugh! horrid old thing. He's no more of a colonel than I am. If he were he would be more gallant. He hasn't called on us since he arrived. But for goodness' sake go home and change your clothes or you will catch cold, and then think what I would have to answer for. I am sure I am deeply grateful to you and hope I will have an opportunity again to assure you so. Goodbye."

I hurried away in the direction of the house, reluctantly enough, I'll admit. But I was shivering from my impromptu bath, and realized that no time was to be lost. As I reached the garden path I turned and looked back. She was standing where I had left her in an opening in the bushes. She waved her hand to me and with a smile disappeared. As I approached the house I saw the colonel on the piazza. He arose as I came in sight, his eyes distended with astonishment. When I reached the steps he seemed to grasp the situation, and throwing his head back he roared with laughter.

"Where have you been and what have you been doing?" he finally gasped between successive fits of merriment.

"Playing Leander in shallow water," I answered, my teeth chattering.

"Playing what?" he exclaimed.

"Don't stop me," I rejoined, "until I get some dry clothes," and I hurried into the house. A hot drink, a bath and a change made me feel like myself again, and I was soon on my way down stairs to join the colonel on the verandah.

"Colonel" Tabor, as we called him —although why he should be dubbed "Colonel" I never knew, unless, perhaps, his military appearance and bearing had won the title for him— was a jovial, warm-hearted old Bohemian, whom I had known for many years, and who had always taken a lively interest in my affairs. In years he was about fifty, in spirits about twenty-five, so that I am, strictly speaking, in error in describing him as old. His ruddy, smooth-shaven face, beaming with goodnature, was surmounted by curly, iron-gray hair. He had an inexhaustible fund of infectious humor continually on tap and a laugh that was a cross between a chuckle and a roar—a laugh that contained a threat of apoplexy in every outburst. He was one of those jolly good fellows who are never old until the grave closes over them and you read the record of their years on their tombstones. He had been in turn a journalist, prospector, surveyor, promoter and real estate speculator; he was a thorough Bohemian, a jovial companion and a warm and earnest friend.

"Colonel," I began, as I joined him, "who lives next door?"

"Judge Dederick. Why?"

"Has he a daughter?"

"Yes," with a grimace.

"You evidently don't like her," I continued.

"I don't," he answered with unholy emphasis.

"Well, if it's any gratification to you to know it, she reciprocates fully."

"I dare say. But how do you know?"

"I met her a few minutes ago."

"You did? Did you have a fight with her?"

"No," I answered with some surprise.

"Then you've broken the record, my boy. Everybody else has. But how and where did you meet her?"

"I've been carrying her across the brook."

The colonel's chair, which had been tilted back against the wall, came down on all four legs with a suddenness that startled me. He was staring at me in evident wonderment.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You carried her across?"

"Yes. Is there anything strange in that?"

"Why, man, she weighs two hundred if she weighs an ounce. She'd be more likely to carry you across. And, by Jove," he added, with a chuckle, "if you didn't behave yourself she'd throw you in the brook."

I looked at him in amazement. Could he be dreaming or was I mistaken. That angelic creature whom I had just left—throw me in the brook! I looked questioningly towards the next house and he seemed to read my thoughts.

"Yes," he said, "that's the place. That's the judge's house."

"Then there must be some mistake," I said. "The girl I saw was small and light as a fairy—light, almost golden hair, dark eyes, laughing face and a wonderfully sweet voice—" I was growing enthusiastic, but was checked by the quizzical look on the colonel's face.

"So," he said with a significant smile, "and you only saw her once. Egad, you must be hard hit."

"Nonsense," I answered; but I did not feel quite as angry as I looked.

"I don't recognize her from the description," he continued. "I don't know who she is. Must be some visitor there, for she certainly is not Miss Dederick. "I'll have to inquire, and if I find that she is a good antidote for the judge's strong-minded daughter, we'll have to call on them."

I declined the Colonel's invitation to view the improvements at Tabor Park, and he departed, leaving me to my pipe and my meditations. We were old friends and did not stand on any ceremony with each other. I spent the afternoon chiefly watching the judge's house, or what could be seen of it through the trees. But my vigilance was of no avail; not a glimpse did I get of the face and form that were dancing continually before my mind's eye. I walked down by the brook, but with no better success, and, disappointed, I retraced my steps. The Colonel was awaiting me.

"My boy," he said, "I've news for you. I met the judge to-day and he wants us to call this evening. Your fairy in his niece, who is stopping here with her mother. So come in to dinner and don't let the prospect interfere with your appetite. Ho, ho! I knew I'd make you happy," and he roared and chuckled until he grew purple in the face.

After dinner I arrayed myself with scrupulous care and was amused to note that the Colonel was even more particular — more so by far, indeed, than I had ever seen him before. He noticed my amusement and chuckled one of his apoplectic laughs.

"Now don't make game of me, my boy," he said. "I'm just as young as you are, though I know you won't believe it. Besides, her mother is a widow and very wealthy — oh, ho! ho! A chance for each of us. Who knows how soon you will be calling me papa."

We smoked a pipe on the piazza before we started, and just as dusk was deepening into darkness we strolled across the lawn towards the judge's house, a broad, low structure with a verandah extending around it on all sides. The air was heavy with the scent of the honeysuckle vines which covered it, and the soft red glow of a

shaded lamp on the piazza was faintly visible through the dense foliage.

At the sound of our footsteps on the graveled walk the form of the judge appeared in the stream of light from the doorway. A tall, dignified figure he presented, with his leonine head surmounted by a mane of white hair that fell almost to his broad shoulders. We were greeted with a hearty effusiveness that put me at one at my ease — the Colonel, of course, was perfectly at home. I never knew him to be otherwise, no matter where he was.

We were presented to the ladies and my adventure at the brook was rehearsed in detail, the recital being punctuated by frequent bursts of laughter from the Colonel, our host and Mrs. Pendleton, and an occasional snort of disapproval from Miss Dederick, who seemed to cherish an inborn antagonism for anything that won the Colonel's approval. He, however, seemed utterly oblivious of this antipathy and devoted all his attention to the widow. This arrangement was eminently satisfactory to me, for, under cover of the distraction thus afforded I had an opportunity to cement the acquaintance begun that morning. Miss Pendleton and I sat a little apart from the others, unmindful of what went on about us. Eagerly I listened to her sweet, low voice with its soft Southern accent and wondered was there another like it on earth. I could have asked no greater happiness than to be left there undisturbed, and was inclined to be angry when the Colonel arose and asked me if I had a home. I had no resource then but to tear myself away.

We walked home in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts, and stopped on the verandah to smoke a pipe, still without exchanging a word. It was not until the Colonel was leaving me at the door of my room that I broke this unaccustomed silence with the remark:

"Well, Colonel, what do you think of her?"

"A splendid woman, my boy, a splendid woman. A trifle mature, but —"

"A trifle what!" I exclaimed. "Whom are you talking about?"

"The widow, of course," he replied. "Who else? Oh," he added, "you mean Miss Clara? Well, she's rather pretty, but the widow — " and he threw up his hands with a gesture of admiration and entered his room.

Thenceforth most of my time — and, indeed, a good deal of the Colonel's — was spent at the judge's house, and the time that was not spent there was occupied in driving or sailing or walking with the ladies of the house. I say "the ladies," although for me there was but one. Miss Dederick frequently took us up the Sound in her catboat—she could sail it as well as any man afloat. And she was welcome to do so, as far as I was concerned. I was satisfied so long as I could—but pshaw! why dilate on such a subject? Was there ever a man at such odds with fortune that he never found himself in a similar position, or such a thorough-going anchorite that, finding himself so situated, he did not make the most of his opportunities?

I found the social life of Mt. Tabor much more attractive since that momentous incident of the brook, and yachting trips, picnics and other similar gatherings had charms for me which I had not known before. The Colonel, I noticed, found time to attend these affairs, being always tolled off to take care of the chaperon. He objected at first, contending that he was as young as any of us, until he was told that Mrs. Pendleton was to act in that capacity, after which he never demurred. Miss Dederick would have no escort. She preferred to sail the boat or drive — and in any case, she asserted, she had no use for a man, not she! And so the days passed and

the weeks, and we took no heed of time.

But this could not go on forever, and the end, for me at least, was soon in sight. I had to go at the end of the month. They all wanted me to remain longer and, truth to tell, I was willing enough, but I had no option in the matter.

Back, therefore, to the hot, dusty city I went, with a store of good wishes and a crowd at the depot to see me off. Of course she was there, and for all I cared the rest might have stayed away. I felt that there was a shadow on her of grief at the parting, and I liked her the more for it. The Colonel was there, too, in his usual good humor and full of regrets at my departure, and when the train bearing me left the depot there was such a waving of hats and handkerchiefs as Mt. Tabor had not seen for many a day.

I returned to town fierce for the fray, determined to do great deeds, because I knew that somebody's eyes were on me—somebody was watching for my success. The consciousness nerved me to greater efforts — what wouldn't I accomplish! In fancy I saw the world at my feet — I heard future ages ringing with my praises — but through it all I saw only one face glowing with admiration and pleasure at my success. I assiduously sent her copies of every periodical that contained a contribution from my pen — that item in my postage account, it is needless to say, was not heavy. We corresponded regularly and I kept her letters in a scented box, treasuring every little relic of her as though it were priceless. I read her letters again and again and drew inspiration from them at every perusal. Indeed, I began to think I was really in love.

I made occasional trips during the winter to Mt. Tabor — to see the Colonel, of course — and on these occasions I always saw her. She and her mother had decided to remain there during the winter. The judge was one of the executors of the late Mr. Pendleton's estate, and the widow's presence in Mt. Tabor served a double purpose. It afforded her the retirement she sought and facilitated the transaction of business. The Colonel was staying in the village, too, and expected to be detained there a long time — I smiled as he told me. Could the doughty warrior have fallen a victim at last?

Winter passed, and spring with its chill and its sunshine gave promise of the genial warmth to come. But time passed all too slowly for me. I was looking forward to the summer season when I might have an excuse to go and spend a month at Mt. Tabor. I was not bound by any ties of business and would have no difficulty in prolonging my stay.

It was early in the afternoon of a beautiful June day that I again stepped from the train at Mt. Tabor. I had come earlier than I expected and had informed nobody. I had not heard from the Colonel for nearly two months and was not certain that he was in the village, so I crossed over to the hotel instead of going to his place. After dinner I strolled forth to see what changes had been made since my last visit. Mechanically I turned toward the judge's house, pondering over a half-formed resolution. Should I speak to her now? Should I tell her what I was sure she already knew without the telling? The time seemed propitious and I knew of nothing to deter me. I found myself at the judge's gate still undecided, so I deferred until the morrow all further consideration of the matter. She was on the piazza when I approached, engaged in some needlework, and was so absorbed that she did not hear me until my foot was on the step. If anything was wanting to confirm me in the resolution already referred to, the glad welcome I received and the slight flush

which accompanied it supplied the want. We sat down and for an uninterrupted halfhour rehearsed the many incidents since our last meeting. In the course of our conversation she referred to a visit the Colonel had paid the evening before.

"What!" I exclaimed," is the Colonel still here? Isn't the work on his park finished yet?"

"Oh, yes," she answered with a smile; "the work was finished long ago. But he is building a house for himself on the property; he is going to live there," and she looked up with another smile. There must have been something infectious in her mirth, for I threw myself back in my chair and laughed heartily. The idea of the Colonel as a domestic man was too much for me.

"Besides," she continued, "there are other things besides business to occupy a man's time and thoughts, as you must have observed."

The laugh died on my lips and I was conscious of blushing outrageously. I busied myself picking the dead leaves from a palm at my elbow, while she bent so low over her work that I could not see her face. Her mother appeared providentially at this moment to relieve us, and welcomed me cordially. I thought her manner was gayer than usual and I was certain she had discarded some of her weeds. Another mental picture of the Colonel in his new character almost made me laugh outright.

All the way back to the hotel I laughed at the idea of the doughty Colonel walking in chains at the chariot wheels of Cupid. Other visions, too, filled my mental eye — orange-blossoms, bridal-veils, rings, guide-books and old shoes prancing through my mind to the strains of a wedding march — and the Colonel giving somebody away. "Perhaps," I thought, "by that time he will have a right to do so," and I laughed again. I called at the Colonel's old house that evening, but he was out. He was at Judge Dederick's, the grim old handmaiden informed me, and I think there was a suspicion of a smile on her sour face as she said it.

I slept little that night. I sat up late rehearsing the scene I was to enact the next day, for I had determined to speak at once. When I did retire, it was to toss about restlessly in the bed, and I arose the next morning not any too well refreshed. After dinner I dressed myself with more than my usual care and sauntered forth. My good spirits did not last long, however, for before I had traversed half the distance they had disappeared and I was inclined to turn back. I walked up and down the road awhile, hesitating, then resumed my walk. Just as I reached the gate my fears again overcame me and I passed on, gazing in the opposite direction as though I had no intention of stopping. I walked for about ten minutes, and paused to collect my thoughts. Then, gritting my teeth, I returned, opened the gate and passed up the gravel path. As I heard the gate close behind me my heart sank — the Rubicon was passed.

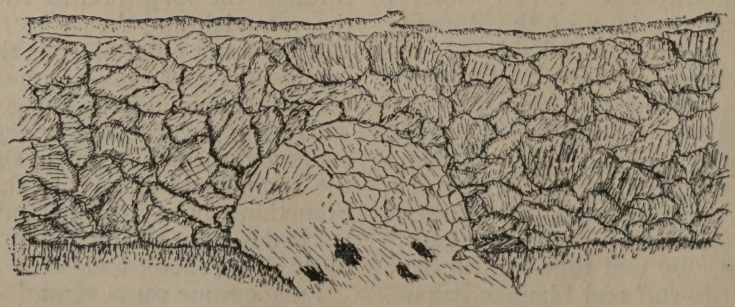
She was not on the verandah, and the servant who answered my summons ushered me into a little reception room. Then my courage forsook me completely. I had hoped that after all she would not be at home. But now that hope was gone. Then the insane idea seized me to escape through the long French window to the verandah and thence to the road. But I did not entertain this ridiculous suggestion, and sank resignedly into a chair, tremblingly awaiting my fate. There was a rustle of drapery on the stairs and the next moment she was in the room looking lovelier than ever. Something in my manner must have startled her, for she looked at me curiously as we shook hands.

I made some vague remark — about the weather, I think — and then sat

gazing vacantly at her, trying to collect my thoughts and groping blindly for something to say. She seemed rather surprised, but said nothing. I realized that something must be done, and without a word of warning I plunged recklessly at the subject which had brought me there. If I were put under oath to-day I could not repeat one-tenth of what I said to her, but I suppose I said all the ridiculous things that lovers of romance say under such circumstances and a few of the hardly less ridiculous things that the same people in real life are accused of saying. I managed, I think, to make a very respectable fool of myself. Once she raised her hand as if to stay me, but I would not be stopped, and she stood, pale and frightened, leaning on the back of a chair. I had dropped on my knees and asked her for the tenth time, with original variations, to be mine, and was warming well up to the work when a footstep on the gravel and a familiar voice brought me to my senses and my feet at the same time. The next moment the Colonel appeared in the window and coming forward grasped my hand with all his oldtime warmth and fervor.

"Hello, Fitz," he exclaimed, "I'm glad to see you back again. You're just in time to congratulate me. I'm going to become a Benedict — ho! ho! I've been trapped at last, Fitz,— caught napping —" and he put his arms about the trembling girl, who had sprung to his side as he entered. "My boy," he continued, "let me introduce you to Mrs. Colonel that is to be," and he bent and imprinted a kiss on the face she held up to him. The color had returned to her cheek, and she looked up into his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance, a picture of perfect contentment.

I did not press her for an answer to my proposal — I took it for granted. I would have gone away but that the Colonel insisted that I should be his best man, and as I could give no valid excuse I had to consent. That is many years ago, and I am still watching and waiting — watching a bald spot on the crown of my head extend its confines year by year and the crow's feet deepen about my eyes; and waiting — for one of the Colonel's daughters.



By permission of Berlin Photograph Co Company.

LEFT BEHIND.

See Ellis Island.

THE COURT OF ENQUIRY.

SCENES AT ELLIS ISLAND.

By Mary B. O'Sullivan.

The boat swung near the wharf, so near that we essayed to step on board, but were promptly prevented by a sharp "No! ladies, no! You can't go on that boat," and to emphasize his words the blue-coated officer made fast the chain.

Two of our party fell back obedient to the word of command, but a third member, who believed that a man could be coaxed even to take the risk of a drowning accident, made a supreme effort as the boat receded.

She leaned forward sweetly, confidingly: "You couldn't let us go on that boat, could you?" There was gentle persuasion in voice and eyes, but the officer refused to be influenced.

"No, madam, no! It's against the rules," was his fiat, and the pleader was convinced, but not content.

"He's a martinet," she asserted. "He could have let us go on that boat just as well as not."

"I admire a man who can say 'no' when it is his duty to say it," commented another of the party; and, as if conscious of this admiration, the inflexible one turned to say, indulgently, "There'll be another in forty minutes; you can go on her."

"Forty minutes! Well, they sped swiftly in examining the queer looking luggage stored in the freight sheds (baggage always interests women), watching an Italian baby chasing a sunbeam not much brighter than its own raiment, and in friendly but futile efforts to impart information to a worthy frau whose English was an honest exchange for our German. We had dropped into frantic pantomime,

when a shout, "Here she comes!" brought us to the edge of the wharf to watch "she," the John G. Carlisle, plough up the harbor.

As the boat drew near it became evident that it carried a heavy human freight, the lower deck being densely packed with people of all nations, laughing, crying, gesticulating, demonstrating in every way the deep emotions called into life by the meeting with friends and the hope of a happy, prosperous future in the strange, new world.

The John G. Carlisle drew nearer, and yet nearer; the water churned furiously, and threw up little hissing sprays; the throng on the boat pressed closer to the rails, and the throng on the wharf leaned forward responsively; the noisy demonstrations hushed into quietude; humanity was under the heart-spell that best finds expression in silence.

Another moment! The boat swung into the pier, the moorings were made fast, the chain dropped, the gangway thrown across, and then? On they came. First the young men and boys, bounding, springing as if the very touch of free earth lent buoyancy to their feet; then older men, marked with family cares, leading their little ones into the land of plenty; young women, tranquilly expectant of all good gifts; and last of all the married women, burdened with anxiety for the safe-keeping of the babies and the luggage, a dual duty that they valiantly discharged. This anxiety about the luggage has its pathetic and humorous aspects. No dainty traveling accessories accompany these immigrants. They tug ashore great bundles tied up like bedding, carpet-bags bulging with their varied contents, tin trunks and boxes, willow baskets, and wooden boxes like a bootblack's outfit. One

SWEDISH FAMILY GOING TO DAKOTA.
Tied together, as photographed, to keep them from separating.

woman carried with exceeding care a large tin teapot; and birds in wooden cages, and little wooden chairs, are carried by many. The children render valuable service in transporting the worldly goods of the family.

These children are an interesting study, so unlike the darlings of American home life. The weary, bewildered little mortals stumbled along, their feet encased in clumsy shoes, their arms filled with treasures committed to their keeping, their thoughts tense with the effort to prove worthy of the trust. Oh, those little children! As they plodded by, their infinite patience, their fortitude, their uncomplaining endurance spoke eloquently of a life of repression, of sacrifice, of the crushing out of childhood's prerogative—joyousness. Toil, and abnegation of self may be strong character forces, but God grant that in the new life those little strangers within our gates may brighten in the radiance of a higher formative influence—happiness.

Irish, Germans, Italians, Russians, Poles, in brief every nationality, seemed to find representation in the moving lines on the decks, gangway, and wharf, and on inquiry we learned that on that day four large immigrant ships had come into port, and that thousands of immigrants had been landed on Ellis Island. The John G. Carlisle's passengers formed but a small part of the whole number. Out in the harbor other barges heavily loaded were making for stated points to transfer passengers and baggage destined for certain places to be reached by boat or rail. Before reaching this step in their progress the

A Family of Rusniaks going to Winnipeg, Canada.

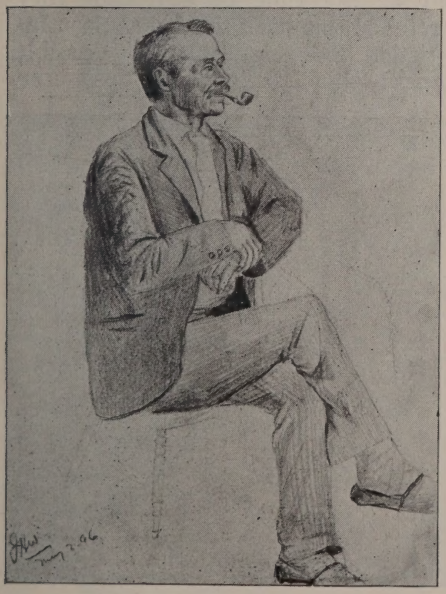
Photographed by Hon. B. N. Stump, Ellis Island.

strangers had many preliminary processes to observe.

The island—Ellis Island—is the great centre, throbbing with the machinery which sets in motion the tremendous work of guarding immigrants, while also safeguarding American interests. The scene at the barge office was merely an introduction to the drama of determining human destinies being presented some miles down the harbor, but a scene so strong in interest that, yielding to its spell, we could hardly wait till the last passenger came ashore, so anxious were we to reach the immigrant station.

The last to leave the barge was a priest, a man upon whose countenance the Maker had unmistakably stamped the seal of his mission. Strangers though we were, we did not need to be told his name. We knew it by the lighting up of the faces around us, by the men's ready tribute of respect, the women's eagerness to do him reverence, the good will made manifest by all, and voiced by many in a hearty "Father Henry, God bless him!"

AN UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANT.
Contrasted with man of normal stature to show physical deficiency.



A CONVALESCENT.
Drawn by Dr. White, Ellis Island.

Who doesn't know Father Henry? We forgot formalities as we told him our wish, and his hearty handclasp made us feel that we had met a friend. One hasty glance (a glance by the way that we should not care to encounter if we did not feel open to scrutiny) and then he sent us on our way rejoicing, with full instructions how to accomplish our purpose and a friendly recommendation to the kindly services of Commissioner McSweeney and Agent Patrick McCool.

The inflexible official motioned us to go on board, and once there we be-

BUKOWINA.
A Gigantic Type.
Drawn by Dr. White.

came interested in the business tactics of a comely Irish woman who kept a stand on the lower deck, just such a stand as had often left us penniless in our childhood. She advertised her wares in a most alluring manner. "Six for tin and they're grand!" she proclaimed, holding aloft a rosy apple. A clumsy young giant made a purchase, and was rewarded with an arch "Oh, but it's you that has the taste!" a remark that might have applied to the apples or equally well to the blushing maiden upon whom he bestowed them with lavish generosity.

The John G. Carlisle is no trifler. Dallying with time, even though lovers be on board, is no part of its mission, so very soon the run was made and the passengers landed on Ellis Island. This isolated spot, covering an area of five miles, has a record of usefulness dating back to the early days when the Dutch used it as a magazine to store their ammunition; the English also stored it with war supplies, and later on it became a place of execution where malefactors expiated their crimes. In these days of peace it serves a nobler purpose, being the receiving station for the thousands who seek an asylum on our shores. The recent fire has swept from its surface the wooden structures that afforded temporary shelter to the immigrants, but at the time of our visit they stretched out over the land, ugly, inartistic, and suggestive of possible dangers lurking in their loose con-

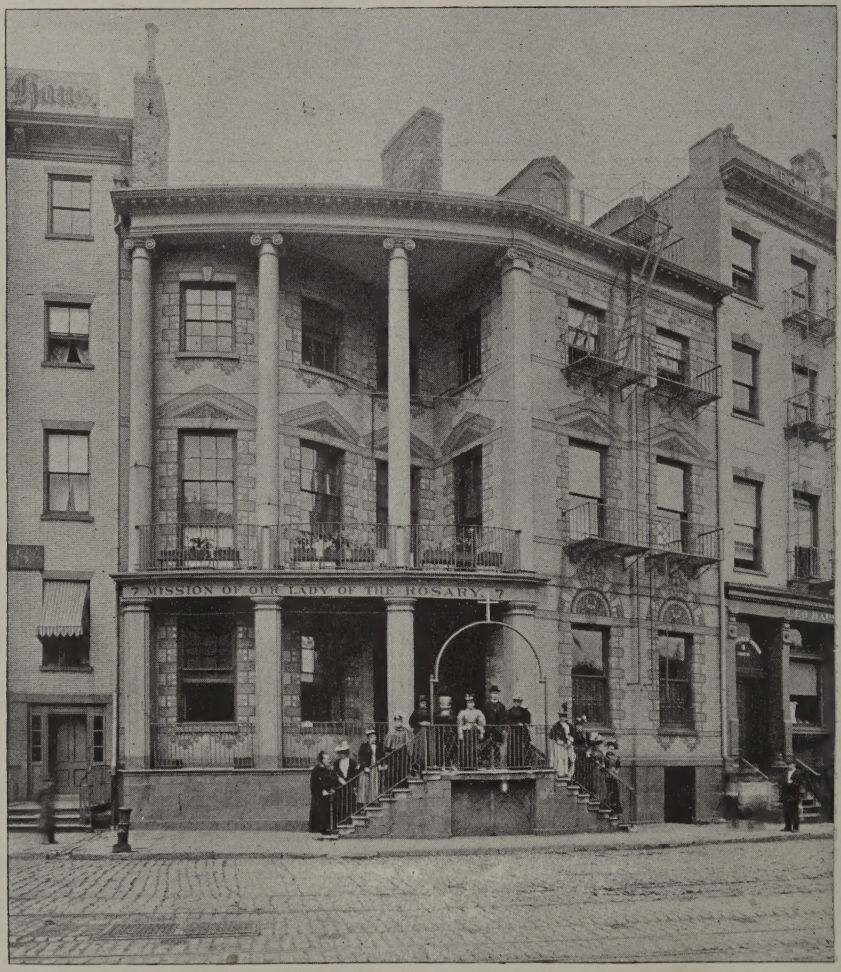
GROUP OF ARMENIANS.

GROUP OF RUTHENIANS.

A tribe which settled on that part of Weichsel River and the Karpathian Mountains known today as Galicia. They are subjects of Austria and speak what is known as Slavonik — a mixture of Russian, Polish and Slavik. They are a very hardy and strong people, mostly farmers. The country is very poor, however, and their country is "Passiv," the Austrian government making yearly appropriations for the support of the tribe.

struction and inflammable material. It was indeed well that no terrible disaster marked the recent destruction of those wooden sheds. Too much praise cannot be accorded to the efficiency, promptitude and humanity of the corps of officers, whose efforts saved the lives of the hundreds of immigrants housed on the island.

Before the fire a covered walk leading from the dock gave ingress to the ground floor, from which stairways led to the second floor, the centre of activity. A suite of offices was boarded off at one end, but interest centered in the great open space railed off into sections to facilitate the various processes of registration and examination.



MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.
7 State St., N. Y.

On entering it for the first time the effect is bewildering; color and sound are the dominant forces, a shifting, varying mass of gaudy hues, and an incessant babel of foreign tongues,

with now and again an incisive, ringing command in lusty English. All seems chaos; but presently the bewildered senses adjust themselves, and chaos resolves itself into order, order so systematic, so perfectly sustained throughout by the administration, that the gigantic labor of disposing of thousands of immigrants is performed with incredible swiftness and an efficiency that is little short of marvelous.

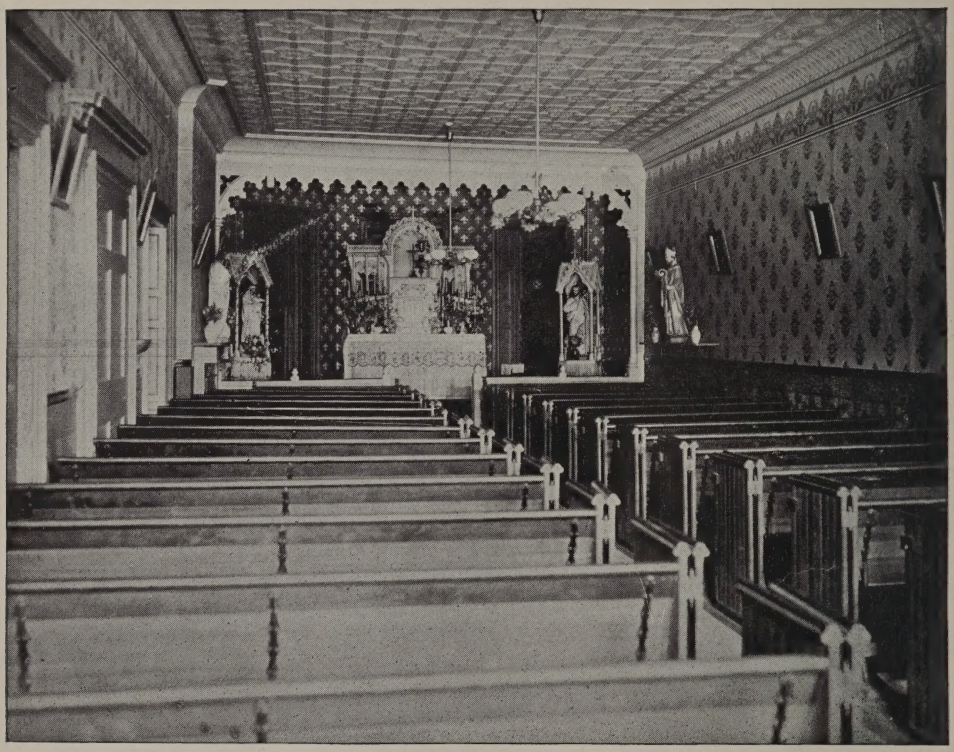
Rev. Michael J. Henry.
Director of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

We learned in a practical way how impossible it would be to escape the scrutiny of the officials or evade compliance with the regulations. Identifying ourselves with those who had come down in the barge to meet friends on the island, we drifted into the space set apart for their reception, but presently essayed to investigate further and crossed the hall to the pens, when our progress was promptly arrested. An iron rail and an equally unyielding official guarded the enclosure. "Who are you after?" he asked, abruptly. And she who believed in persuasion made answer, "Mr. McSweeney." The guard looked at us doubtfully, and it is a question with us yet if he would have let us through had not the genial commissioner opportunely appeared on the scene and furnished us the sesame to all doors.

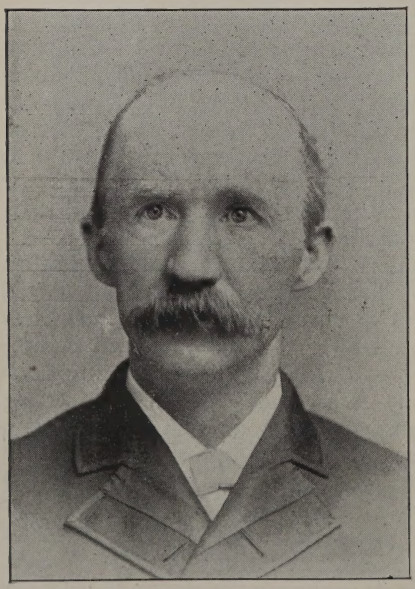
In alertness, executive ability, genialty, humanity and every other quality that goes to fit a man for a public trust, a trust where heart and soul as well as brain are needed in daily service, no man is better equipped than is Commissioner McSweeney of the New York Station of Immigration.

Through his kindly offices every step in the process of handling the immigrant was made clear to us, from the coming ashore to the final embarkation. But these technical proceedings interested us less than did the personality of the people subjected to them. We were with the law or against it, just as if it influenced individual fortunes.

There is a voluminous literature on this immigration question, printed miles of statistics and economic facts from which the scientist and economist can deduce all desired information. A woman's pen is not strong enough to treat of such topics, but a woman's heart may be tender enough and true enough to throb with the pathos of scenes that speak of separation and reunion, of joys and sorrows, of home ties indissolubly united, though spanning the distance between the new world and the old.



THE CHAPEL. MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.



AGENT PATRICK MCCOOL.
Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

Thank God humanity rings true. Many of these humble exiles, who turn their poor pockets lest the penny lurking in their depths may lessen their store below the figure required by law, display a wealth of love that is riches indeed.

Gathered in the "pens" or waiting rooms, the immigrants huddle into family groups and the listless abandon of their manner indicates the weariness of body and spirit possessing them. Here and there an isolated figure proclaims the sad state "alone."

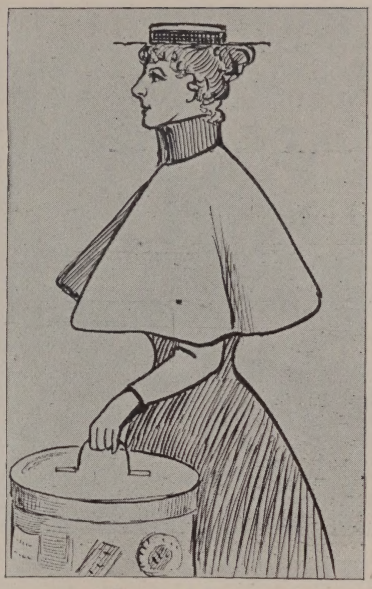
There is little or no vivacity. Even the children are inert, a few playing in a half-hearted fashion, but the majority nestled down beside their elders, their round eyes looking out sleepily at the odd costumes of the throng of which they form a part.

A party of Russian shepherds (gigantic people in sheepskin mantlets and breeches), a group of Hindoos, a family of Galitzian dwarfs, flaxen-hair-

ed Swedes, dusky Italians, Germans of every type, all the colors of the rainbow conflicting or blending in the raiment—such were some of the occupants of the "pens" on the occasion of our visit.

In a shadowy corner two hands closely clasped caught our attention; one old, gnarled, hideously ugly,—the other small, soft, brown, a pretty hand snuggled into the ugly skeleton outline. A second glance revealed the owners, a wrinkled crone and a dimpled baby, alike ragged and helpless, and for the time being, unlike unconscious of the future. Age and Youth wrapped in slumber!

Down on the floor three little ones, quaintly dressed, rolled back and forward their improvised toys—cold boiled potatoes. There was no noise, no laughter. Even the bird in the wicker cage beside them was silent, till one little lad in the straightest trousers and funniest jacket that ever disfigured a childish form broke off a bit of his toy and forced it between the slats of the wooden cage, when the tiny occupant burst into song, as glad, and free and ringing as ever thrilled



A DESIRABLE IMMIGRANT.
Drawn by Dr. Morre.

hearts with a message of joyousness.

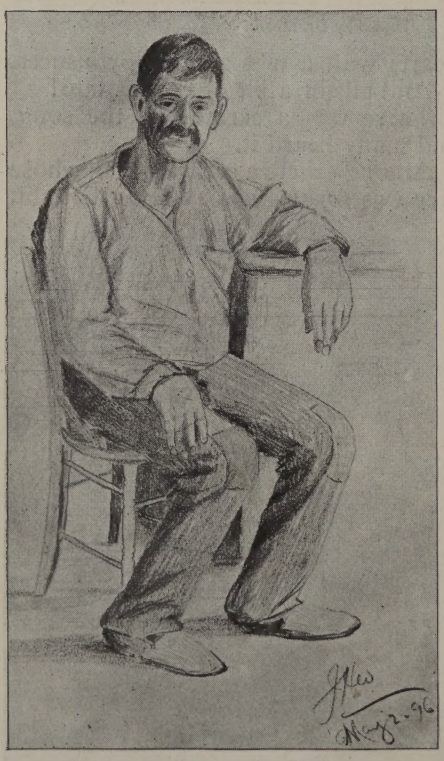
And all for a bit of cold potato!

There was a sermon in the song, and many heard it.

Among others a stalwart man whose face was drawn with anxious thought,

ELLIS ISLAND AFTER THE FIRE. FROM DR. WHITE'S HOUSE.

ELLIS ISLAND AFTER THE FIRE.



DARK PROSPECTS. — ILL AND ALONE.
Drawn by Dr. White.

perhaps for the little ones who clung to his knees, or for the wife resting on their bundles of luggage, the tiny babe at her breast pleading excuse for her weakness and inability to take up her share of the burden.

Who can tell?

Over by the wall an old man, pitifully uncared for, dozed restlessly, the light from the window throwing into sharp relief his utter decrepitude; and standing in line, fearful of losing her turn, was an equally decrepit woman trembling with palsy and bowed beneath the burden of a huge bundle of dirty luggage. Granted that such people have the wherewithal to ensure the State that they will not add to its pauper population, where is the kindness in encouraging or even permitting such immigration? Better, far better, for them to remain among familiar scenes till the last great change to the Everlasting Country where the record of a clean life is the only clearance paper required by the Court of Enquiry.

But the saddest sight of all is offered by the detention pens where are held those who are to be returned whence

they came. Only God knows the thoughts of those baffled creatures turned back from the very border of the land of promise. Starvelings, beguiling themselves with the fancy that once on American soil prosperity would be theirs, deluding themselves into the belief that skilled, alert officers could be deceived into letting them pass; others hoping that the sins of the old life might not rise against them on the threshold of the new; some rejected because of senility or other physical disability, and others, the great majority, caught in the snare of the contract law. One man immured with his fellows, and yet isolated from them by the manacles on his wrists, had attempted murder on the high seas, and was going back a prisoner.

The deporting of ineligible immigrants is strictly enforced, and no one can question the wisdom of such a course. And yet?

Is there no way of saving them the expense, discomfort, and heartache of a weary journey that must end in disappointment? Is there no way of turning them back at the point of embarkation?

To be present for the first time when the court of enquiry is in session engenders within you rebellion against the law, and creates a strong sympathy for the culprits who have trespassed against it. Unconsciously you find yourself acting on the rule of conduct laid down by Charles Reade's little doctor, "Put yourself in his place, in her place, in their place." You rejoice with those who are permitted to go free, and sink back sick at heart when the edict of deportation is uttered. As the work of examination progresses there is borne in upon you as never before the conviction that St. Paul knew whereof he spoke when he said that "all men are liars," and you mentally add "a few women." A little while, and you feel the moral deterioration; you no longer fear that the person under examination will be tempted to lie, but rather that he will be caught at it; you find yourself admiring the wit, the acumen of the judges, and at the same moment feel like slipping out to tell the witness waiting in the hall just what he or she will be expected to corroborate.

We had reached this point when a young man was called, an Irish Catholic. He was sworn on the crucifix, and was the first one examined under oath. He was suspected of coming out under contract, and questioned sharply. He answered simply, honestly, with a candor that delighted us, though we knew he was seriously damaging his own cause, and when in conclusion the judge said "that is the truth, Patrick Sherins?" he made answer with simple reverence, "God's truth, sir!" and sat down, white and tremulous, to wait the judge's decree. We, too, waited breathlessly. Surely there must be room for sterling manhood!

In the meantime, out in the main hall, lines of immigrants who were free to do so, were gradually converging towards the point of liberation, midway up the hall, and separated by a railing from the space where friends and relatives waited. As they came within view and recognized one another intense though repressed excitement replaced the lethargy that had hitherto characterized them. There was a general moving forward, a waving of hands, a few glad greetings shouted across; but order was necessary, and the officers enforced it. In stentorian voices they shouted the names, and waiting friends advanced to the desk, satisfied the officials as to their identity and intentions, and the command was given to let the person called for pass through. Among a lot of young Irish girls were two cousins, who were sadly disappointed because their aunt had not called for them. Questioning disclosed that she lived in another state, and as the younger philosophically said, "Sure, it wouldn't be easy for her to come." The elder

was advised to telegraph their arrival, but with a wise little nod of her head she made answer: "Sure, that would cost money, an' wouldn't bring her." Evident solicitude won their confidence. They told us they had come from Derry, were comforted when we told them that Father Henry would take care of them at the Mission, and presently felt so comfortable about their own prospects that they began to feel a little concerned about us. They were very young. The elder one's hat had fallen back till it framed the oval of her bright face, the extreme youthfulness of which was made even more evident by the deep lace collar showing the plump, childish neck. Resting her hand on my arm, she leaned forward, good-will shining in her pretty blue eyes: "Will ye be let up to-night, too?" she asked, and we made her glad with the earnest assurance that we would. We even went further and told her that we had come down of our own free will, a piece of information that someway lessened her confidence in us. "Are ye Yankees?" she queried in a puzzled, incredulous tone, as if our statement conflicted with the evidence before her eyes.

The care of these young girls is perhaps the most interesting and responsible feature of the work of immigration, a responsibility cheerfully assumed and nobly discharged by the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. Through the courtesy of Father Henry and Agent Patrick McCool we were enabled to study the character and magnitude of the work accomplished in the fourteen years since noble Father Riordan made the Rosary of Our Lady the cable to save the virtue of young Irish womanhood from the perils of American shores. It will be my privilege later on to give some idea of the scope of this work, and its magnificent, far-reaching results. At present our party is with the shifting throng moving towards the last barrier, and in spirit with the little peasant mother nearest the goal.

Such a little woman! shrivelled of flesh, but straight through her short length, and thrifty to the last degree. "Peasant" is written all over her, from her clumsy shoes to the corner of the shawl that serves for a bonnet. There is no pretence at being anything else. Pride in seeming what she is is stamped not only on her, but on the grandchild she draws after her.

"Have I money? No, then, I haven't; but I have a boy and a girl that's willing an' able to keep me."

"Where are they?" queries the officer.

"Beyant you," she replies, vainly trying to suppress the pride and joy in her voice as a stalwart man and neatly dressed young woman, thoroughly Americanized, come forward. It is difficult to believe they are her children, she is such a little woman and so lowly, while they are big and fine looking and in appearance would pass with the best in the land. One can't help wondering if the new world has changed them, and what will be their welcome to the little peasant mother.

The doubt is of short duration. The young man answers clearly and satisfactorily the questions put to him, the girl corroborates what he says, and the officer calls out cheerily, "All right, let her through."

The gate swings open. No fear for her welcome; the great, strong fellow rushes forward, swings the little woman from her feet, tosses her up like a child, and catching her as she comes down crushes her to him in an embrace that threatens to demolish her tiny structure. And she? Well, every one knows what a mother is. She laughs and cries, pats his broad back, and croons over him as she did in the days way back in Ireland, when he wore frocks and she was a person great in authority and mighty in love. At last the ecstasy spends itself and slipping from his arms she turns to the girl, who fills the secondary place in her heart. The last we see of her she

is being led away by her son, his arm around her waist, the little grandchild whose parents lie under the turf at home resting against his shoulder, and the girl patiently following with the odds and ends of luggage dropped by the traveler in the abandon of her joy.

I turned and looked at my companion. The tears were running down her cheeks. "I'm hungry," she asserted, a trifle defiantly, as if challenging a doubt of her statement. And I?—well, I couldn't see clearly, so recklessly sacrificing truth I made the excuse my own with a "So am I."

The petty fraud was promptly exposed. Our plea of hunger had been heard and heeded. A strong, friendly grasp was laid on my arm and a voice kindly although authoritative said: "Come this way and get something to eat. You can run when your name is called."

I obeyed the grasp, and turned to see long board tables literally stacked with food; great platters of boiled meat, mounds of potatoes, bread in thick slices, and steaming bowls of tea. Good, coarse food, but woefully uninviting; still if we had been hungry we might have been glad to get it. As it was we explained our presence in the room, declined the invitation, and readily granted the pardon our good-natured caterer asked.

Coarse, and primitively served as this food seemed to us, it met with ready appreciation from many of the immigrants. I saw a little child hovering near, approaching the table, and then drifting from it, afraid to take anything till encouraged by a sign from her father, when she promptly seized a bone and fled. Not satisfied with her choice, he directed her attention to a great, fat piece, and dropping the bone she took the greasy chunk in her baby hands and sucked it with the gusto of a young Esquimau feasting on blubber. Meat was probably a luxury unknown in their European home.

There is much of squalor, much of misery among those foreign people, and many of them seem hopelessly disqualified to grapple with the problem of existence in America.

Their ignorance of the language, the primitive simplicity of the old life, the dangers of the new, the depths of misery many of them must sound, the destitution and degradation threatening those morally and physically unfitted for the strife, the effect of their incoming on the fortunes of the burdened masses already in the country—all are problems worthy of profound thought. Mighty arguments are they, eloquent pleas for wisdom in administration, for justice to all, crushing arraignments of the sordid, grasping element, that would make capital of innocence and ignorance, and revel in the spoils won by traffic in humanity.

Improved legislation and conscientious officials in executive positions are achieving noble results in the work of immigration. At the New York station the system of administering the law has attained a degree of perfection that, under existing conditions, cannot be surpassed; but the law itself requires amendment.

My woman's intellect is at fault when confronted with legislative intricacies. I cannot find the unknown quantity in that Contract law equation. Can anyone tell me why a man who swears that he is coming here to work and has work in view, is promptly deported, while the man who says that he has so much money in his pocket and leaves it to be inferred that when it is gone he will live on relatives or take to tramping is received as a future citizen? Nor can I understand many other things connected with this question of eligibility or ineligibility being determined on this side, after the sick, weary, ignorant, pauper or contract-sinning creatures have been allowed to spend their little all in a fruitless ocean voyage.

It is a labor of love to turn from reflection on the results of this flaw in

the system to a study of the noblest measure that ever owed its inception to the best impulses of humanity. I refer to the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. A wonderful work was that founded fourteen years ago by Rev. John Riordan. What need to tell of his labors! The story of his life lies open, a beautiful recital of deeds of sublime heroism. Exhorting, guiding, protecting, for five years this noble priest worked for the weal of his race, and when the end came his last words on earth were: "Take care of the emigrant girls," a solemn charge held sacred by his successors, who have, indeed, proved worthy of the trust.

No testimony is as valuable as that recorded by those whose lives have been consecrated to the cause, and therefore in touching on the work of the Mission I shall quote from the reports issued by the priests in charge.

The present honored head, Rev. Michael J. Henry, pays eloquent tribute to the work of his predecessors. In his report of 1896, dwelling on the need of protection, this zealous guardian of Irish girlhood says:

"Coming at an early and unsuspecting age, alone and unattended, simple, confiding and without guile, numbers were lured to destruction. You know how the late Father John Riordan, the pious founder of the Mission, flew to their rescue; how God blessed his labors; how the building at 7 State Street was purchased and converted into an abode where the 'Immigrant Girl,' without distinction of sect or creed, soon found a 'shelter and a home.'

"After successfully inaugurating the noble work and placing it on a solid basis, in the prime of his manhood, with his name in universal benediction, Father Riordan passed to his reward. 'Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time.'

"You know how the burden laid down by him was cheerfully taken up by the saintly Father Callaghan, who with a patience, piety and perseverance characteristic of the man of God, set to work and cleared off the heavy debt, which, like a black cloud, overshadowed the institution. Under his fostering care the good work flourished, expanded and bore fruit an hundredfold. In order to understand and realize the great good accomplished by the Mission, you have simply to bear in mind that since its inception, up to the present time, well-nigh fifty thousand immigrant girls, free of charge, have been its willing and welcome guests, while 200,000 have been met at the landing depot, and sent on their way rejoicing, reaching their destination without a single mishap during all those years.

"The General Government, the State or city of New York, have never contributed one dollar to the support of the Mission. It depends solely and wholly on the subscriptions and contributions of the charitably disposed."

That these subscriptions and contributions have not been in proportion to the good accomplished is made evident by the fact that while two continents have profited by its existence, this Mission is hampered by monetary difficulties; debt, mortgage, and inadequate facilities restricting and disheartening the noble workers, whose heroic efforts should command a wider, more generous, and immediate response. A new home must be provided. The need is exigent, and it is the duty of every Irish Catholic to answer to the call for aid in perfecting the work. The Mission has grown beyond the purpose of its inception. In a recent address to the St. Vincent de Paul Society Father Henry graphically outlined this original purpose, and through the reverend lecturer's courtesy I am permitted to print here extracts for the information of our readers:

The object of this "Mission" was to establish at the landing depot, which is now "Ellis Island," a Catholic Bureau, under the supervision of a priest, for the purpose of protecting and supplying information to immigrants landing there. On the necessity and the wisdom of that initial step, I need not dwell. Anyone who takes the trouble to visit Ellis Island on a day that 2000 or 3000 emigrants are discharged from a couple of transatlantic steamers will readily see the absolute necessity of constant vigilance on the part of some reliable person in authority to safeguard the interests of these poor, unsophisticated travelers.

In the next place, you not only protect the immigrant in the manner pointed, but you must also give counsel and supply needful information. Remember, I am speaking now of immigrants whose destination is other than New York city; for example, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Chicago, etc. And when the answer you sometimes receive to the question "Where are you going?" is, "To America, sir," or to "Massachusetts," you can readily understand the great need there is of imparting needful information.

* * *

The second object of the Mission was to establish a "Home" in which immigrants might be sheltered safe from the dangers of a great city, while awaiting suitable employment, or proceeding to their destination abroad. Of the absolute need of this Refuge, I need not speak. You know much better than I can tell you the dangers that beset the young, innocent girls, who, alone and unprotected, were at the mercy of the moral lepers and human land-sharks that infest every seaport city. And I want to draw your attention to this fact, that while other nationalities come either at a ripe age, or with their families, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, 95 per cent. of the Irish are young girls, ranging from 18 to 30 years of age, who come, alone and unprotected, to earn a livelihood for themselves and the "old folks" at home.

* * *

The third object of the Mission was to provide an Immigrant Chapel, by means of which the blessings and consolation of religion might be dispensed to those who made their first start in life in the New World under the auspices of the Mission. You, gentlemen of St. Vincent de Paul's society, who are practical Catholics, can fully realize the blessings scattered broadcast by this Heaven born boon. The very evening of the day the immigrants land they assemble around the altar, and recite in common the rosary, their confessions are heard, and the next morning they attend Mass and receive Holy Communion in a body. Then a few words of counsel and good solid advice for their future guidance in a strange land. What tongue can tell the immeasurable blessings that flow from that institution of a chapel at the gateway of the New World. As good, practical Catholics, you will not be shocked or scandalized to hear that many a "weary and heavy laden one" would have sunk in despair, and sought the suicide's grave, were it not for the consoling influence of the confessional, that fountainhead of comfort in our trial and trouble. Many a crooked path has been straightened and many a rough way made smooth by the same holy influence.

Such is Father Henry's description of the work in which he and his associates, Father Cahill and Father John Brosnan, are zealously engaged, giving to it freely, gladly, the best years and choicest gifts of their manhood.

Now let these letters bear witness to the universal appreciation of what has been done in Our Lady's name. They were chosen at random from hundreds of others of similar import:

Washington, D. C., Nov. 2, 1897.

My Dear Father:

Enclosed I send you a check for $150, and a list of six subscribers to the Mission. During the past summer I had the pleasure of hearing the good work of the Mission very highly spoken of by one who, though a Protestant, had seen the assistance the Mission was extending to poor immigrant girls, and having had a great deal of experience with this class of people, was able to appreciate your work as it deserves. My informant had formerly occupied a position on one of the transatlantic lines, where she had special charge of the female emigrants. She gave me very vivid descriptions of the moral dangers that beset these girls, and of how many of them would have been lost but for the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. She was very well acquainted with your predecessor, she said, but since leaving the service, and going upon a coasting line, of course she no longer had an opportunity of observing the work of the Mission. These words of praise, coming from one who was in a position to judge, made a great impression on me, more particularly as she was not a Catholic, and I send my little annual contribution to the good cause with greater pleasure than ever, in the hope that the work of mercy of which I have so high a testimonial, may steadily grow in usefulness and long continue to offer a haven of refuge to the poor girls of the land of my ancestors.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY J. HAYES.

St. Patrick's Church,
Cedar Rapids, Ia., June 17th.

Dear Father:

Please accept my most sincere thanks for the interest you took in A—— L——, who is now a member of my parish. I secured a place for her in one of the best families of the city. I received your let-

ter on Wednesday A. M., and I located her at noon. I have made use of this promptness to show the great good that must come from your Mission. Thanking you again for your kindness,

Sincerely yours,

T. J. SULLIVAN.

Willimantic, Conn., March 3, 1897.

Dear Rev. Father:

I received your kind letter and was very glad to hear from you. I thank you sincerely for sending me those beautiful Agnus Deis. May God bless you for your kindness. My dear Father, I hope you will pray to the Sacred Heart for my intention. I will tell you what it is—a convent life. I will pray for you every day that God may bless and protect you on earth and that you may receive your eternal reward in Heaven.

I will close, hoping to hear from you soon.

I remain, my dear Father,

A CHILD OF MARY.

Oswego, Dec. 30th, 1896.

Rev. M. J. Henry:

Dear Sir—I received your thoughtful remembrance of the season, and was very much pleased to be remembered.

I shall always try and keep in memory the Immigrant Girls' Home, and do all I can to assist it in any way. I have been able to sell a few more tickets, and enclosed in this letter you will find one dollar. Respectfully.

Somerville, Mass., Feb. 11, 1897.

Rev. M. J. Henry:

Dear Sir—In reply to your letter of inquiry which I received the 11th inst. I wish to let you know that I arrived at my destination all safe. My sister and cousin met me at the Providence depot in Boston, and I got through safely. I am sorry that I was the cause of so much trouble and anxiety to you, and the good mission which you represent. The whole fault of the trouble I feel responsible for, as I gave my address Boston instead of Somerville, which was my rightful destination, my relatives having moved there previous to my arrival. I cannot find words to utter my thanks for the kind way you have looked after my interests, and I hope you and your mission may prosper and triumph long, for I owe you a debt that I shall never forget, and I will do all in my power to forward the interests of your good mission. My friends are going to become members of your mission and they will forward their names and subscriptions to you in the future.

Yours with respect.

Somonauk, Ill., Feb. 17, 1897.

Rev. M. J. Henry, Director, 7 State Street, New York City:

Very Dear Rev. Father—In reading the Catholic News some time ago my eye caught your appeal for the immigrant girls, and as I am truly a daughter of Erin, it touched my heart. I at once said I would try and make up a little here among my friends, but as there are not many Irish I went among the French and Germans, and they all responded to my call and aided me at once. As I might say I am a stranger among them, five years ago my husband, myself and two children landed on these shores. The boy will be 13 years old next June, and the girl will be 11 in May. The priest we have here is German; the boy has served on the altar for the last three years. He is a very nice priest; he likes the boy and is very kind to him. The girl is learning to sing.

Dear Father, it was a poor time of the year that I started to beg for a little help, for as it is the poor that always help, a great many can barely get along. My husband works on the track since we came here; it is a poor place; only a dollar a day; and now for the winter four men working on three men's time. I want you to pray for my husband and me and children, as I know your prayer will be heard. I have made up $5, which I will enclose herein. Hope you will send me some cards that I can give those good people who kindly and willingly helped me; also I will send you a list of their names.

Dear Father, I will go on with my work and see what I can do, hoping you will prosper in your good work in the future. I remain your ever faithful daughter.

Yonkers, Dec. 10, 1896.

Dear Rev. Father:

I thank you most gratefully for your kind memento of Christmas which came duly to hand. Of the many tokens that I received on that happy day none were more appreciated than yours. Trusting that the prayers of the poor exiles will follow you through life and bring you untold happiness this glad new year, with best wishes I remain Sincerely yours.

Montana, June 24, 1897.

My Dear Father:

My wife and children arrived here safely Sunday, June 16. The only thing that puzzles me is how I am to thank you for the kindness you so lavished on them, and the great trouble and care you took of them under such circumstances. I assure you I can't find words in the English language to express my gratitude.

Only tell me what I shall do that I may be able in some way or another to repay such great kindness. My wife and children are continually talking about you, and I feel it my duty to write you now and thank you from my heart. If there is anything I can do or that lays in my power to be of any service to you I beg of you to let me know, for such care and kindness will never be forgotten by your humble servant.

Cincinnati, Jan. 16, 1897.

Dear Father Henry:

I write you this letter to let you know how well and happy I am in my new home. During the Christmas season we had nearly two weeks vacation. Santa Claus visited our school and gave me a bonnet, a nice plush coat, and a woolen dress, three white aprons and a pair of shoes.

My auntie and my cousins gave me a bonnet and a set of dishes. I attend school every day. At 8 o'clock we have mass and then cross the street for school. After we returned from our Christmas vacation we had an examination in reading, language, general lessons and arithmetic.

My teacher told me I am doing nicely in school. Auntie tells me that the Blessed Virgin takes very good care of me. I pray to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary every day to make me a good girl. My teacher tells me that I must grow better every day, so I will be very pleasing to our Lord and His Blessed Mother on my first communion day. Dear Father, I thank you very much for all your kindness to me, and promising to pray for you. I am

Your obedient child.

This little girl's letter brings me back to the young immigrants we saw waiting trustfully, safe in the care of Our Lady of the Rosary. We are all too familiar with the newspaper jokes, the moss-grown stories on the immigrant girl, her blunders, her brogue, her altogether amusing though aggravating personality; but if you wish to be convinced of the hopeless stupidity and falsity of such witless creations of vapid, would-be humorists, visit Ellis Island and study there the exile as she is just from the old land, with its shrewdness, its wit, and above all, its virtue, part and parcel of her being.

Her intrinsic worth has never been questioned, a statement substantiated by the fact that those who laughed at her ignorance were willing to commit to her care their children to raise them to the standard of morality established by Irish womanhood.

As a proof of the true enlightenment of the age, we may take the change of attitude of the press in its reception of the immigrant girls. It is safe to say that no immigrants coming into port ever received more kindly welcome than did the Irish maidens who came over this season. Their numbers and their calibre won gallant tribute from the press.

Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, in reviewing the defeat of the Arbitration treaty, said:

American sympathy for Ireland has always been intense and sincere. England has made the mistake of supposing that the American professions of regard for the Irish cause were merely an election device, to catch the Irish-American vote. But about some matters the English perceptive faculties are not keen; and the English have never understood American public opinion. The feeling for Ireland remains, as heretofore, clear and strong. In spite of all witticisms and criticisms directed against the Irish as a race, the Hibernian element in our American citizenship has contributed splendidly to the development and progress of the United States. Much interest has been attracted this year by the large contingent of new arrivals from the Emerald Isle, these being in great part the daughters of Irish farmers who have come in response to the demand for domestic servants. The New York newspapers have given these Irish girls—many thousands of whom have landed within the past few weeks—an amusing but highly complimentary welcome. These girls have the sense to see how much better off they are as domestic helpers in good families than as factory workers. All the duchesses and high-born women of the haughty sister island of England could scarcely surpass in bright eyes, rosy complexions, high spirits and quick minds a considerable proportion of the humble Irish lassies who have landed on Ellis Island this season. They have found a great Irish fair in progress at New York, and such a kindly welcome awaiting them as perhaps no other large contingent of emigrants ever received in America before. They will do well in this country and make themselves respected for their honesty and their scrupulous regard for the teachings of their

parents and their church. They will put money in the savings bank, besides the regular sums they will send back to the old folks in Ireland and their weekly offerings toward supporting and building the churches of their faith. For many years past, the money that such industrious and good-tempered Irish girls sent back to the old island from America, has paid a large proportion of the rent exacted by the absentee landlords in England. The morality, industry, and personal qualities of the Irish people will certainly suffer nothing in comparison with those of their English rulers. It happens that we in the United States have always been able to appreciate the Irish, while England has not. And it is undoubtedly true that until England learns to do justice to Ireland there will be something lacking in that cordiality toward Great Britain that Englishmen would like to find in the United States.

And again in the New York Mail and Express, a journal that has never stood for Irish Catholic partisanship, we find this generous acknowledgment and kindly welcome:

The Irish immigrant girl has had much to do with the building up of our great cities, and the Greater New York stands out as a striking and powerful illustration of this fact. As the honest, faithful and trustworthy helpmate in our homes for the last two generations she has had no equal. As the co-operative in the creation of scores of churches and institutions all over this broad land she has been eminently conspicuous. To her efforts and assistance is due the rearing of the many edifices in this country which stand as enduring monuments of her lively interest in the religion of her fathers. She has always proved herself a firm and constant lover of our institutions, and because of her loyalty in the service of our families she has endeared herself to the community.

The Irish immigrant girl has played no insignificant part in the domestic history of the United States. She has demonstrated her fitness and disposition to live and thrive among us, and her simplicity, purity and honesty of character and purpose entitle her to an everlasting welcome to our shores. May her coming never be infrequent. She is desirable; she is welcome.

The Times, too, paid its tribute, as did all papers of notable position. Obscure and woefully narrow was the paper that did not send a "God save you kindly" in response to the greeting of the young Irish immigrant.

No, these girls are no longer to be written up in the funny columns; they have reached the height of dignified editorial comment, and can never again become the butt of the newspaper mounteback. His occupation is gone.

The blue eyes or brown may be round with wonder or wistful with anxious thought, but the expression swiftly changes to distrust, suspicion, anger, if cause arise, or melts into swift, pleased gratitude for every kindness accorded, an expression, by the way, we had a fine opportunity to study as the girls responded to the greeting of Agent Patrick McCool. What a heart he has, this unpretentious Irishman, as true to the traditions of his race as if it were only yesterday he, too, landed in America! And what a wonderful knowledge he has of names, and accents, and places!

"What is your name?" he asks a nervous little woman grasping her tin box as if it held the contents of the treasure vault of the National Bank of Ireland.

"Maggie Morgan, sir," she answers, gaining courage under his kind glance.

"You're from Donegal, Maggie?"

"I am, sir, from Letterkenny."

"I thought so. Do you know Father ——?"

"I do, sir." The timidity vanishes entirely at the sound of the familiar name, and the rest of the investigation takes the form of a pleasant conversation, leaving the astute agent in possession of all the facts he desires, and the young immigrant with the pleased conviction that she has met a man from her own county, a conviction I share with her, till after listening to several from diametrically opposite points of Ireland, I surmise that Mr. McCool has an intimate knowledge of Irish geography and the "accent" of the various sections, a wide corre-

spondence with Irish authorities, and the happy knack of making the stranger feel perfectly at home.

The very hopefulness of the Irish temperament is a strong argument for prudent counsel and unwearying vigilance.

Young people will leave home under the impression that wealth and position await them almost without the effort of winning. There should be a vigorous crusade against this belief, a belief that is fostered by the false pride of many of those in this country who write home glowing accounts of a prosperity that does not exist for them, and thus induce others to join the exodus. On every altar in Ireland should be drawn a true picture of what awaits them. Those really qualified for the change will not be turned from their purpose, and it is better, far better, to discourage the incapable element; like weakling children they are best cared for at home.

Again, many of the young girls coming out seek refuge with friends living in undesirable localities, and if any lengthy period of idleness ensue the dangers of environment are obvious. In a dense cosmopolitan population much of evil lurks, and the best efforts of experienced men are being directed towards diverting the tide of immigration from such centres. Fully one-third of the immigrant girls have no better surety of the protection of friends than the hope of meeting male cousins, whose intentions, good though they are, are often frustrated by the character of the people with whom they are forced by circumstances to associate.

These are some of the many problems engaging the earnest thought of the promoters of the Mission, momentous questions that may be safely left to their wisdom and humanity.

They have accomplished much. Thanks to their efforts, the immigrant girls arrive under happier auspices than any other class among the thousands of immigrants registered on Ellis Island, that meeting ground of many races.

What will be the outcome of this mighty influx of immigration? This fusion of nations? I have written of the visible, scenes as they arose before me, manifestations of pathos, of love, of heart-weariness, of eagerness, suspense and hope, revelations of the inner life of those immigrants of to-day.

How many of them will rise on the high-tide of our vaunted civilization? How many will succumb to the force of the undertow?

IS THE COUNTRY CURSED?

By M. T. Elder.

Our wealthy planters and our prosperous farmers! Alas! Where are they?

The wealthy Southern planter was, indeed, an acquaintance we often met "befo' de wah." But now, alas! who meets the wealthy Southern planter?

Likewise our "Big Western Farmer." Only a few years ago that lordly wheat-raiser was a man with large representation. But to-day—Ah, me!—to-day, "where is he at?"

In Washington's day and Jefferson's, elegance, opulence, prosperity, culture, grace, refinement, went hand in hand with country life. Do they go hand in hand with country life to-day? And if not, why not?

[But let me hasten to assure the alarmed reader that this it not a political article—neither gold nor silver. No. It is nothing but a studious outlook upon our rural conditions, and from no political standpoint whatever; from merely an educational, or, if you will, ethical standpoint.]

If our popular literature is a correct index of our present rural status, it indicates a lamentable status indeed. From our higher magazines to our lowest comic pictorials the farmer is referred to in terms of either pity or contempt. "The discontented farmer," "the mortgaged farmer," "the poor hayseed," "the country jake," "the clodhopper, yahoo, mossback," etc., etc. Rarely do we meet nowadays—either in fiction or out of it—the princely Southern planter, the wealthy Eastern farmer, the prosperous Western ranchman, or the elegant country gentleman from anywhere. Quite the reverse. It may be that all this pity, this contempt, this obloquy and scorn of our literature, anent everything bucolic, is well founded. I am not arguing the point. I am simply stating the fact, and then asking, "If so, why so?"

Even our drama is inimical to country life. Even that delightful, delicious little play, "The Old Homestead," unconsciously and all unintentionally disparages country life and country people, in favor of city life and city people. Note the sharp contrast! Who would prefer the hard, uncouth, laborious life at "Swanzey" to the elegance, comfort, wealth and refinement of the banker's life in New York city!

Good old Joshua, accosting the policeman on the street, inquires of him:

"Can you tell me the way to my cousin's house, Henry Watkins' house?"

"No," answers the policeman. "What street does he live on?"

"That's what I can't remember," replies Joshua. "But don't you know my cousin, Henry Watkins?"

"Never heard of him," says the policeman.

"You never? Why, I thought everybody knew Henry!"

"What does he do for a living?" inquires the policeman.

"Nawthin'!" ejaculates Joshua, with explosive vehemence. "Nawthin'! Makes money at it, too!!"

Doesn't a world of meaning lie there? A word of eulogy for the city? Of disparagement for the country? In the city one may do "nawthin'" and make money at it. But everybody knows that in the country one cannot

do "nawthin'" and make money at it. It's work, work, work, and still be poor.

But there is a worse phase. Witness Octave Thanet. In one of her clear-cut country types she describes a dear, kind, motherly soul, full of true sympathy and self-sacrificing help for any one in need. Octave Thanet presents her as so lovable and admirable as to be deserving of far more happiness than is possible in her rural home. Octave, therefore, with devout earnestness, ends with the following wish: "I hope and trust that N—— will not have to live much longer in the country. I hope her husband, appreciating her worth, will soon move from there and place her in a city home."

Acme of bliss! I am not sure that I give the exact words. But I am sure that I give the exact gist of them. And so happiness is not to be found in the country!

But there is a worse phase yet.

Bab—the much-read Bab, of syndicate-letter fame—was writing recently of unfortunate women, the women of our cities.

"And where do they come from," asks Bab, "these idle, handsome, wretched, dissipated, wicked women? They come from the country. Yes, from the country, which we think so pure and good!"

Does Bab tell the truth? Evidently, for not a voice has been raised to deny the statement. So we must conclude that virtue—even virtue— is not to be found in the country. Virtue's home is no longer in the country (and the Lord knows it isn't in the city). The recent notorious campaign in Kentucky points to the same conclusion. An infamous candidate polled his largest plurality in the rural districts—the more intensely rural the district the more nearly unanimous his vote there. His infamy, condemned by the cities and towns, was apparently condoned by the country places.

As for divorces, desertions, lynchings, illicit distilleries and other disorders, are not the country reports in our papers full of such things every morning? Witness also insurance statistics, and they are a pretty safe witness. They indicate the horrible fact that in the United States insanity and suicide are more prevalent among country people than among city people—women especially.

Now, therefore, the statement I would make—startling, unpleasant, menacing though it be—is, that here, in this beloved republic of ours, we have no beautiful country life!

Let him deny it who can. The proofs of it are too numerous and too plain.

Witness Sterling Morton. What a scathing arraignment he made against our country life and our country people—how shiftless, improvident, foolish, uncouth, unprosperous, and—worst of all—unkind they are! The meanness and parsimony of husbands toward their wives! And this part of the accusation I have heard from other sources. A lady who had recently escaped from country life in Illinois said to me the other day:

"Farmers' wives have a much harder time in the North than in the South. Down here in Louisiana you have at least the negroes to depend upon, but we haven't anybody. Your negroes are a poor dependence, I know, but they are better than nobody. Why, in the neighborhood I came from you can ride for miles and miles and every other farmer you meet is married to his second or third wife. Just shows, you know, how the work kills off the women—it's so hard. Then the widowers marry again."

But official statistics give the strongest testimony of all. What do they say?

"In 1789 but three per cent. of our population lived in cities. In 1890 twenty-five per cent. lived in cities. In forty years our rural population in-

creased one hundred per cent.; our urban population increased six hundred per cent."

Can any commentary be stronger?

A Virginia gentleman—indeed, I may as well name him—Dr. W. C. Stubbs, now director of three experimental stations in Louisiana, was speaking to me recently upon this subject. "It is our great national evil, this urban tendency, this rural decadence." And when I asked if the urban tendency was confined more especially to certain localities, he replied:

"No. It is equally true of almost every state in the Union."

He made exception of our Louisiana Cajians. "They," he said, "are the only really happy, contented and prosperous country people we have in the United States. The only ones who truly love their homes."

"Whew!" said I, deprecatingly.

"It's a fact," reiterated he. "They passionately love their homes. They love their independent, care-free life. They love the earth they till. They will not sell an inch of it. They do not rush off to the cities. Not they! They hold to their farms and hand them down from grandsire to grandson in continual succession."

Much more he said to the same point, but I digress.

It is the attention of our glorious Fourth of July orator which I would especially engage. I would like to hear from him. There are one or two little questions I would like him to answer.

"What have we to brag about, after all, O July orator? A people who do not love their homes! A country life void of beauty, void of grace, void of happiness, void of prosperity, void even of virtue! What sort of a nation is it that produces no beautiful country life? What sort of a nation is it that has allowed rural decadence to set in so soon, and become so widespread and so disastrous?"

Do I exaggerate? Even so, bear with me. I am an agitator. And may not much be conceded to him who agitates a question so important and so neglected? Aye, my contention is that this question so vitally important is fatally neglected.

I would ask of the July orator:

What have our schools been doing all this time? They've had us well in hand these fifty years or more, and where are we in the land? Where now is the "gentleman farmer" of fifty years ago? Where is the rural gentry which every nation ought to have? Where is the landed aristocracy which once we had, and without which (let Socialists prate as they will) country life is dull and drear? And where is the happy peasantry "its country's pride, which once destroyed can never be supplied"? And whence comes this growing distaste for agriculture among our young people? Why, O July orator! why do our young men abhor country life? Why do our young girls fly from their rural homes at the first opportunity? Is it a good sign? Does it augur well for the future?

And yet, who cares? Who gives a thought to the question? Who is bold enough to champion this unchampioned cause? The whole trend of public sentiment to-day is away from the country; a deep-rooted antipathy toward everything rural. The "why" of this antipathy is, to my thinking, the question of questions, without whose solving there is no solving of any of the burning questions of the hour, whether economic, sociologic, ethical, political, or philanthropic.

We, would-be reformers, educators, statesmen, leaders, we beat our heads against a stone wall. We accomplish nothing permanent! We roll up the stone of Sysiphus and—it rolls down again! We go to work with reformatories, protectories, schools, laws, political parties and beneficent institutions of endless number and variety.

And yet, and yet—what result? Where shall we point to positive improvement? Are our masses leaving their pauperism and drunkenness? Are our classes repenting of their avarice and extravagance? Are our politicians becoming purer? Our lawmakers more delicate of conscience? And how about our national problems, tell me, O July Optimist? The problem of the unemployed, for instance, does it seem to be nearing solution? The problem of the overworked and the underpaid, is it settling itself? The congestion in our cities, with its attendant evils, the overcrowding of all avocations, do you see improvement in that direction? The cry of over-production, the poverty of the farmer, the increasing discontent of the agricultural classes, do you perceive redress at hand? Do you know of any adequate measures being taken even to study that question? Nay, do you know of any question which receives less attention?

And do not forget, O July orator, that national prosperity cannot be built upon rural adversity!

Ah! no, cheerful eulogist, do not evade these queries. They are the burning questions of the hour—hotter than the July sun that blazes above us on our glorious Fourth. Not gold, nor silver, nor tariff, nor any question, national or international, can be settled helpfully if direct rural betterment be not the primary, aye, the supreme consideration.

For—tell me, patriotic enthusiast—whence comes this avowed dearth of great men among us? Whence this lack of leadership? Why this unchecked despotism of the "money power"? What are our great and good men doing? And how many really great and good men have we? How many unsullied patriots, powerful orators and mighty statesmen have we in the United States to-day? Have we any? And if not, why not?

You do not know the answer. Perhaps I do. Just first show me where, in the United States to-day, have we a rural community to be proud of. A rural community where exists a beautiful country life, where virtue and religion flourish, where happiness and prosperity reign, and where—mark this well—the increase of population, instead of falling behind, runs far ahead of the towns? Please show me some truly rural spot where the young people are filial and home-loving, the women-folk content, the men-folk progressive and public spirited, and—most essential by far—the spiritual life enlightened and fervent. And then tell me, July orator, does that country place represent the rule or the exception? If the exception, ah, then, impassioned speaker, the questions I just now asked of you are answered in full.

We have so few good and great men for the simple reason that we have not that element which alone can produce the truly good and great—a beautiful country life.

Yes, let us face the fact. Doesn't there seem to be something wrong with us somewhere? Something curiously wrong with our civilization—our patriotism—even our Christianity itself? Aye! and the root of the wrong lies in our rural decadence!

Do you not know that rural decadence means national decadence? Glitter and gold on the surface! Death and despair at the heart! Plethoric splendor in cities! Dullness and dearth in the country! Dropsical bloat in the cities—big with congestion! Thinness and want in the country—weak with depletion; aye, weaker and thinner, and even more gaunt every year! Is this prosperity?

O July orator, I challenge reply!

FAMOUS ASSUMPTIONS.

By Mary F. Nixon.

In the days when the Church was the cradle of Art nearly all the great painters devoted themselves to the portrayal of religious subjects, and many of the most famous pictures in the world's art history have been painted from scenes in the life of the Mother of Our Lord.

Of the pictures of the Blessed Virgin, perhaps none are better known than those representing her Assumption into Heaven, and they are interesting to us not only from an artistic point of view, but because they prove that a belief in that Mystery has come down to us from the great minds of past ages. Even to-day it is a pious belief and not a dogma of the Church, and yet it is only a proper sequence to all that has gone before.

"A dewdrop of the darkness born,
Wherein no shadow lies;
The blossom of a barren thorn,
A rainbow beauty passion-free,
Wherein was veiled Divinity."

Such was the Mother of God, and that she was the Mother of the God-Man few deny. The question naturally arises, "What honor should be paid to one whom God sufficiently honored to be 'subject to her'?"

A great writer says: "Nothing is too high for her to whom God owes His human life; no exuberance of grace, no excess of glory but is becoming; but is to be expected there where God has lodged himself," and those who realize, however faintly, the perfection of her earthly life will feel that something different from the grave should await the stainless body of the "Lily among thorns." As she was obedient in life to all the laws of Church and state; obedient in the enrollment that the prophecies might be fulfilled; obedient in her Purification, though well she knew herself to be spotless; obedient to the law of love in her home at Nazareth, so, too, in her death she was obedient to the laws of Nature.

But surely the perfect body which had never sinned should not endure the corruption of the death of the wicked, and our Lord could not be happy in Heaven without His Mother!

"Nor Bethlehem nor Nazareth
Apart from Mary's care;
Nor Heaven itself a home for Him
Were not His mother there."

Tradition tells us that she died at Jerusalem surrounded by a little company of faithful ones, the Apostles and those gentle women who were "last at the cross, first at the tomb."

They buried her in a stately tomb under a wide-spreading Eastern cypress tree; but when they came on the third day, lo! the tomb was empty! Lilies grew in fragrant loveliness about the spot, strange perfumes lingered in the soft Judean air, and far in the distance floated wondrous sounds as of angelic choirs.

"So in all nature's beauty Her we see
Who from eternity was in God's thought:
The sapphire of the sea reflects Her eyes,
The lilies Her sweet grace and purity;
And song of river, bird and breeze is
fraught
With echoes of Her voice in Paradise."

Among the greatest pictures of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is one by the great master Titian, painted by him in the lovely city of Venice. Tiziano Veccello, the head of the Venetian school of painting, was born at Cape del Cadore, in the Alps, in 1477. When he was a mere boy he showed such an aptitude for drawing that at the age of ten he was sent to Venice, where he had lessons from Zuccati, the two Bellinis and the great Giorgione. The latter Titian has been accused of imitating, but the pupil so far surpasses the master that it cannot be called imitation.

Titian first came into prominence among the many great artists who thronged artistic Venice, from the masterly manner in which he completed the picture begun by Giovanni Bellini upon the subject "The Homage of Frederick Barbarossa to Pope Alexander III." Titian finished this great work in 1512, and the Venetian Senate awarded to him an office and a salary of three hundred crowns annually.

Patronized by the Duke of Ferrara, Titian met many great men at his court, and among them Ariosto, whose portrait he painted. Francis I., always a patron of art, implored the master to come to France; Charles V. wished him to lend lustre to the Spanish court, and the Holy Father and Raphael invited him to the Eternal City; but Venice was always Titian's chosen abiding place, and he lived there beloved and revered by all until his death of the plague in the year 1576, at the age of ninety-nine. Dead, his memory lives, and Venice and Madrid are rich in his pictures, which are noted for glorious originality and power. A luxury of light enriched his canvas; he was accurate in design, fruitful in invention, felicitous in composition, splendid, bold, harmonious in coloring.

Wandering over the Rialto or gliding in black-garbed gondola over the dreamy waterways of lovely Venice, one can almost fancy one sees Titian's wise and thoughtful face. He was very like the old Doge in his dark robe and white collar, about his neck, as befitted his rank, the huge gold chain of Venetian workmanship. His noble forehead was crowned by a red velvet cap; his mobile, artistic mouth hidden under a heavy white mustache and venerable beard. The great dark eyes were full of the fire of genius, and a deep line of thought was between the heavy brows. It was a keen face, yet a kindly one, and Titiano Vecello, the Venetian, was a wonderful master.

In the famous Academy at Venice, near the picture of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, still hangs Titian's picture of the Assumption. Those who have once seen it never forget it. The Mother of God, the central figure of the huge canvas, is being wafted into glory enshrined upon a bank of clouds, surrounded by cherubs, whose seraphic faces beam with light. The Blessed Virgin's form is one of grace and beauty; she is clad in flowing robes, her hands are upraised to Heaven; in her face, so full of purity and saintliness, is an awe and rapture as if she sees afar the glory of her Beloved. Above her God the Father is bending in an attitude of loving welcome; on one side, floating upon the clouds of Heaven, a tiny cherub; at the other side an angel with a crown, which is poised above the head of the Virgin Mary.

Upon the ground, with faces uplifted in wonder and worship, are the figures of the Apostles, St. Peter easily discernible with his rugged face, dignified St. Luke, and one more who could not well be absent.

"She the mother was of One—
Christ, her Savior and her Son.
And another had she none?
Yea; her Love's beloved—John."

The chief charm of the picture lies in the intense devotion of each face and figure, and in the exceptionally marvelous coloring. "Had Titian painted nothing else," said an art critic, "he would have been enshrined forever in the Temple of Fame as a God of Painting."

At about the same time as Maestro Titian, there lived in Umbria quite a different person from the great Venetian and yet an equally great painter. Pietro Vannucci was born in 1446 in a little hamlet called Citta della Pieve, in the fertile Umbrian hills, where the "Yellow Tiber" sweeps along between banks covered with vivid loveliness. As was the custom in those days, the painter took the name of his favorite city (Perugia), and hence he is known as "Il Perugino."

Of his early life little is known, save that he studied under Andrea Veroccio at Florence and later painted pictures for nearly all the great cities of the time.

In the famous Cappella Sistina at Rome Perugino's fresco of Christ Giving the Keys to St. Peter is the finest on the side walls of the chapel, upon the decoration of which the most noted painters of the world were employed. His work in the Stanze of the Vatican was the only painting allowed to remain when Raphael repainted it.

Perugino was noted for the tenderness and religious feeling of his pictures, which he executed with a strong attention to what one would call in music a perfect touch. Although his coloring was warm and rich, it was also full of marked refinement and delicacy.

Michael Angelo is said to have spoken somewhat contemptuously of "Il Peruginnetto" ("the Little Perugino"), and this accounts for Vasari's undervaluing the Umbrian master in his "Lives of the Painters," for Vasari worshipped the genius of Angelo, the wonderful sculptor, who, "from the sterile womb of stone, raised children unto God."

Although some perhaps know the Umbrian painter best as the master of Raphael, still his reputation is established among critics, and his Assumption, now in the Academy at Florence, is one of the best examples of his style.

There is a certain quaintness and precision about the picture very striking. At the bottom of the large canvas stand four of the saints in a straight row, Saint Michael's figure being the most prominent. Above, seated upon the clouds, the Blessed Virgin is surrounded by a collection of bodiless cherubs and lovely, graceful angels, four of whom have musical instruments, a harp, violins and mandolin.

The early painters had a curious way of costuming their people as in their own day, and it is certain that St. Michael did not wear medieval armor, nor were mandolins invented in the first century A. D. However, these trifling anachronisms are not to be considered when looking at so charming a picture as this of Perugino's, for the attitudes are so graceful, the coloring so perfect, and the whole spirit of religious devotion so marked that one feels lifted up upon the mountain-tops of the "splendid, solemn Past," and seems to feel the real soul of a man whose heart "beat to the Heavenly tune of Seraphim, whose only joy in having is to impart."

Perugino's portrait, painted by himself, is a wonderful piece of work, and doubly interesting in that it gives us the master's impression of himself as he looks with strangely mysterious brown eyes into the future, while in the background one catches a faint glimpse of a pretty Umbrian landscape, the towers of the Duomo of San Lorenzo in the dim distance.

In Antwerp, that quaint city whose cathedral spires seem to fairly spring heavenward, in a quiet, stone-flagged

street, stands a house not so pretentious as many about it, yet far more noted. It is but three stories in height, its straight windows separated by fluted columns; above the stone carvings and delicate traceries adorning the middle of the stone balustrade which crowns the roof is the inscription, "Has Edes Illustrissimi Rubeni." It is the house of the far-famed Rubens, whose name lends a lustre of glory to Antwerp, of which that quiet Dutch city little dreamed when first it welcomed the young artist to its walls.

Peter Paul Rubens was born in Westphalia in 1577, and lived in Cologne in the earlier part of his life. In the shadow of its marvelous cathedral, a poem in stone, the little boy grew up nutured in the love of the beautiful by all the loveliness he saw about him.

THE ASSUMPTION BY TITIAN.

During the latter part of Ruben's life he visited nearly all the great courts of Europe, painting the portraits of crowned heads and the nobility. At London he was a universal favorite; in Paris he was the spoiled darling of court ladies, and at the Spanish capital his visits were received with acclamations.

His portraits of the noted men of his time are scrupulously correct in every detail, giving one a perfect idea of the dress and costumes of the time.

Sir Joshua Reynolds said of Rubens: "He was perhaps the greatest painter in the mechanical part of the art who ever exercised a pencil"; but he was more than that. His pictures showed energy in action, breadth and brilliance in coloring, and a minute attention to detail. The faults of his work are a too strict adherence to reality, taken in connection

FIGURES FROM ASSUMPTION.

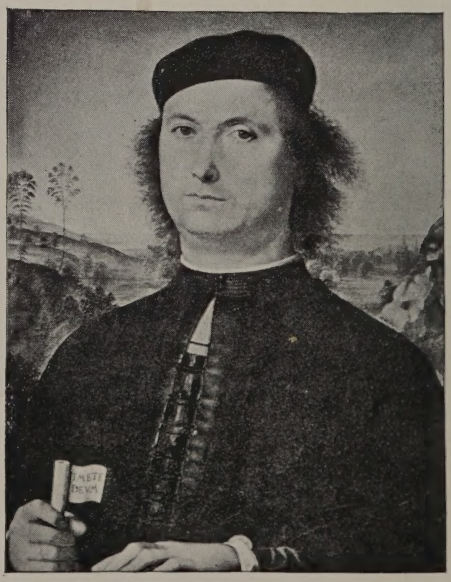
By Perugino.

with a class of models which did not readily lend itself to idealization. He is accused of being gross and coarse, but he is always vivid, and there is a charming joyousness in his conceptions and his execution.

There is much of this joyous element in his Assumption, which is now in the Louvre in Paris. The Blessed Virgin is poised in the clouds, with the usual accompaniment of chubby cherubs in fantastic attitudes. These cherubs are painted with a close attentoin to anatomy, but they are too fat for real artistic beauty, as is also the Baby Christ, who looks out from the shelter of His Mother's arms with a drollery and roguishness and baby fun very charming, though scarcely Divine.

The beauty of the picture lies in the coloring, for every tint is perfect, and the whole mass of harmonizing hues is wonderfully pleasing to the eye. The face of the Mother of God is perhaps the most expressive of all Ruben's Madonnas; there is sweetness and dignity in her expression, and the contour of her face and figure is less earthly and more refined than many of the master's efforts.

Rubens is said to have taken his Madonnas from the lineaments of his wife; but a very different countenance looks out from the canvas upon which he painted the portraits of himself and his wife, seated in his garden in Antwerp. In a costume rich and rare Madame Rubens sits with her hand in that of her artist-husband, whose dreamy face seems to be



PIETRO PERUGINO.

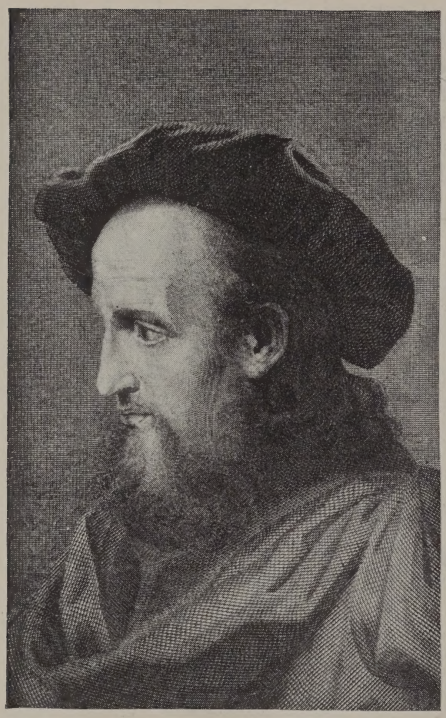
filled with a thoughtful refinement far removed from some of his conceptions.

Of all the great Assumptions perhaps the most lovely is one by Correggio, a member of the Parmese school. Antonio Allegri was born at Reggio in 1493, and his father, a tradesman, seeing the talent of the boy, who drew pictures when he was almost a baby, had him educated as an artist. The family were not wealthy, and many were the sacrifices made to enable the young aspirant for fame to succeed in his chosen metier.

Correggio is noted for a grace, beauty and softness of effect such as few painters acquire; his chiaroscuro is perfect, and his pictures are, in the main, perfect in design, color, taste and expression. His "La Notte," in the Dresden gallery, is best known of all his pictures, although the "Magdalen" and the "Marriage of St. Catherine" are equally beautiful.

When he first saw Raphael's "St. Cecilia," Correggio, then almost a boy, said impulsively, "Anch'io sono pittore!"—(I, too, am a painter); and the time has come when the Parmese

STUDY OF A HEAD FROM AN ASSUMPTION PICTURE.



CORREGGIO.

is esteemed as highly as Raphael himself. In his own time Correggio was not so highly thought of, and Annibale Carracci wrote: "I rage and weep to think of the fate of this poor Antonio—so great a man—if, indeed, he were not an angel in the flesh."

Correggio's portrait shows him to have been a thoughtful, dreamy person (if one can judge by physiognomy at least), and the best authorities say he lived a retired life from choice, not neglected, as some of his biographers would have us believe.

The Assumption is a miracle of grace and loveliness, with a tone and coloring unrivaled, a delicacy seldom seen even in the best touch of the old masters, and a harmony of design and perfection of detail with a genuine religious feeling which makes this picture one of the most devotional ever painted.

Correggio died in 1534, a simple, kindly, unaffected soul, thinking little of the world and Fame, and yet he is one of the "choir invisible"

"Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
Live in scorn for miserable aims that end
with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night
like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's
search to vaster issues."

S. Antonio Maria Zaccaria.

S. Pietro Fourier.

A CANONIZATION IN ST. PETER'S.

Ascension Day, 1897.

By Marie Donegan Walsh.

At last the long-expected event has come and gone, and the Canonization Day of 1897 is a thing of the past; but a day ever to be remembered as a red letter day in the annals of Rome, a fresh gem in the crown of the glorious pontificate of Leo XIII.

For the past few months nothing has been heard of but the approaching Canonization on Ascension Day, when the Holy Father decreed that two heroes of sanctity, blessed Peter Fourier and blessed Antonio M. Zacharias, should be raised to the honors of the altar. Two other canonizations have taken place during the pontificate of the present Pope, in the Hall of Canonizations in the Vatican; but on this occasion, by the express wish of His Holiness, the ceremony was appointed to be held in St. Peter's with all the pomp and splendor befitting so solemn an event. The Pope furthermore proposed to celebrate the Pontifical Mass himself on this occasion, should his strength permit!

From all accounts it appeared that this—the only Canonization held in St. Peter's since 1867—would far surpass all others in magnificence, and for this end preparations have been going on for fully two months in St. Peter's. As the work of decorating and lighting so vast an edifice was a truly colossal one, needing all the time of that little army of workmen called the "Sanpietrini," who are permanently attached to the "Fabbeica" of St. Peter's, and who have their abode on the very roof of the sacred edifice. Under the immediate and personal direction of the architect of the Vatican Basilica, Signor Busiri-Vici, the work was carried on with the greatest ability, and during the week which preceded the Feast of the Ascension St. Peter's was closed to the public to facilitate the operations of the work-

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men and complete the final arrangements, which, in their newly-finished splendor, were only to burst on Rome on Canonization Day, when crowds of eager spectators would throng to witness the splendid sight.

this Canonization, and she was represented in St. Peter's by a vast body of French pilgrims. Cardinals, bishops and prelates from all parts of the world as well as from the dioceses of Italy came to Rome to take part in the cere-

PAPAL PROCESSION IN ST. PETER'S ON THE CANONIZATION DAY.

Meanwhile the city was filling rapidly; every day special trains arrived, bringing pilgrims from all parts of Italy and France; for by virtue of her sainted countryman, who on this day was to be placed on the roll of saints, the sister country had a special part in

mony; and altogether the Eternal City presented a most animated aspect, filled to overflowing with the life and stir and movement which only a papal function at the Vatican can conjure up in this "Third Rome" of a liberal government.

There were crowds of pilgrims everywhere; French abbes, eager sight-seers, guide-book in hand; carriages flashing by in quick succession, wherein one caught passing glimpses of cardinal's red and bishop's purple; street vendors calling in shrill tones pictures and short lives of the new saints and descriptions of the ceremonies of Canonization; every thought, every look, in fact, turned toward St. Peter's and the grand ceremonial which was to take place there so soon.

Tickets for the Canonization were not distributed till very shortly before the eventful day, to prevent the usual "forging" which takes place immediately the tickets are issued; and as the time drew near excitement waxed intense, and every prelate and "monsignore" in Rome was besieged by crowds of eager applicants for admission tickets; and so great were the numbers, notwithstanding the great number of tickets issued, that many were destined to disappointment.

When at last it was our good fortune to secure the much-coveted tickets with their huge seal in the corner, we found that a minute plan of the interior of St. Peter's, with all the places numbered, was to be found at the back of every Tribune ticket; so that by comparing the numbers on his ticket and the plan, the recipient knew exactly where his place would be.

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S. PETRO FOVRIER
GRATIAS AC VTRA SACRAM CEREMONIAM EXCIPIT

STANDARD REPRESENTING MIRACLE OF S. PETER FOURIER.

Being warned beforehand that the struggle for places at this ceremonial would be very great, we determined to start for St. Peter's in good time; and took the precaution of ordering a carriage the night before to come for us at six in the morning, though the function was not to begin till nine.

On the eve of the feast the joy-bells rang out merrily to warn the faithful

STANDARD REPRESENTING MIRACLE OF S. ANTONIO ZACCARIA.

of to-morrow's day of rejoicing, and the greatest excitement prevailed everywhere, tickets flying about in every direction at the last moment from unexpected quarters to rejoice the hearts of some until now forgotten.

Not even all night did the stir and movement cease, for directly after midnight several parties of pious pilgrims, more zealous than prudent in their desire for good places, were found in the silent and deserted piazza of St. Peter's, patiently waiting against the great bronze gates of the Basilica all through the long night hours of deepest chill and darkness for the slow coming of the dawn.

Gloriously beautiful Ascension Day broke at last, and the sun's rays gilding every height and tower of Eternal Rome, found the streets all astir with life; carriages, omnibuses and trams, in an endless stream, mingled with the hum of thousands of foot passengers and the steady tramp of marching soldiery going to form the cordon of troops in St. Peter's Square—an immense army of humanity slowly moving along to the one goal.

Every moment the traffic increases, till every roadway leading to the Vatican is literally blocked with vehicles, all containing black-coated, black-veiled pilgrims, ticket in hand. Even the broad thoroughfare of Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, with its beautiful curve leading to the Bridge of St. Angelo, which spans the Tiber at this point, was literally one phalanx of carriages when we arrived on it, close together and utterly unable to move except at intervals, and reinforced every moment by fresh arrivals pouring in from every side street and artery to join that vast river of humanity flowing so turbidly along to the vast sea of St. Peters, and soon to be lost in its immensity. There was something almost terrible in the thought that all these multitudes, and thousands besides, were presently to be gathered together under one roof, and what a panic would be in such an assembly! Many persons, losing patience with the enforced inaction, descended from their conveyances and

prosecuted their way to St. Peter's on foot. But presently there came a clearance in the road, and shortly after we were enabled to pass on at a quicker rate and reach the Piazza in safety.

Words cannot describe the scene when we finally drove up in Piazza San Pietro. Across the great square the soldiers were placed in close rank and file, allowing no one to pass but those with tickets of admission for standing room in the church and the seats in the Portico of Charlemagne, along which the papal cortege was to pass. The entrance doors had been open for some time, and the people were slowly pouring in; but there seemed no dimunition of the seething crowd, who in compact masses covered the vast expanse of the steps and scarcely appeared to move towards the doors. Other battalions of troops guarded the Colonnades, at the back of which is the street leading to the Sacristy entrance of St. Peter's and the Door of Santa Marta, the two entrances to the tribunes.

No carriages were allowed further than the first cordon of soldiers; so we were obliged to make our way on foot along the Via della Sagrestia between the long lines of soldiers, and with an eager, surging crowd pressing forward, till we reached the Sacristy door. Another detachment of soldiers was drawn up in a square around the doorway, only allowing a certain number of people to pass the enclosure at a time, which made the crush considerably less; though there was a good deal of difficulty and very close quarters before we succeeded in making our way inside the door, whence we were literally carried up the stairs and borne by the force of the crowd along the corridor which leads from the Sacristy to St. Peter's. With a sigh of intense relief, we arrive inside the church at last, safe and sound, to be greeted at the entrance by two stalwart Pontifical gendarmes in full gala uniform—a sight to do one's eyes good to see the Pope's own soldiers guarding the Pope's own Basilica, as in the good old days of long ago.

Our tickets are for the tribune on the lateral nave to the left of the Papal altar, and on showing them the members of the Circolo San Pietro (St. Peter's Club) and the Chamberlains of the Cape and Sword, in their picturesque black velvet and lace, who are on duty in the tribunes, escort us to our places. The tribunes, notwithstanding the early hour, present a most crowded aspect; so people must have arrived some time ago. But as we are directly facing the Papal altar there will be a good view of both the altar and part of the throne erected against the altar of St. Peter's chair. It is not yet seven o'clock; so before the Canonization commences we can admire the stupendous decorations of the Basilica and its marvelous effects of illumination which burst upon us with almost bewildering splendor when we first entered.

At the first sight it all seemed strange and new; no longer the temple built by earthly hands—the stately St. Peter's we know and love so well in its every-day aspect; but a colossal Basilica of light, an aerial edifice wrought in lines of dazzling, sparkling fire, flashing back rays of burning gold from a background of gorgeous crimson; while prisms of crystal scintillate and shimmer in the wonderful radiance. Around us, above us, high as the eye can reach; far, far down the long perspective from end to end, defining every line of perfect architecture in light, stretch miles of candles, and arch upon arch of crystal chandeliers, culminating in the enormous metal chandeliers in the form of crowns which hung in the centre of each of the lateral naves and between the arches of the various chapels, surrounded by arches of smaller crystal ones. It will give some idea of their colossal proportions when I tell that

the two largest of these chandeliers are said to measure thirteen metres in height, having forty-five circles of lights and containing fully five hundred candles in each of the chandeliers. For the whole lighting of the Basilica eighteen thousand candles were used and fully ten thousand chandeliers. Up above in the galleries of the dome blaze circles of starry light, and the grand arch of the apse and the lesser arches of the nave stand out defined in light against the splendid crimson and gold-fringed draperies which hang in colossal yet graceful folds of perfect beauty, festooned with the inimitable grace of an artist's hand. Not only the grand brocades of Pope Alexander VII., which usually adorn the Basilica on festive occasions were used, but also thousands of metres of other stuffs; and I was told that eight thousand metres of stuff had been used for the draperies alone, as the decorations for the present Canonization were the most splendid ever executed in St. Peter's. So when one reflects on the gigantic work accomplished, two months seem all too short for the marvelous results obtained.

Most beautiful of all in effect is the Papal Throne, erected at the back of the apse, the grand arch of the apse encircled by crystal chandeliers and crimson draperies bearing the Pontifical Arms, framing it as a picture with ever-widening rays of light. The throne is an architectural edifice in the Grecian style, with an architrave and Corinthian pillars relieved against high draperies of dark velvet tapestry, whose sombre richness throws into perfect relief the throne and its decorations, which are completely gilded, and the four colossal gilt angels who support the graceful draperies from on high. On each end of the pediment are placed silvered statues of SS. Peter and Paul, while above the Holy Ghost descends in the form of a dove, and on the frieze of the edifice is written the inscription in colossal letters "Gloria coronasti eos." Two large candelabri stand on each side of the throne, resting on the back of the Symbolic Lions of the Apocalypse, with angels above them bearing the open book of Revelations, with the following words: "Vicit Leo di Tribu Juda" and "Pax tibi Leo Pontifex meus." Each of these candelabri bears fifty lighted candles. Directly above the throne, surrounded by rays of dazzling brightness and circles of chandeliers, is an oval picture of the Holy Trinity, in which the Three Persons are represented as if in the act of ratifying by their blessing the solemn rite of Canonization performed by their Vicar on Earth.

Adding furthermore to the effect of the marvelous decorations of the Basilica are five magnificent standards representing miracles wrought by B. Peter Fourier and B. Antonio M. Zacharias, and placed, according to the custom of Canonizations, around the church, four of them on the four great pilasters which support the dome, and the fifth over the entrance doors. These stupendous works of art are marvelously life-like, and executed by well-known Italian painters, such as Palonili, Cisterna, Galimberti and Grilloti; and owing to the vast proportions of the spot in which they are placed it is necessary that the standards should be of colossal size, the figures in their composition being more than life-size. Perhaps most beautiful of the five is the standard of one of B. Peter Fourier's miracles, where a nun of the Order of Our Lady (Canonesses Regular of St. Augustine), founded by the Saint, is represented kneeling at the altar of a church to receive the Bread of Life in thanksgiving for her miraculous cure of a terrible disease in the knee, through the intercession of her blessed founder. The coloring, execution and grouping of the figures in this painting are most beautiful and realistic. The fifth standard, over the entrance doors, represents a miracle of Blessed

Antonio Zacharias: the cure of a poor laborer of his native city, Cremona; also a splendid painting. Directly over it is a colossal coat of arms of Leo XIII., as also the arms of the Barnabite Order and the Order of Canons Regular of the Lateran, flanked on each side by circular paintings representing the heads of the two new saints, whose effect, seen from a distance, is most imposing, thrown out by the rich draperies and countless lights which surround them. To do honor to this solemn occasion, the famous bronze statue of St. Peter is clad in magnificent pontifical vestments, the Triple Crown on its head and the Fisherman's Ring on its finger; and the "Confession," or Tomb, of St. Peter is blazing with lights and bright with brilliant flowers freshly gathered from the Vatican gardens to lay on the Prince of the Apostles' tomb. Surpassingly rich in its exquisite raised gold-work is the double Pallinni of the papal altar, executed, together with the vestments, especially for the Canonization, and where, in the wealth of marvelous and varied design, the embroiderer's art seems to have reached the highest point of perfection; and no one who has seen this masterpiece of modern Roman art, made by the celebrated firm Tanfani, can compare it unfavorably with the most beautiful of antique embroideries. The work has been in hand since Easter, and I heard that fifty skilled workers were placed upon it night and day till it was completed.

On gazing around it, the vast Basilica in its festal array presents such a sight of unsurpassed richness and glowing splendor that the eye is fairly dazzled by the universal brilliancy, and you can only liken it to an embodiment of one great "Alleluia" of the Church Militant, gathered together from every part of the earth to celebrate the immortal triumph of her heroes of sanctity.

Wonderful also is the spectacle of those waiting thousands, close together as space will permit, every place, every tribune, every point of vantage, save the space round the Papal Throne, filled to overflowing with a sea of faces—such a vast portion of humanity as is seldom gathered together to celebrate the mysteries of Religion. It was, indeed, a sight for the unbeliever as well as the believer; for the sceptic as well as the devout—an object lesson in Christianity for those who would have us believe that our century is not the age for miracles, and the great bulk of latter-day humanity no longer believers in God and His eternal truths. No, thank God! we who were in St. Peter's on that Canonization Day of 1897 realized to the utmost the truth of that divinest promise, written in the golden glory of the dome above, "The gates of hell shall never prevail against Her."

Admirably carried out were the arrangements for the seating of the people in St. Peter's, as well as every precaution against the dangers of fire and panic, which would naturally suggest itself to the mind in view of so great a multitude, especially after the recent terrible disaster by fire in Paris. Water was specially laid on so that it could be turned on at a moment's notice, and a corps of firemen were placed at intervals round the Basilica and around the dome and high galleries, so as to give instant service if required. Five sanitary stations under the direction of the Pope's own physician, Dr. Lapponi, and five other doctors were arranged at stated places in charge of the Sisters of Charity and the Brothers of the "Benefratelli." Thus every possible contingency was provided for; and it only remained to trust in Providence that no untoward accidents would occur.

The placing of the people was as well arranged as was possible in so vast a space, as will be seen from the plan. The whole enclosure from the

chair of St. Peter to the Papal Altar was occupied with the Papal Throne and its surroundings, and the seats for the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates who were to assist. Two small tribunes were erected on each side of the papal throne; that on the right for the Grand Master of the Knights Templar of Malta; on the left for any members of reigning royal houses who might be present. On long rows of crimson-covered benches on each side were the places for the Cardinals, Bishops and Prelates, while above them rose the two large tribunes, one on the right for the Roman aristocracy and the relatives of the Pope, the other on the left for the diplomatic corps, as well as some smaller ones for the princes and nobility holding hereditary offices in the papal court. The enormous tribunes occupying the whole of the lateral naves and holding ten thousand persons alone, were filled with persons holding tickets of invitation; and two others of scarcely less proportions were placed in the nave proper, facing the papal altar and throne. Below these again were places reserved for pilgrims, and all the rest of the nave was taken up by the public provided with tickets for standing room only. In the circle under the dome four large tribunes, with crimson draperies, were erected for the Chapter of St. Peter's, the President of the Postulation, etc., etc., while others near were occupied by the Postulators of the Cause, the relations of the saints, the Religious of the Congregation of Our Lady, founded by St. Peter Fourier, the Congregation of the Rites, the Barnabites, etc., etc. Outside in the portico of St. Peter's rows of benches were erected, where those with special tickets could view the papal cortege as it passed through into the Basilica from the Scala Regia; so every available space was used that as many as possible would be enabled to catch a glimpse of the Holy Father.

It is fully seven o'clock before the lighting of the ten thousand chandeliers and countless candles is finished; the valiant "Sanpietrini," agile as cats in their difficult and dangerous work, scale the giddy heights to light the chandeliers, swinging out into the vast space far above our heads in a kind of seat like a swing, suspended by ropes from the high cornices. The feats of agility and daring performed by these men make one unaccustomed to the sight tremble for their safety, but we are assured that they are trained to it from boyhood.

By four o'clock on this eventful morning the "Sanpietrini" were assembled for the roll-call, to hear mass of obligation specially said for them in the choir chapel of St. Peter's; and punctually at half-past four the work of lighting began, occupying two and a half hours.

Meanwhile the procession is already forming in the Vatican, where it will start from the Sistine Chapel. The Holy Father first proceeds to the Sacristy of the Sistine, accompanied by his noble court, and there vests in the magnificent papal vestments and the triple crown. This accomplished, he goes in procession to the Sistine, where, in their white festal vestments, the Sacred College of Cardinals, the whole hierarchy and the members of the Pontifical Court await his coming. After a brief prayer at the altar the Pontiff rises and entones the hymn "Ave Maris Stella," and having assumed again the triple crown, mounts the "Sedia Gestatoria," when the Cardinal Procurator of the Canonization, Cardinal Aloisi Masella, advances and presents His Holiness with three beautifully-painted wax candles, one of which the Pope presents to the Prince-Assistant at the throne and the smallest one he holds in his own hand all along the passage of the cortege. From the Sistine the Pope and Cardinals pass to the Paoline Chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and

after an act of adoration there the procession forms once more to proceed on its way down the "Scala Regia" into St. Peter's.

Long as it seems to us waiting inside, it is really not more than half-past eight when the procession enters the Basilica by the grand central door, and we are warned of its approach by the far-off strains of chanting muffled by the distance—the papal choir singing Mustafa's beautiful "Ave Maris Stella" as they wind down the beautiful marble staircase and along the stately portico. Every eye is strained in eager expectation towards the door to catch a faint glimpse of the Sovereign Pontiff. Louder and clearer swells the chant, and we know they must be near the door now; when suddenly the procession comes within our sight, a seemingly endless defile, two by two, carrying lighted candles in their hands. First in order came the regular clergy, beginning by the Mendicant Orders, the Brothers of Penitence, Capucins, Minims, Conventuals, Order of Minors of St. Francis, Carmelites, Dominicans, etc. Then come the Monastic Orders—Benedictines, Cistercians, Camaldolese, etc., each wearing the distinctive habit of his order—a procession in its medieval beauty like one of Fra Angelico's pictures of the monks of old. After them is the body of Secular Clergy of Rome, headed by the cross-bearer and acolytes, and the Seminarists of the Pontifical Seminary. The College of Parish Priests leads the way, clad in cotta and stole; then the Beneficiaries and Canons of the Collegiate Basilicas, then the clergy of the Minor Basilicas, and finally the Chapters of the Patriarchal Basilicas, each order preceded by its own cross. At the end walks the Vicegerent of Rome, with the Vicariate and the members of the Congregation of Rites, who are in charge of the Canonization.

Now comes the first of the beautiful standards of the new saints, a painting representing on one side a miracle of Blessed Peter Fourier and on the other the saint distributing charity, borne high aloft by the members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, while six of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine walk before it, carrying lighted torches, which throw out into splendid relief the life-like figures in the painting. An interesting detail connected with this standard is that the cords on one side of it were held by a near relation and descendant of the saint, Count Fourier de Bacourt.

No less beautiful is the standard of Blessed Antonio M. Zacharias, borne by the Confraternity of St. Gaetano and escorted by six Barnabite Fathers, also carrying lighted torches. This standard was painted by Prof. Monti, and represents the founding of the Barnabites and the Angelic Sisters of St. Paul, both orders founded by this saint.

Now, by the white plumes of the helmets of the Swiss Guard we know that the Pontifical Court is approaching; but the papal cortege is not yet in sight. It is a noble array in picturesque costume—the Chamberlains in velvet and lace, the Procurators of Religious Orders, the Pontifical Confessor, with the Pontifical preacher, the Chaplains, the Pontifical Jeweler, the Participating Chamberlains (ecclesiastic), Consistorial Advocates, and finally the Cantor Chaplains. After these begin the College of Prelates, the Priest, Deacon and Sub-Deacon of the Pontifical Chapel, the clergy of the Apostolic Chamber, Auditors of Holy Rote accompanying the Master of the Palace of the Apostles and two chaplains carrying a triple crown and mitres to be used in the ceremony, with the Master of the Sacred Hospice bringing up the rear.

Now the papal procession proper begins, with the papal cross and the clergy, in their splendid vestments, sparkling with gold and embroideries, a scene of richest splendor, beautiful

in its harmonious coloring. Still they advance in long succession, this moving picture of the entire hierarchy of the Catholic Church, from its lowest order up to its supreme and visible Head, the Sovereign Pontiff.

The Deacon of the Segnatura, in beautiful vestments, leads the way with the thurible of incense, whose sweet fumes arise in blue wreaths to the heights above, while blazing out in jeweled glory rises the Papal Cross borne by one of the Auditors of Holy Rote, acting as Apostolic Sub-Deacon. After him are seven prelates of the "Segnatura" carrying lighted candles, and then the long file of the "Canons Penitentiary" of St. Peter's, carrying as symbol of their office long rods adorned with flowers.

Splendid and imposing is the cortege of Mitred Abbots, who come next in order; then the Bishops, Archbishops, Primates and Patriarchs, each one in pivial and mitre of snowy whiteness—such an assemblage of ecclesiastical dignitaries as has not been witnessed in St. Peter's since the Vatican Council. At last come the Sacred College of Cardinals, Cardinal Deacons, Cardinal Priests and Cardinal Bishops, rising in the scale of dignity to the Cardinal Vice-Camerlengo of Holy Church.

But hark! What is this? The chanting has ceased, and in its place a burst of trumpets loud and clear peal out over the Basilica in the grand triumphant measures of a processional march, the famous "March of the Silver Trumpets" we have so often longed to hear. The "Pontifix Maximus" is in the temple at last.

Joyous, clear and beautiful the silvery notes ring out, calling on all that vast multitude to share their triumph; and in response a perfect sea of white handkerchiefs wave silently in the air, as if from the midst of that great multitude a flock of sea-birds had soared into the air, fluttering their snowy pinions along the passage of the Sovereign Pontiff. The deep silence is due to the express desire of the Holy Father, who requested that no applause might disturb the deep religious solemnity of the occasion—a wonderful silence far more eloquent than words, when one reflects that the will of those mighty thousands, so powerful for good or evil, is kept in check only by the slightest wish of one frail old man. Wonderfully, marvelously impressive is the sight as the brilliant cortege moves slowly along through the closely serried ranks of humanity, white as foam with the waving handkerchiefs.

The Prince Assistant at the throne, the Apostolic Pronotaries, the Cardinals, Deacon and Ministering, and the Masters of Ceremonies have all passed on their way, and the Holy Father is before us, amid his noble court. Prince and Cardinal, soldier and prelate, the faithful body guard of his noble guard, with their drawn swords around him; the Swiss guard, pike in hand, and the crimson-clad "Palafrenieri," bearing their precious burden. Far above all the brilliant group, under a Baldaquin of richest gold, appears the white-robed figure of the Sovereign Pontiff, in his pontifical vestments, with the "Flabellae" behind him.

"Vicit Leo di Tribu Juda" is the thought that rises involuntarily to the mind as one looks on that wonderful face of the aged Vicar of Christ, with its sad, sweet smile. Frail in bodily strength, yet strong in the might of the spirit; Pontiff and Sovereign, king and priest, like Melchesidech of old, he is far away in spirit from the splendor which surrounds him, at the foot of the "great white throne," whose mercy he is about to supplicate. When the cortege has reached the papal altar the Pope descends from the Sedia Gestatoria, prostrates himself in silent prayer at the Faldstool and then mounts to the throne, where he receives the homage of the hierarchy while the choir sing the beautiful mot-

tett of Ascension Day, "Viri Galilei." It is a strikingly impressive group around the throne; three Cardinals, Ledochoroski, Macchi and Steinhuber, as Deacon, Sub-Deacon and Assistant Priest, respectively; the Prince Assistant close by the Holy Father's side, and the Bishops and Archbishops' Assistants seated on the steps, and the Consistorial Advocates, in their flowing robes of purple. The remainder of the dignitaries are placed all around, while the Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops are in long rows down each side. Seen from where we are, the rows of mitres seem almost interminable, and in reality there are fully five hundred Bishops in the "presbyterium."

When all have taken their places the ceremony of Canonization begins by the Cardinal Postulator, accompanied by the Consistorial Advocates, advancing to the throne and making the first "instance" or supplication for Canonization to the Pope called "Instanter," which is replied to for His Holiness by the Papal Secretary of Briefs. He declares that the Pope, though recognizing the heroic virtues of the candidates for Canonization and the miracles wrought by their intercession, wishes, before celebrating so solemn an act, to beg anew the assistance of God and the prayers of the Blessed Virgin and saints, that the ceremony may be accomplished in a holy and befitting manner. Then the "Litany of the Saints" is intoned by the Papal Cantors, and the whole congregation joins in the solemn and impressive chant, begging mercy from on high.

After this is finished the Cardinal Postulator, with the same formula, again makes his supplication, this time adding the word "Instantius" to the ritual. Again the Secretary of Briefs responds, that greatly moved by the gravity of the act he is about to perform, the Pontiff desires that before his final decision all should join him in imploring the enlightenment of the Holy Ghost; and with this he descends from the throne to kneel in humble prayer before the altar, while the Cardinal Deacon, saying "Orate," exhorts all to pray. Then the Pope intones the "Veni Creator," and the vast throng of people with one voice take up the strain. At its conclusion the prayer to the Holy Ghost is chanted by the Pope, and the third instance for the Canonization begins in the same solemn order as before by the Cardinal Postulator and the Consistorial Advocate, this time adding the words "Instantissime" to the two former, "Instanter" and "Instantius." For the third time the Pope responds that, feeling aware the Canonization is pleasing to God, he will finally and definitely pronounce the decree; so, seated on the throne, with the whole hierarchy around him, the Sovereign Pontiff pronounces "Ex Cathedra," the solemn decree of Canonization in the usual formula, after which the Postulator approaches the throne once more and thanks the Pope, and begs that he will deign to order the sending out of the Apostolic letters, to which His Holiness responds "Decernimus." Then the Consistorial Advocate, turning to the Pronotaries Apostolic, calls on them to draw up a memorial of the Act of Canonization, to which they reply "Conficiemus," appealing as witnesses to the persons who surround the Pope.

And now, at last, with all due form and ritual, the rite of Canonization is accomplished, and the Pope, rising to his feet, intones the "Te Deum" to thank God for the new saints admitted to his glory, and to declare to all present that the rite is completed.

Impossible for words to describe is the scene that follows, for scarcely have the last notes of that marvelous voice died away on the listening air than the hymn is caught up and re-echoed by all those thousands assembled there; and soon the vast precincts

of the Vatican Basilica are ringing again with the grand triumphant strophes, rolling in great waves of sound through the crowd like the roar of the sea on a rocky coast, while the great bells of St. Peter's ring out to announce the glad tidings that two new names are on the roll-call of sanctity for all eternity. Like an answering echo from the heart of the Universal Church to the summons of the world's Basilica, every church or chapel of the Eternal City peals its joy-bells to join in the note of triumph; and our only regret at being present inside of St. Peter's is that we cannot hear that universal rejoicing, which surely must be one of the most wonderful things of this memorable Canonization Day.

At the end of the "Te Deum" the Cardinal-Deacon invokes the new saints for the first time, and the Pope sings the prayer prescribed for them. Then the Cardinal chants the "Confiteor," inserting in it the names of the new saints, after which the Pontiff, standing at the throne, gives the Absolution and Benediction, closing this part of the imposing ceremony.

After this the Pontifical High Mass begins; but by the advice of his physician, who feared the great fatigue for him, the Holy Father relinquished his intention of celebrating it himself, and it was pontificated in his place by Cardinal Oreglia di San Stefano, Dean of the Sacred College, the Pope assisting at it from the throne.

The music rendered by the papal choir, under the direction of Maestro Mustafa, is Palestrina's celebrated "Mass of Pope Marcellus," exquisitely rendered by the trained voices of that chosen choir.

After the gospel a papal homily is read by the Secretary of Briefs, and the second Plenary Indulgence and Papal Benediction given; and at the offertory another rite proper to the Canonization was accomplished—the offering to the Pope of various symbolic gifts—bread, wine, turtle-doves, doves and various birds, by the Postulators of the Canonization. The offerings, which the Cardinals of the Congregation of Rites, Deacons, Priests and Bishops have the privilege of presenting to His Holiness, are placed on a table near the throne, and a procession is formed to present them. First come the oblations for the cause of St. Antonio Zacharias, headed by two mace-bearers and a master of ceremonies; then two gentlemen in waiting of the Cardinal Vicar, carrying two large painted candles, with pictures of the saints and the papal arms. Following them is the Cardinal Vicar with the Cardinal-Procurator of the cause, and near them the Postulators, two Barnabite Fathers, one with a painted and gilded cage containing doves, the other with a lighted candle.

Then come the gentlemen-in-waiting of the Cardinal Priest (Cardinal Laugeineux) bearing loaves of bread on gilt and silver plates, closely followed by the Cardinal himself, accompanied by two more Barnabites, one with a candle and the other with a cage of turtle-doves.

At the last comes the third Order of Cardinal Deacons represented by Cardinal Macchi and his two gentlemen-in-waiting, carrying two small barrels of wine and water, respectively silver and gold, and followed by another couple of Barnabite Fathers, this time bearing a cage with little birds of various kinds. When the procession reaches the throne the offerings are solemnly made with the prescribed ritual to the Holy Father by the Cardinals in person, the pope blessing each oblation when it is presented to him.

The offerings for the cause of St. Peter Fourier are made in precisely the same manner, but by other Cardinals of the Congregation of Rites, assisted by the Canons Regular of St. John Lateran; and then the final ceremonies of Canonization were over, and the holy sacrifice continued in the accustomed manner.

An exquisitely beautiful Mottett, composed expressly for the occasion by Mustafa and the words chosen by Monsignor Ugolini, was rendered by the papal choir—a joyful melody well befitting the occasion and the triumph of the newly beatified. "Alleluia! Alleluia!" sang the choir of one hundred and thirty voices in perfect unison, their triumphant notes soaring to the vaults above; and hush! is it an echo from those far-off regions of joy, where the serene spiritual beauty of the music seems to have led us? but an answering "Alleluia" comes from the mighty dome above, a prelude to a chorus of angelic, childish voices, clear and sweet, the bird-like notes echoing through the vast spaces with a pean of unutterable rejoicing, giving back note for note the varied harmonies of Mustafa's sublime composition. Inexpressibly touching was the effect of that unseen choir of pure young voices so near to the heaven where their melody is soaring in strains of sweetness so true and spiritual that even angels could have bent to listen to earth's voices.

This chorus was executed by one hundred and seventy boys from the trained choirs of various religious institutions of Rome.

With the greatest devotion the Pontifical Mass proceeds till it comes to the elevation, when the Pope descends from his throne to kneel at the faldstool in humble adoration. The triumphant music ceases as the Cardinal elevates the Sacred Host on high, and a clash of arms re-echoes through the Basilica when the soldiers present arms to the "Lord of Hosts," to be followed by a silence deep and impressive—the silence of a great multitude holding its breath in awe and wonder.

Then once again comes the sound of silver trumpets from on high, executing in low, soft measures the "Harmony in the Dome," each liquid note of the plaintive melody floating down like an angel's message and quivering away on the silent air, where it seems to linger lovingly amid the spaces of the dome, where God's blue heaven looks in through the sky-lit windows.

When the mass is at an end the Sovereign Pontiff rises and gives the triply-solemn Papal Benediction, all kneeling to receive it. Then he mounts the "Sedia Gestatoria," to be carried away in the same solemn order as before, with all the court and hierarchy around him.

Once again as he passes through their midst the people receive the Holy Father with overwhelming enthusiasm, the white sea of handkerchiefs being, if possible, more dense than before, and considering the morning's fatigue His Holiness looks wonderfully well, frequently rising in his chair to give his blessing right and left.

The cortege returns to the Vatican by the entrance in the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, and as the Sovereign Pontiff nears the gateway and is disappearing from their sight, that last glimpse is too much for the loyalty of the multitude; enthusiasm, long restrained, passes the bounds at last, and a burst of applause—a clapping of hands like a storm—breaks out all over the Basilica irresistibly, and until this moment one does not seem to have realized the enormous numbers assembled here—fully sixty thousand souls at least.

The clocks rang out one o'clock when the ceremony of Canonization is over at last, peacefully and tranquilly and without the least unpleasant incident to mar its deep religious peace; but it is fully an hour later when the crowds have dispersed, leaving the Basilica free till half-past three, when it was once more open, still in all the beauty of its decorations and illuminations, to the general public. They availed themselves of the privilege in tens of thousands, the plaza and streets leading to St. Peter's being so densely crowded from early afternoon that it was only with the

greatest difficulty that the church was closed at last in the evening, owing to the enormous crowds who filled it being so slow to disperse. All through those long hours, from half-past four in the morning till half-past seven in the evening, the eighteen thousand candles gave out their steady light with brilliancy undimmed; and when at last they were extinguished as the shades of evening fell, the illuminations of the facade and colonnades outside began, under the skilful hands of the "Sanpietrini," to the admiration of the crowd in the plaza. Truly, when all was finished and the perfect architecture of the Balisica and the graceful curve of the colonnades blazed forth in lines of light against the clear night sky, the picture was one of fairy-like loveliness, while the narrow streets of the "Borgo," and, in fact, nearly all the streets of Rome, with their stately palaces and tall old houses, were gaily decorated with lights and colored lanterns, the whole city being "en fete" in honor of the new saints as it has not been for many a weary year, while the traffic, both vehicles and on foot, is something astonishing, full of life and animation.

Eternal Rome is once more the Papal City of yore, and only one regret mingles with our rejoicings, as we look on the glorious illuminated facade and mark that great dome towering above in dark obscurity, unlighted, unilluminated, a silent witness of the times, a mute protest of the invasion of the Papal City; for until the Holy Father has his own again that dome must remain in darkness. Shall we, in this our day, ever see the Cupola of Michel Angelo's marvel and the cross on its summit blaze out in fiery light?

But let us not mar the joy of this Canonization Day with vain regrets; we can only leave it in the hands of Providence.

Rome is a city of changes, as all her history proves; and may there not be yet another?

As the Italians say, "Who knows?"

SUCCESS.

By Clarence Hawkes.

WITH adamantine nerves and heart like stone,
With courage blazoned on its war-like shield,
The life that wins success must stand alone
And strive from dawn till dark, and never yield.

A JESUIT IN DISGUISE.

BEING A NEW ENGLAND FABLE OF TODAY.

By Henry Austin Adams.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

Who would have thought it? A year after Dr. Wright began killing trout in the little pond and giving little dinners to his literary and scientific friends, the news was spread that Miss Ella Standish had paid thirty thousand dollars for the Warner place at Little Straiton! At Moxon's store nobody believed it. But it was true. Miss Standish had actually bought the farm from the half-witted son of old Israel Warner. Within a year, moreover, she had built a great Queen Anne house, to the amazement of the country, and transformed the farm into a park.

Of course, everybody knew that a great change was coming ever since that day when the queer coach on yellow wheels had drawn up at Moxon's, and the groom, who had been tooting his horn, had asked the way to Dr. Wright's.

Little Straiton took note of that and of repeated comings of people to look over this and that farm. And prices grew stiffer accordingly. When the old shingled wind-mill on the hill back of the village was sold, as a studio, to Sydney Worthington, the landscape painter from Boston, that spring, not a man at Moxon's could longer doubt that a day of large things had arrived. Then came the Maxwell Hays, who bought Mrs. Williams' gambrel-roofed house and six acres of cow pasture; and the Harry Middletons (a son of Amos P. of Big Straiton) to the George Smith farm. Then the "Old English" inn was built and called the "Warwick Arms," where was the biggest fireplace Matthew Edwards, the mason, said he had ever seen, and at which hostelry it was rumored, but scarcely believed, the unsuspecting guest had to pay five dollars a day! And, what was more, no end of people put up at the inn.

Land went up, but it seemed to make no difference, for twenty families from Boston, Hartfield, and even New York, had for some reason made up their minds to live half the year anyhow in a sleepy, unpretentious little village, and, for the most part, in the very houses that had stood there scores of years.

"It beats all," was the final verdict at Moxon's.

Wright was doing it all. He fished, and smoked, and swapped etchings with Worthington, and dined on Europe and Progress with Miss Standish, and had the Ministers' Monday Club down from Hartfield twice a year.

It took ten years to do it. It was

done, however, and well. That is to say, country life, centering at your Little Straiton, was in the air. In another ten years we shall find it, and what it stands for, along every lane in Massachusetts.

Culture had invaded the land of the Pilgrim. Moxon's knows it. The old Meeting House knows it. Society knows it and is putting on airs about it—New England knows it—has she not already admitted that there never was anything like it before? Wright, too, knows it—and a thing or two more besides, which the rest of the world (world being New England, of course,) does not know.

Wright knows that the molehill of "breadth" upon which the lusty young cockerel (so late escaped from the shell, Puritanism,) is crowing it over his ancestors, is a molehill. Fancy what the gamecock will see when he, by dint of much effort, shall have got a glimpse of Man from the barnyard fence!

* * * * * * *

Here, at all events, is an immeasurable gain — already compassed. Here are rational men and women building up lives in the old, sweet country-sides; men looking at Life from the broad world view-point, and sipping each other's tea, withal, in a quiet round of good company.

It was Sydney Worthington, the painter, who said, when he came home from the Centennial Exhibition, that the Nation had left the nursery and might now be allowed in the drawing-room to look at the pictures — if it promised to be good and say nothing, but just look. It looked. There are cabinets now in Little Straiton that would attract attention in Paris; and tapestries, and books, and furniture, and brains.

And old man Wright fished away, and smoked, and quizzed the parsons, and chuckled silently, deep down, and beat at chess, and sent marked articles on this and that in the Reviews to some one every day, and went repeatedly to Europe and to the distant East, and ever came back deeper and with more sides to the mind of him.

* * * * * * *

In 1879 the village had grown large enough to have two religions. Dominie Washburn had relieved the situation by gracefully departing this life — than which method of procedure none better can be recommended to the reverend clergy who have not youth and humbug in their favor.

Ezra Washburn had been pastor of the old First Church for sixty years, during which he had steadfastly preached the gospel of gloom to the defenceless children, devout women and doting men of Little Straiton. A man of God, truly, in life and doctrine, but never a man of men.

Him Dr. Wright befriended, to the length of twice hearing him preach and never engaging him in argument. A good man, and now dead; what's more, as such goodness goes. It was time now, if ever, to call a live man to the pastorate — and many a young theologian still unordained had been casting envious looks at Little Straiton church and its moribund pastor.

While Dr. Wright was in Europe the end came. The pastor died, and the Reverend Walter Masters was called and duly installed. Then it was that the advance tendencies which had been retarded by Mr. Washburn were fully felt.

The Rev. Walter Masters was thirty years of age, a believer in the Rev. Walter Masters and in so much of revealed Truth as he, the Rev. Walter Masters, was able to gather from the critical reviews weekly, was considered to be just about the thing. His popularity was immense and immediate — until Dr. Wright's return from Tubingen.

Saturday evening after dinner at Miss Standish's:

"Now, Ella Standish, what of the new dominie?"

Miss Standish had a way of trying to know what Dr. Wright wanted her to say, and saying that. With all others she ventured to all lengths in stating and maintaining her own ideas; but with this man she never seemed willing to commit herself to any view not the true one.

"Well, Edgar, what do you want to know about Mr. Masters?" to gain time and reconnoitre.

Wright looked at her.

"That will do," he said; "I know what you mean. Masters does not belong here."

Then after a pause, during which Miss Standish wished she knew what she had meant: "Make Florence bring her 'cello and play me this new bit of Brahms."

In the following winter at the Friday evening meetings, Mr. Masters delivered a course of lectures on the higher criticism. To his manifest annoyance, Dr. Wright attended regularly and sat, eyes closed, at one side of the room. When the course came to an end the pastor received the awful intelligence that "a course of lectures will be delivered in the Casino by Edgar L. Wright, Ph. D., on the subject of the corroboration which Christian dogma is meeting in the results of the ripest scholarship of Europe; more particularly with a view to traverse the positions recently taken by the Rev. Mr. Masters."

The ministers for twenty miles came to hear the lectures, and the resignation of Mr. Masters was soon forthcoming. "I consider Mr. Wright no better than a Catholic," he wrote to Miss Standish; "and a most dangerous one at that." Exit Masters and the higher criticism for the time being.

The borough was now without a pastor or the offices of religion. And, what was most to be feared, the recent excitement had given a few Episcopalians the opportunity they had longed for. Why not solve the religious question by starting an Episcopal church, with which nobody could possibly find doctrinal fault? A hasty canvass was made. Two English coachmen and their numerous families were discovered who were hot for the h'established church. Besides these, the Maxwell Hays were found to be strong Episcopalians — that is, Edith (aged fourteen years) had been confirmed at the church school which she attended, and Mr. and Mrs. Hay always made it a practice when in Boston to go to hear the sermons of the famous Episcopalian preacher, whose teaching was chiefly conspicuous for its absolute want of any doctrine whatsoever to which anybody could object. Therefore, the Hays' were more than ready to welcome the new church. The Middletons and Miss Standish proved the nucleus of the reactionary movement. Losing no time, they had called to the pastorate of the First Church a recent graduate of the humanitarian type of thinkers, and the spiritual energies of his flock were soon diverted from consideration of Baur and Greek recensions to the wholesomer task of building a fully-equipped parish house, comprising a kitchen, bowling alley, gymnasium, library, and church parlors. But Episcopacy had whispered its seductive secrets to most of the influential families.

Sydney Worthington had got up an exquisite little sketch of a stone church worthy of any countryside in England.

The bishop had come from Boston and looked over the field (i. e., he had procured a cheque for $25,000 from Mr. Hay, given on condition that the church should never be "high.")

St. Margaret's was duly built. (Mrs. Hay's mother's name was Margaret.)

At the consecration services the Congregational pastor made an address second only to the bishop's in its gushing assurances that practically and to all intents and purposes there was no essential difference between the two churches, etc., etc., etc.

That evening, at chess, Dr. Wright said to Father Escort, who happened

to be visiting him — Escort of the Brompton Oratory in England:

"You heard the bishop and the parson and the minister this morning?"

"Yes."

"Why in the name of the Lord of Order and Reason, then, if there be no difference between their churches, have they come and built a second one in a place where the first is half empty?"

"Ever hear of Babel? It's your move," quietly responded Father Escort.

Abner Witherspoon was watching the game. He looked a flash of suspicious inquiry at the Catholic priest, and then turned for light toward Wright. But the doctor, absorbed in his next move, spoke not for half an hour. Then he said, without apparently taking his thoughts from the play:

"Whom the Lord would unprotestantize He first makes Episcopalians." Escort smiled. Witherspoon, hurt but interested, turned away to his reading again.

CHAPTER VI.

Five years rolled by. As many rectors had come and gone from St. Margaret's.

Mr. Maxwell Hay's papacy (based upon his $25,000 subscription and his impenetrable ignorance) had harrassed the soul of one after another incumbent. Indeed, whatever a man's love of peace and easy view of doctrines might be, it was by no means certain that he could maintain amicable relations with five parties in his parish mutually antagonistic, and about equally ignorant of the principles upon which a conscientious clergyman would be expected (by himself) to act. At the First Congregational Church matters went much more smoothly. Only two real wars had been waged during the five years. Humanitarianism and orthodoxy had been finally overcome, and in their place neo-evangelical nebulosity with a German accent, and saecularism, had now firmly established themselves. This resulted in sending Miss Standish into neutrality and a back pew at St. Margaret's, and no end of girls and a few young men to the charming choral even-song, which the new rector, Mr. Gaines, had just instituted.

Witherspoon had been abroad two years, and while in England had been profoundly moved by the spiritual and social work of the extreme ritualistic party there. He came back fully prepared to embrace the Episcopal faith, but found it so difficult to embrace a faith that changed as he went from place to place and from rectorship to rectorship, that he relapsed into his old mysticism, and his confidences with the old philosopher of the common.

The advent of Mr. Gaines — a known ritualist, somehow spirited under Mr. Hays' very nose into the rectorship of St. Margaret's—once more aroused Abner Witherspoon's yearnings for a definite religious stand. The Easter of 1884, when Mr. Gaines began his ministry, was the date of the beginning of this soul's tragedy.

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CHAPTER VII.

"Well?"

"I have seen him."

"And he thinks?"

"He thinks that the idea is of the essence of the gospel, but that Straiton is not the place for its application."

Old man Wright smiled as Witherspoon said this, and then mused on:

"Gaines has his face toward Jerusalem. If he can survive the bishop's next visit, I hope to see him come out close to being a Christian yet."

"I have my doubts," replied Witherspoon; "for his parish is prospering so."

"Said like yourself, Abner; but

have you had a look at Father McNierney's parish lately — rather a flourishing one, I take it."

"Of course — but —"

"Queer, isn't it, that the churches with the pure truth flourish only as they fail to apply first principles; and that churches with corruptions all over them succeed capitally, no matter how closely they stick to the Sermon on the Mount?"

"It is, truly," replied Abner; "and I have noticed it so frequently in Europe. English cathedrals dusty and empty, and those on the Continent full."

"Human nature is a problem," grunted Wright, as he slouched down into his chair, and, lighting his pipe, prepared to give the thin, anxious, hungering man opposite him something to think about.

"Ever read?" he asked.

"Too much," muttered Abner, with the tone of fatigue which was creeping into all his conversation with the prophet.

A long pause.

"Ever read those?" waving to the shelves lining the staircase.

Witherspoon went over and slowly glanced up and down the rows, while Dr. Wright read the paper and waited.

The books were the works of the churchmen of the middle age and the later causists and ascetical writers.

"Some of them. Not many. Life is too short."

"Oh!" which grunt ended the conversation beyond all Abner's effort at renewing it.

The bishop's visit was memorable. As the guest of Mr. Hay (of $25,000 weight) the good bishop was able to learn of the rector's dangerous tendencies in a Romeward direction; of the radical innovations in the ordering of divine worship recently brought about, and of the preposterous suggestion of founding in the neighboring town of Straiton an order of lay brothers to work among the poor and outcast.

The rector received the following note an hour before service:

"My Dear Gaines: You will, I am very sure, be glad to have me, as your bishop, speak with the utmost frankness of what concerns your success and popularity as a minister of the gospel, no less than the welfare of the souls committed to your care. I must confess that I view with alarm your intention to introduce a daily administration of the communion, as being a departure from the use of this diocese, and perhaps indicating erroneous views of that comforting rite.

As to the rumored changes in the public worship, I need only remind you that the generous donor of the major portion of the property of your church is personally opposed to them.

I heartily concur with you in your sympathy for the poor of the town near by, and readily admit Mr. Witherspoon's worthiness and sincerity of purpose; but I cannot countenance his intention to take the vow of chastity. I feel, in fact, very strongly on this subject. Perhaps in a year or two, when the public uneasiness caused by the rumor has passed away, I might permit some modified rule to be adopted by Mr. W. and other pious young men — always, of course, with the understanding that no vow of chastity can be tolerated.

With the assurance of my continued good wishes, I am, dear brother,

Your Bishop,

———— ————."

Witherspoon and Wright talked about Savonarola that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Vision or pie? And the rector, poor, dear, good fellow, said—Pie! He was not only human, but of that brotherhood preaching from innumerable pulpits next Sunday. Credit is due

them. They do really preach a deal of gospel — considering. They manage to say a great many things. In fact, they as a rule take advantage of whatever permission their rich parishioners give them, to allude to a considerable number of Christian truths. Not that Mr. Gaines said to Mrs. Gaines, nor even to himself that it was of no use, that the fight was over, that (much as he would have liked to teach truth) there was no earthly chance of his getting a hearing. Not at all! On the contrary, he deferred to the bishop's wishes only with the firm resolve to give his life more and more to the glorious movement — and the secret hope that his Right Reverend Father in God would soon come to the reward of the righteous, and make room for a younger and a "sounder" man. But he whose city is paved with good resolutions has seen to it that in the matter of postponed heroisms there shall be no benefit of clergy.

Mrs. Gaines — no mean diviner of the machinations and "ways" of the gentleman last alluded to — said when the bishop was well out of the parish: "Well, Edward, that settles it!" And it did.

It might be not altogether impossible for even us, gentle reader on the philosophic slope of life, to recall some bit of "unfinished business" in soul affairs, abiding on the book of minutes; but, despite interminable postponed meetings, never finished. Lucky for us if our dereliction of duty bear no more serious consequences than a rector's choice of pie.

Parishes thrive in inverse ratio to the Christianity insisted on by their rectors. There may be "the devil to pay," of course; but that account will not be settled for many a day, and meanwhile the influential laity do make it so pleasant for the dear, cautious rector, who shows his good sense by avoiding uncomfortable references to disagreeable facts!

"I feel convinced, Ella, that with an amazing unanimity the clergy of all churches would have preferred to preach in some world where Christianity could have been rather pointedly alluded to."

Dr. Wright was looking at a picture of St. Lawrence, which Worthington had just finished for Miss Standish. "And," he went on, "I have sometimes thought that in the event of a general persecution, more than one English bishop would license the younger and more ritualistic curates of his diocese to suffer martyrdom — always providing, of course, that the proceedings should be conducted with moderation and a careful avoidance of gridirons and other distinctively popish instruments."

Worthington and Jack came in, and dinner was served.

"Do you like it?" asked Worthington. "Miss Standish, you know, insisted upon the subject."

"Who sat for it?" mused the doctor, turning from the table to look at the picture of St. Lawrence.

"The rector," replied Worthington.

Wright and Miss Standish exchanged a glance — his meaning, "but as for me, give me gridirons and not a vestry!"

"I do not think you have done the rector justice, Worthington; your flames look cold and conventional." And he changed the subject.

* * * * * * *

To be continued.

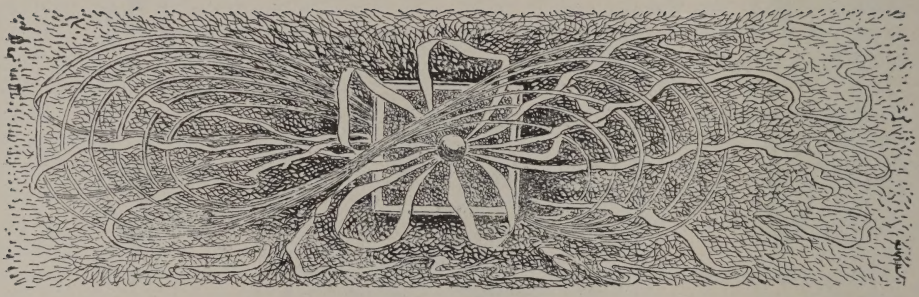
Longfellow's Children.

LONGFELLOW.

O SINGER, to the child-soul dear! I read
Thy magic numbers and my soul is thrilled
By sacred melody; the world is filled
With vernal sweetnesses; the cry of Greed
Is hushed to shame-faced silence; earth is freed
From bonds of woe; and birds begin to build
In vine-clad portals, while their songs are trilled
With mingled odors rising from the mead.

Pure as the prayer of fair Evangeline,
The voice of thy sweet dreaming; musical
As thrushes chanting in the woods of June;
Whilst like Sandalphon in his heaven serene,
Thou standest, and to wreaths purpureal
Changest with thy sure hand each warbled tune.

Daniel J. Donahoe.



PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.

The news that Canon Bruchesi had been raised to the dignity of the Archiepiscopal Throne of Montreal was greeted with marks of the most unmistakable approval. The new archbishop is a native of the Canadian metropolis. Born October 20, 1855, Napoleon Paul Bruchesi received his elementary education in the Christian Brothers' School of St. Joseph's church, of which, in later years, he was destined for a period to be the vicar.

Leaving St. Joseph's school young Bruchesi entered Montreal college, where he first determined to study for the church. On the completion of his first year in philosophy, he left for France, where he continued the studies in the Grand seminary at Issy, near Paris. After spending a year there he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. His course there extended over three years, after which he went to Rome, being admitted to the sacred order of the priesthood in the Eternal City in 1878.

While in Rome his thorough acquaintance with the laws of the church and the vast knowledge he had acquired while still a young man attracted the attention of the Papal Court, and before leaving Rome for his native city he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity and Licentiate in Canon Law.

Returning to Montreal in the year following his ordination Canon Bruchesi was at once appointed Professor of Dogma in the Laval university of Quebec, occupying the chair for four years. At the expiration of this period Archbishop Fabre summoned him back to Montreal and gave him the charge of the parish of St. Brigide, but three months later he was transferred to the vicarship of the church of St. Joseph. He remained at St. Joseph's church until 1886, when His Grace appointed him as one of his advisors when he formed his chapter in that year. Canon Bruchesi represented the educational department of the Province of Quebec at the World's fair in Chicago.

Mgr. Bruchesi has always manifested a deep concern in all matters associated with the Catholic press, and on more than one occasion has spoken eloquently in its behalf.

Greater New York has no dearth of good material in her forthcoming mayoralty contest, and among the most distinguished candidates for the honorable position of chief magistrate of the Western metropolis is Morgan O'Brien. He is a sturdy character, true to his creed and to his race, and always notable for his genuine Americanism.

Photograph by
Laprez & Lavergne, Montreal.

MGR. PAUL BRUCHESI.
Archbishop of Montreal.

It will be interesting for Eastern readers of Donahoe's to know something about the gentleman elected by the Democratic and non-partisan parties for Mayor of San Francisco.

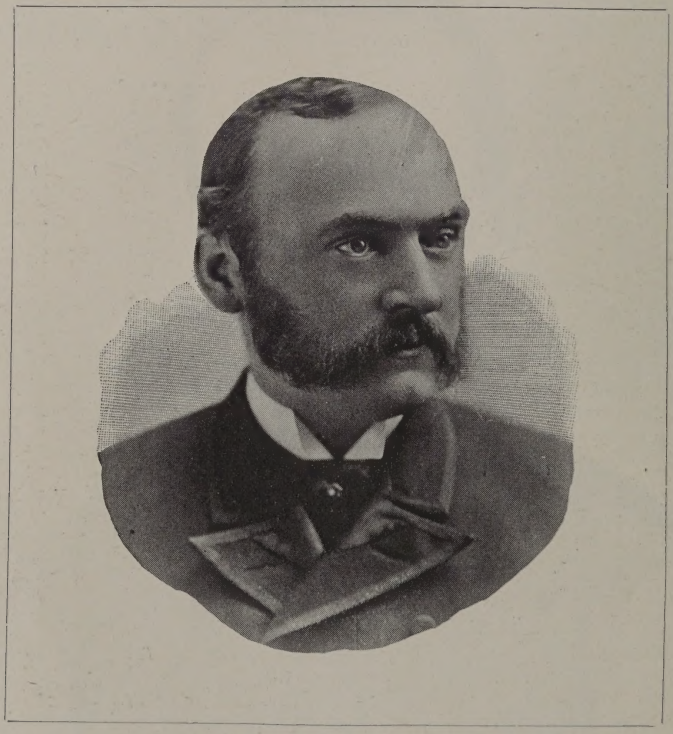
James D. Phelan was born in 'Frisco thirty-seven years ago. He descends from a worthy sire, who came to this country from Ireland when he was but six years of age, and arriving in California, as a pioneer, established in time one of the largest mercantile houses of the period as early as 1849.

When he wound up his commercial career he entered upon one of finance, establishing the First National Bank of San Francisco of which he was its first president. The legacy of character which he left his family was not less large than his ample estate. In 1882 James D. Phelan graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts from St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, and turned to the study of law at the University of California.

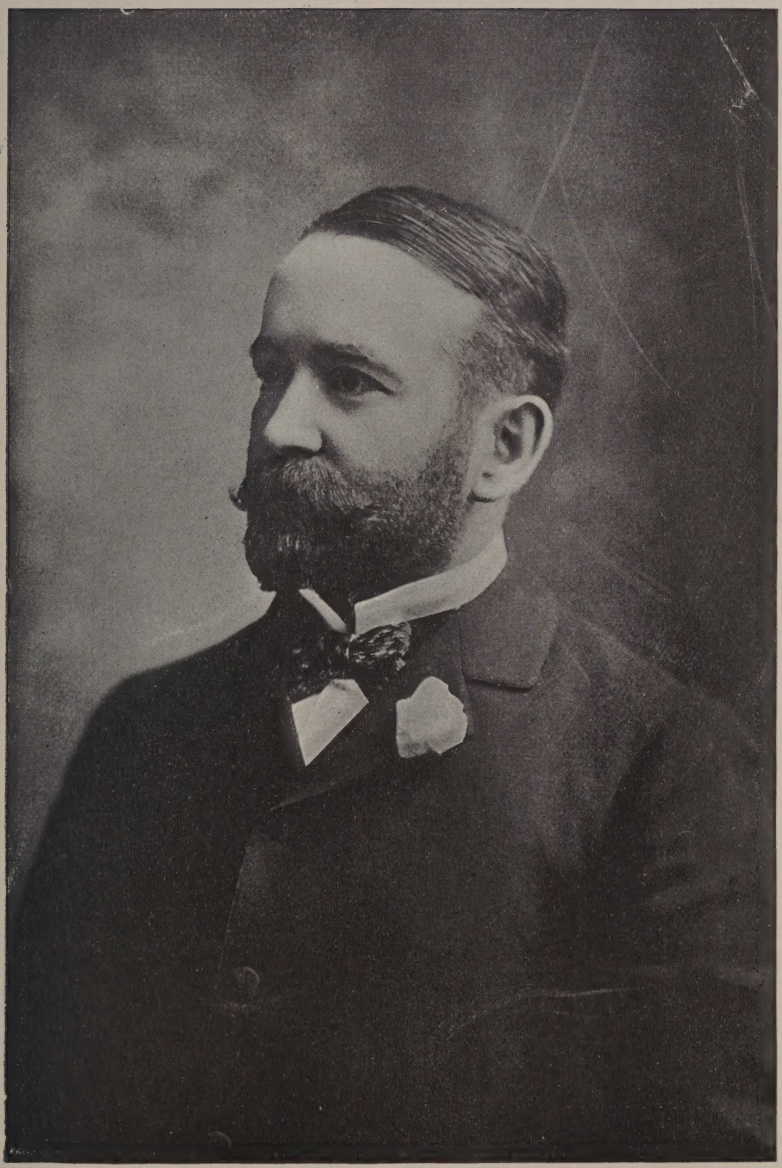
Then he traveled in Europe for a year and a half. The election of Mr. Phelan for Mayor of 'Frisco seemed to be the logical culmination of a career devoted to the public interest. He has served in many capacities—as president, for instance, of the Bohemian Club, and of the San Francisco Art Association.

As president of the latter organization he certainly put new life into the dry bones of art on the coast and the men of the brush are his best friends. The great picture of Arthur Matthews, which illustrates so faithfully the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco, was produced under the stimulus of the prize he offered. He also contributed toward the chair of argumentation in the University of California, a favorite study of his.

He is making a model Mayor.



HON. MORGAN O'BRIEN.



By courtesy of the Arena.

HON JAMES D. PHELAN.

Mayor of San Francisco

Queen Victoria's jubilee was not without its womanly rivalries. The representatives of the various royal houses vied with each other in exploiting the beauty of their lady members. The Catholic Princess of Naples won the prize. She was pronounced the most beautiful woman in Europe. Public opinion and expert judgments united in crowning her the most charming of the many handsome women who represented the different courts at the jubilee exercises in London.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ITALY.

Miss Lelia Hardin Bugg belongs to an aristocratic Southern family, and they have always been staunch Protestants. Her grandmother was a convert to the Faith, however, and this lady early entrusted the education of her grandchild to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessey, who was at that time parish priest of Iron Mountain.

Miss Bugg is very accomplished, and next to books, a friend writes, she loves music passionately. She plays on the piano and harp, and is a discriminating and appreciative critic of art. She has been fortunate in her training and surroundings, a quick observer, a careful reader of human nature and a brilliant talker; she occupies a high place in society.

Her first book, "The Correct Thing for Catholics," has gone through twelve editions, and is still in great demand.

Mrs. Elizabeth Washburn Brainard is one of the best-known artists in Boston. Her portrait work is equal to that of the most eminent artists of America. A native of Massachusetts, she was born in Middleboro, Plymouth county, where her family was among the earliest settlers. Her childhood was passed there, and in the schools of that town she received her early education.

Under the care of a very religious mother she developed the traits of Christian character that have since made her so pleasing to those with whom she has come in contact. This good mother still lives to see the

fruits of the care she gave the education of her accomplished daughter. During the childhood of Mrs. Brainard the family moved to Boston that she and her brother might have the advantages of the more

LEILA HARDIN BUGG.
By courtesy of the Weekly Bouquet.

thorough educational institutions of the city.

Mrs. Brainard's artistic instinct was apparent, and when she expressed a desire to enter the Art school her family assisted her in every way. Having taken her diploma she went to Europe to get the benefit of the greater experience of the artists there. It was while she was studying the works of the great Catholic masters that her attention was attracted to the Catholic Church and the beauty of its docrine and ceremonial soon led her to form a better acquaintance with both. Study made her accept the truth, and she placed herself under the instruction of the Jesuit fathers and was baptized.

With her acceptance of Catholic belief her troubles began. Her former friends practically deserted her, and she had no ac-

MRS. ELIZABETH WASHBURN BRAINARD.

quaintance among her new co-religionists. But the grace of fortitude had been given her in baptism and she bore the trials with patience, trusting that God in His own good time would bring about a change.

She had located in New York, where her ability forced success. Her pictures were given positions in the art exhibits, and while there she painted portraits of several of the former presidents of the College of St. Francis Xavier and Fordham, and was given sittings by a number of well-known persons. But like all Bostonians she longed for the scenes of the city of her childhood, and returned to it. Since her return she has done a number of works, among them portraits of the late Father Fulton, S. J., and of Father McGurk, S. J., late president of Holy Cross College. Her latest work is a reproduction of the famous Jesuit Madonna, or Madonna della Strada, the original of which is in the church of the Gesu, Rome.

Mrs. Brainard is as modest as she is talented, and although extremely religious, and of great piety, she never intrudes either upon others. She is one of those persons of whom it is sometimes said that one must know them to understand them, and the more intimately one knows them the more one admires and loves them.

Mrs. Brainard married some years ago the late S. C. Brainard, a well-known lawyer and writer of Boston.

SAINT PATRICK:

HIS LIFE, LEGENDS, AND MIRACLES.

By P. J. Lynch.

Continued.

The Exercises of the Pilgrimage.

The penitential exercises at the purgatory were far more rigorous in former years than at the present day. Dr. Fleming, writing in 1625, says the pilgrims remained ten days on the island, all the time being devoted to fasting, watching and prayer, all sleeping on the bare ground and subsisting on bread and the water of the lake. During twenty-four hours of the time they were shut up in a cave, eating nothing during the whole time.

Messingham, a contemporary writer, says: "During the nine days of the pilgrimage a rigorous fast was observed on oaten bread and the waters of the lake. The pilgrim was first conducted barefooted to the Church of St. Patrick, around which he moved on his knees, seven times inside and all the time. He was then conducted to seven stations. * * * Thence he proceeded over a rough and rocky seven times outside, repeating prayers path to a spot on the border of the lake, to which tradition pointed as the place on which St. Patrick knelt in prayer. * * * * All this was repeated three times a day; on the eighth day it was repeated six times. Confession and communion followed on the morning of the ninth day, and then the pilgrims entered the cave, where twenty-four hours were devoted to fasting and meditation."

Towards the close of the eighteenth century the penitential austerities were much modified and the period of the pilgrimage was reduced to three days. Then, too, the old cave was superseded by a church named after St. Patrick, and this proved a more convenient and agreeable "prison" than the underground cavern. Neither is confinement in this "prison" so rigidly enforced. The Station period generally lasts from June 1 to August 15. It is customary for the pilgrims to arrive fasting and to perform at least one station before partaking of food. The pilgrim commences with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in St. Patrick's Church. Next he visits "St. Bridget's Cross," makes the circuits of St. Patrick's Church and successively performs the stations at "St. Bridget's bed," "St. Catherine's bed," "St. Brendan's bed" and "St. Columba's bed." Next he goes to the large penitential "bed"; goes to the spot, Leac-na-Moan, at the water's edge, already referred to; returns to St. Patrick's cross; then enters the church, and on the evening of the first day enters the "prison." In 1870 Pope Pius IX. attached a plenary indulgence for an indefinite period to the worthy performance of the pilgrimage.

One more peculiarity of Lough Derg remains to be noted: Salmon will not live in the lake, and sceptical people have tried without success to introduce the fish there. The old legend says the lake once abounded in salmon, like its near neighbor, Lough Erne. On a certain occasion St. Patrick was expected to make a visit to the island, and the monks, in order to have a suitable repast pre-

pared for him, went out to fish for salmon in the lake. They remained out most of the day, but for some reason they could not catch any fish, and they were sorely disappointed in consequence. They explained the situation to St. Patrick, who declared that were compelled to realize that the God of whom he preached was a being whose attributes transcended anything they had ever thought possible.

It is related of him that he raised Prince Eochaidh from the dead. The prince had a daughter named Cinne,

Death of Aengus.

thereafter salmon should not inhabit the waters of Lough Derg.

The Baptism of Aengus.

After visiting Ulster and spending some time in that province, St. Patrick passed into Leinster. His progress here was marked by wonderful miracles, so that the scoffers and sceptics who had been converted by St. Patrick's teachings, but though he himself promised repentance he kept putting off his baptism until death overtook him. With a newly born faith, however, probably inspired by his daughter's prayers, he exacted a promise of those who stood around him that he should not be buried until

St. Patrick had come. The saint arrived 24 hours later, and after praying over the corpse for some time he commanded the dead man to arise in the name of God. The dead obeyed and then indeed there was no need to urge him to be baptized. After he had made his peace with God St. Patrick offered him his choice of remaining fifteen years longer on earth, or to meet his God at once. The old chieftain promptly made his choice, saying that the sovereignty of the whole world would be nothing compared "to the things he had seen," and commending his soul to God he died.

Munster was now the only province in which the saint had not preached, and thither he directed his steps. In the Tripartite it is recorded that at that time there were idols at Cashel and that on the morning after the Saint's arrival they were found prostrate on the ground as if through some supernatural agency.

The saint was welcomed by Aengus, one of the princes, who was baptized together with a large number of his people. A pretty story connected with the baptism of Aengus still survives among the peasantry of Munster and other parts of Ireland. While the saint was conferring the sacrament he happened to place his crozier on the foot of Aengus, and as he leant upon it for support as he usually did, the sharp point pierced the prince's foot. Some time later the saint saw blood flowing from the foot of Aengus, and seeing what caused it he asked him why he had continued to bear the pain in silence instead of calling his attention to it. With sublime faith the prince replied that he thought the piercing of his foot was a part of the ceremony of baptism.

Jocelyn in mentioning this incident says St. Patrick bestowed a special blessing on Aengus and his posterity. He also blessed a stone on which afterwards the Kings of Cashel were crowned.

ST. PATRICK'S WELL, LIMERICK.

Many memorials remain of the visit of the saint to Limerick. He blessed the lands and islands of the Shannon, and prophesied the birth of St. Senan and St. Brennan, as he had the birth of St. Columba some time previously. Many curious traditions are associated with St. Patrick's well near Limerick, which is still held in the highest veneration by the people of the district. Crowds of people may be seen daily wending their way to the well, either to "pay their rounds," as the making of the station is generally called, or to get some of the water to carry home, perhaps for the use of an invalid. Such is the belief in the efficacy of the water in this respect that the poor when sick will rarely drink anything but "St. Patrick's well water."

In a large layer of unhewn limestone near the well there is what has been from time immemorial believed to be the impress of the saint's knees and body. It is the place where he is said to have been accustomed to kneel in prayer, and others say that he made it his bed. The well is supplied with water from several crevices in the solid rock and it is covered over with a protecting structure of masonry. An outer and special stream from the well is set apart for the ablution of persons affected with opthalmic diseases, and numerous cures have been attributed to the virtues possessed by the waters, through the intercession of the patron saint of the well. This description in a great measure applies to a large number of wells dedicated to St. Patrick found in many other parts of Ireland.

St. Patrick having finished his labors in Munster, prepared to travel north again, but such was the love and reverence which he inspired among the people that in thousands they persisted in following him even beyond the borders of the province, each anxious to get another look at the saint. As

a reward for their fervor the old records say that God through the saint wrought a most extraordinary miracle in the resuscitation of a Munster man who had been dead seven years. At length the time came for the final parting and the saint blessed the multitude and uttered his famous "blessing on the men of Munster," some of the lines of which run as follows:

A blessing on the men of Munster.
A blessing on their land and its produce.
A blessing on their glens and hills.
A blessing on each chief, etc., etc.

The saint now journeyed into the territory of Hy-Failge, now comprising parts of Kildare and King's and Queen's counties. A chieftain named Berraidhe boasted publicly that he intended to kill St. Patrick in revenge for his destruction of the idols at Magh-Slecht. Odran, the faithful charioteer of the saint, heard of the threat, which was carefully kept secret from St. Patrick, and on some pretext he managed to change places with him in the chariot as they proceeded on their journey. Odran was killed, but the Tripartite records that the wicked Berraidhe was struck dead on the spot.

THD DEATH OE AN IMPOSTER.

It was about this time, too, that St. Mac Cuil, like another Paul, became transformed from a wicked irreligious man into a devout follower of God. The circumstances of this most remarkable conversion are minutely recorded in the Book of Armagh. It seems that as St. Patrick passed through the country of the Ultonians Mac Cuil at first proposed to his people to kill the saint, but this plan he changed for another which he intended should first cover the saint and his God with ridicule, and discredit him before the people. Mac Cuil arranged with Garban, one of his henchmen, to feign death, and having laid him on a bier and covered him with a shroud they sent for St. Patrick and asked him to pray over him to see if he could bring him to life again. They expected that the saint would be deceived by the stratagem and that when at a certain time the supposed dead man would jump up they would overwhelm him with mockery and ridicule.

But by divine inspiration the saint knew all that had transpired and instead of beginning to pray over the impostor he turned sternly on Mac Cuil and his followers, saying: "So you make this man feign death; by my debroth it would be no wonder if you found he was dead in earnest. Look at him again."

They removed the covering and truly enough Garban was rigid in death. They were mute with astonishment and fear, for in their hearts they said that this must indeed be a man of God whom they tempted, and that they had done evil in so tempting him. Then turning to Mac Cuil the saint said: "Why have you done this to me?" and the former cruel unbeliever answered: "I am sorry for what I have done, and I now deliver myself into the power of the supreme God whom you preach, and whatever you command me I will perform."

He was baptized on the spot and was immediately filled with the grace of God. He added: "I confess to thee, most holy Patrick, that I proposed to kill you; judge, therefore, how much I owe for so great a crime." The saint replied: "I am not able to judge, but God will judge. Do you therefore depart now, unarmed, to the sea, and pass over quickly from this country, Ireland, taking nothing with you of your substance, except a small common garment with which you may be able to cover your body, eating and drinking nothing of the fruit of this island, and having a mark of your sins on your head. And when you reach the sea bind your feet together with an iron fetter, cast the key of it into

the sea, and set out in a boat of one hide, without rudder or oar, and wherever the wind and sea shall lead you be prepared to remain; and to whatever land Divine Providence shall carry you be prepared to live there and obey the divine commands."

Mac Cuil replied: "I will do all you have said; but respecting the dead man, shall his death be on my head?" The saint answered: "He shall live and rise again without pain;" and he forthwith restored Garban to life.

Then Mac Cuil departed to the seaside, found a boat in which he put forth, fettered and helpless, and a north wind arose which bore him towards the South and cast him ashore on the island of Manaan. On this island were two venerable prelates who had been preaching the word of God and to whom it had been foretold that one day the waves would cast on their island a man whom they were to instruct, and who was destined to be a great saint and their successor in the episcopacy of the island. By them Mac Cuil was rescued from the sea and all that had been foretold came to pass.

The See of Armagh Founded.

St. Patrick was next directed by the angel Victor to go to Armagh and ask a certain rich man named Daire for a a site for a church. Here he was to found the See of Armagh, in the episcopacy of which his successors were to rule while the faith remained in Erin. He obtained the site, and the church was built as directed, after which he remained some time with his disciples there. In the Book of Armagh there is a quaint narrative of the saint's relations with Daire, who was a fierce Pagan, but who became converted through the efforts of the saint. It seems that even after he repented of the deed, and one night he turned one of his horses loose to graze on the land. The saint, who had very strict ideas of the sacredness of church property, asked Daire's servants to take away the animal, but they refused. Next morning when they came for the horse they found him dead.

Daire was enraged and he sent some of his people to punish the saint. They had not gone far when a messenger from Daire's wife overtook them, and told them that Daire had been taken suddenly ill; that on no account were they to do the saint any injury, but that, on the contrary, they were to ask his forgiveness and get him to do something to heal Daire. St. Patrick knew all that had happened, and when they arrived he blessed some water and told them to sprinkle some on both Daire and the horse. They did so and Daire was healed, while the horse was restored to life.

Daire was so much impressed that he wished to make the saint a present, and he sent him a "wonderful brazen cauldron, from beyond the seas, which held three firkins," but he was exasperated to hear from his servants that all St. Patrick said on receiving the gift was "Deo Gratias." "The man is a fool," said Daire, "to say nothing for such a wonderful cauldron but 'Deo Gratias.' Go and take it away again." The servants went to the saint and got the cauldron back and again all he said was "Deo Gratias." "Truly a wonderful man is this," said Daire. "He says 'Deo Gratias' when I give him a valuable cauldron and he says 'Deo Gratias' when I take it away. His saying is so good that I will go and present him the cauldron myself."

St. Patrick's Death.

The founding of the church and see of Armagh was the last great work of the saint, and soon after he was admonished by the angel Victor that his end was near. He expressed a wish to die at Armagh, but the angel told him that his "resurrection was to be in Ulydia, the first place of all Hi-

bernia which he converted," which would be in the present county of Down. Thither he proceeded, and after a brief illness he passed away on the 17th of March, in the year 493, in the 120th year of his age.

Jocelyn relates that for twelve days the place of his death was miraculously illuminated so that day and night could not be distinguished, and that the watchers by his bier frequently heard the music of angels and the supernatural chanting of hymns.

Then arose a fierce contention between the Ulidians and the people of Armagh as to which should possess the body and have the honor of giving it burial. They arose in their wrath on both sides and were coming to blows, when the contention was decided by a miracle. They heard a voice from Heaven which sounded to them like the voice of the saint. It commanded them to fall apart a certain distance, and then to the Uldians appeared a wagon drawn by two oxen, and on it they saw a bier containing the body of the saint. They followed it, with prayers and psalms, while at the same moment another wagon

DEATH OF ST. PATRICK.

drawn by two oxen appeared to the Hy-Nial people, and on it they saw what they thought was the bier of the saint. Thus the two parties moved away in opposite directions. The oxen and wagon followed by the Hy-Nial people vanished when they reached the borders of Armagh, and recognizing the divine will in the matter they desisted from further efforts to secure the body. The oxen followed by the Ulidians proceeded without any human guidance until they reached the spot which was destined to be the resting place of the saint, and there the body was interred with solemn ceremonies.

St. Patrick's burial place is generally believed to be at Saul in the County Down, and the popular belief is that the same grave contains the remains of St. Columba or Columbkille and the remains of St. Bridget. The familiar lines of Cambrensis run:

In Down three saints one grave do fill,
Patrick and Bridget and Columbkille.

THE LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK'S HAND.

In this connection there is another very interesting legend. St. Bridget was a contemporary of St. Patrick. She was at his bedside, with other holy nuns from the convent at Saul, when he died, and it is related that with her own hands she made the shroud in which his body was enveloped. The spiritual bond of union which existed between them was so strong that when she died it was quite natural that her body should be placed in his tomb. St. Columba's love and reverence for the great Apostle were so great that when he was dying he made the request that his body should be placed in St. Patrick's grave, but in his case there was a serious obstacle in the way. He did not die until nearly one hundred years after St. Patrick's life closed, and during the vicissitudes attending the early progress of Christianity it appears that Druids and Pagans obtained possession of the district in which St. Patrick's grave was located. Their possession resulted in the destruction of all the sacred buildings in the place, among them the church of Down and the tomb of the saint, so that it became impossible at the time to comply with the dying wishes of St. Columba.

After some years had elapsed, however, the Christians again secured their old heritage, and on one 17th of March while a solemn assemblage was being held in the ruins of the old church, the people were astonished to see a small, strange-looking skiff floating on the incoming tide. There was no one in the craft, —but some mysterious agency seemed to guide it directly towards the spot where the people stood. Marvelling greatly, they went towards it and found that the skiff contained a mouldering coffin, having all the appearance of having lain in the ground for several years. A scroll on the lid gave the name of its occupant as St. Columba, with the further injunction that the body be deposited in St. Patrick's grave.

By this time, however, all traces of the tomb had been lost and the people were in a dilemma as to what could be done in the matter, when lo, a few yards away they saw emerge from the ground an aged hand, with an episcopal ring on one of the fingers. All agreed that it was the hand of St. Patrick, thus stretched forth as if to welcome his saintly brother. They accepted this omen as a divine revelation of the burial place of the saint, and in that spot was laid the body of St. Columba.

[The Life, Legends and Miracles of St. Patrick will close in the next number with a paper on the Ossianic legends, and the dialogues between St. Patrick and Ossian. Editor.]

THE BUILDING OF CHURCHES.

By William Hart Boughton.

When we stop to consider the wonderful strides that are being made by the church in nearly every department, and see how she is growing more beautiful and powerful day by day, and then compare with this her advance in the matter of ecclesiastical buildings, we cannot but acknowledge the fact that in her architecture, she has made very little headway. It has always been a wonder to the minds of architects that this should be so, considering the progress that other branches of architecture have made. Enough money is expended every year to obtain some good results, and there certainly is enough good talent in the land to insure good work, but unfortunately the buildings of the Catholic Church in this country are, as a general thing, notoriously bad. It is true that there are, here and there, good examples; but—alas! there are too many bad examples just next door to make up for the good ones. I am not especially criticising the larger cities, but such as come next in rank to New York, Boston and Chicago, although there are enough architectural aberrations in these cities to make several long articles in themselves. We will look to them later on, perhaps.

Now as to the causes of this sad state of affairs. There are many, but personal observation leads me to the belief that one of the prime causes, in the part, was an effort to keep the work within the parish, as it were, and giving such an important commission to the churchman, regardless of his fitness for the work. The principle of giving the first chance to a member of one's own church is indeed laudable, and where there is this opportunity joined with the assurance of good results, it should be carried out as far as it is practicable; but when such a course is as prolific of "Carpenter Gothic" as it has proved itself to be, then it does not appeal to reason or the common sense of the people. And if, when building churches or decorating them (which is often worse than its architecture, and which will be taken up later on), those having such matters in charge would only look to it and see that the architect is one who is equal to the task, then the final results would be worthy of such a glorious organization as the church of God. Other causes of bad architecture will be taken up and considered in an article on suggestions to building committees, which will be given later.

More of the traditions of art and the rules of good taste have been rudely broken in church architecture in this country, and especially in Canada, than in all other branches of architecture, and with so little reason! The church has so many historical examples of wonderful architectural achievement, from which, with care and the guidance of an architect who is in sympathy with his subject, we should be getting good, straightforward ideas and suggestions, that such bad results as we have been getting seem utterly inexcusable. The sectarian churches being new and without that priceless ancestry of generations which left such peerless, magnificent examples of worship in stone, could not be expected to do much more than they have done, namely, to try to create new styles as

they did creeds. Consequently, when we gaze upon a building that could be taken for almost anything as well as a church, we do not feel that a tradition has been violated, but with the Catholic churches it is very different. They have the inheritance and should be the keepers of it, as well as of the faith.

The styles of architecture for the church seem to be very clearly defined, and there should be little trouble in getting good examples from which to work. The mind quite naturally turns to Romanesque, Byzantine, Norman, or one of the different periods of Gothic. The latter seems to be the most appropriate of all and the one that has been most abused.

Take the good Gothic church, with its high interior, and all lines most distinctly proclaiming aspiration, and pointing heavenwards; its groined and vaulted ceiling, clustered columns, beautiful traceried windows and many side chapels; and what can do more towards the lifting up of men and the preaching Jesus Christ, than the beauty of this home for the poor wandering soul?

The surroundings and accessories of a worship should be of the very best and most refined taste and should appeal to men as does fine music, which, it is acknowledged, can reach a mass when all else fails. I firmly believe that it can also be done by the eye—an axiom of Catholicism, this.

A very instructive and good way will be to take illustrated examples of churches throughout the country, to compare the good and the bad examples side by side, and also to show some of the foreign examples of smaller churches. We will see how deplorably deficient we are in this.

It cannot be that the American people are lacking in appreciation and good taste, for in other lines, especially their home and business life, they are above the average. Why they stop at the church door is beyond all understanding.

It is the hope of the writer that these articles may lead some parish priests to an effort to raise this part of the church's work, and lead to more beautiful ecclesiastical structures, and help to do away with the miserable piles of bad taste that are now in existence. In other articles which are to follow, we will take up besides comparison of good and bad examples, suggestions to building committees, that perhaps they may find of some assistance and value in the church building of the coming year.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Am I of the Chosen?

A series of conferences spoken by Rev. Henry A. Barry to the nuns and the public in the Carmelite chapel in the city of Boston.

This is a volume of great thoughts beautifully expressed. It is not a controversial work. It is designed for the children of the church who, through neglect of their souls, may perish within her walls. The theme of the book is: All men are sinners, therefore all men must do penance. The words of Christ, "Unless you shall do penance, you shall all likewise perish" echo and re-echo through the pages of the volume like the minor chords of some great requiem. "If," says the author, "we would only realize that we are sinners we would the draught which God compounds for us with more zeal and less reluctance drain off out of the pains, the discomforts and the humiliations of our daily life and which is empowered to work our healing, to restore to us the health undermined by sin, as well as to satisfy the claims which justice has upon us."

In the first chapter the dealings of God with His chosen nation are studied and the important part which penance played in the history of the Jewish people is brought out clearly and powerfully.

We are then introduced to the practice of penance in the early ages of Christian faith and its marvellous influence on the development of Christian life. This chapter may well startle those who are striving to make their religion a faith of ease and luxury. The readers of this book will be fully convinced that there is no room for effeminacy in the idea of religious virtue and salvation; no quarters for softness in capturing the kingdom of heaven.

The great Model of penance, He who bore upon His innocent shoulders the weight of the world's sins is portrayed in the language of eloquent love. If we are to be among the chosen we must follow His example; we must abide with Him in Gethsemane and on Calvary. "When," says the writer, "we view the sign of the cross gleaming on the steeples of our churches and gables of our schools, our convents and academies, does it — shall it — remind us of the Hero who laid down His life to save the City of God? Is the crucifix hanging upon the panel of our chamber walls in all our homes? Does the marbled or pictured Face look down upon us and greet us awaking? Ah, how many come to the Master's grave in daily meditation? How many spread flowers in memory sweet over His tomb — flowers of saintly thought and noble resolve? How many remember what the Master endured for the world? How many witness in deeds that Jesus Christ was and is the Saviour of the world? How many, I ask — the few that are chosen! Am I of the Chosen? Let us then be found in the ranks of the Chosen, quietly resting in the scars of the Wounded Master, as the robin in the branches of the tree. In the storms of life they are near and we shall go into them — the nest which we have builded — the wounds of Christ."

The three last chapters deal with such important topics as "Many are called but few are chosen"; "The number of the elect"; "Am I of the Chosen?"

That the author has treated these delicate subjects with theological precision is attested by the fact that his book bears the "Imprimitur" of Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, and Very Rev. Father Hogan, Superior of the Diocesan Seminary and a most distinguished scholar and theologian, has placed upon it the seal of his approval.

We are glad to state that after a careful perusal of these conferences we can recommend them to all our readers. They are rich, thoughtful and inspiring. As a rule the printed sermon is not attractive reading; it lacks the life and fire of the orator's voice. But in this volume the eloquence remains. Father Barry has a powerful and cultured imagination and he delivers his ideas in a style whose characteristics are strength and beauty. The pages scintillate with an almost bewildering richness of illustration. It is a long time since we have read a book which shows such a deep knowledge of the Scriptures and the Fathers of the church. It has been said that eloquence is logic set on fire. The logic and the fire are both in this volume. We congratulate the young author, and wish the book the wide circulation which its intrinsic merits deserve.

Literary, Scientific, Etc.

An interesting subject is treated in an exceedingly interesting way by William Seaton, LL. D., in "A Glimpse of Organic Life." The story of the earth's develop-

ment from its primal chaos to its present stage of perfection is a highly interesting study, and the theme loses none of its interest in the hands of the gifted author. In a familiar, easy style he conducts the reader through the different epochs which marked the successive stages of the earth's development, and charms, while he instructs, with the wealth of knowledge which he brings to the discussion of a problem of deep scientific interest. This little, unpretentious book will be found invaluable to the general reader who wishes to learn what scientific research has ascertained of the world's history from a geological standpoint. New York: P. O'Shea.

The "Defense of Cardinal Manning," by Francis De Pressense, the son of a French Presbyterian minister, has acquired a world-wide reputation. Appearing originally in the Revue de Deux Mondes, it is now presented to the English speaking world by E. Ingall under the title "Cardinal Manning." Two essays, one on the part of the writer, as a Protestant, dealing with Manning's life as a Protestant, the other giving a summary of his life after his entrance into the Catholic church, form the main divisions of the subject, while an introductory chapter is devoted to a scathing review of Biographer Purcell's method of writing history, and an apology on the part of the writer as a Protestant, for entering the arena in defense of a Catholic champion. A just and true estimate of the great Cardinal's life is presented in that fascinating and nervous style which is characteristic of the French litterateur. London: William Heinemann. St. Louis: B. Herder; $1.25.

Novels.

Margaret Deland has a happy faculty of making common incidents of life the elements of entertaining and instructive stories. In the "Wisdom of Fools," out of such unpromising materials she weaves delightful sketches, which not only please, but teach useful lessons of prudence and right conduct in our intercourse with others. These short stories reveal on the part of the authoress a rare power of discrimination and a keen faculty of observation, tempered by good sense and judgment, which claim the intelligent reader's attention and approval. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.25.

The activity of the American Catholic women novelists is evidenced by the appearance of four bright and attractive volumes from the press of Benziger Bros. All are healthful and entertaining, and though written for children, may be read with interest by all. "Three Girls, and Especially One," by Marion Ames Taggart, is a deeply interesting and pathetic tale, in which a little invalid plays the leading role, while "The Blissylvania Postoffice," by the same author; "A Summer at Woodville," by Anna T. Sadlier, and "An Heir of Dreams," by Sallie Margaret O'Malley, are brimful of interest for the young. New York. Each, 50 cents.

"The Boys in the Block," by Maurice Francis Eagan; "The Fatal Diamonds," by Eleanor C. Donnelly; "My Strange Friend," by Fr. Finn, S. J., are three short stories, which, while they entertain, point out some useful moral lesson. In the first we obtain some rare glimpses of boy life in the crowded tenement district of New York. Benziger Bros.: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Each, 30 cents.

Religious.

"The Month of the Sacred Heart" is a series of meditations for every day of the month of June. These meditations are based upon the words of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, and throw a wonderful light upon the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The translation and compilation are the work of Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A. This series of beautiful thoughts, culled from the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary should prove particularly helpful to those who cherish devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey; 50 cents.

"The Month of the Blessed Sacrament and the Thirst of the Sacred Heart," translated from the French by Rev. P. Eymard and Rev. P. Tesniere, by Miss E. Lummis, is issued especially for those who are members of the Society of Perpetual Adoration. Its beautiful thoughts are sure to prove attractive to all who value the interests of religion. New York: Cathedral Library Association.

"The Obligation of Hearing Mass," by Rev. J. T. Roche, explains the nature and binding force of the precept and in an interesting way sets forth the reasons which should persuade us to observe this important precept. The dignity and excellence of the Holy Sacrifice are demonstrated, while the excuses offered by different classes of men, who neglect to observe this precept, are met and refuted. It is a practical and helpful little treatise on an important subject. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.; 50 cents.

The appearance of a second revised edition of "Devotion to St. Anthony of Padua" by Rev. J. B. Manley, attests the

popularity of this instructive booklet of devotion. New York: Christian Press Publishing Co.

The reasons which induced an Anglican to become a Catholic are originally and strikingly set forth in a little pamphlet, entitled, "How a Protestant Became a Catholic." It is issued by the Christian Press Association Publishing Co., New York.

Miscellaneous.

All lovers of flowers and all who are interested in the progress of floriculture will welcome as a blessing the book by Lizzie Page Hillhouse, entitled, "House Plants and How to Succeed with Them." Filled with information, which the author has gleaned through many years of experience, this book discusses in simple language the nature of flower plants and the ways of caring for them, and the instructions are impressed upon the mind by the beautiful illustrations which are found on almost every page. New York: A. T. De La Mare Printing and Publishing Company; $1.00.

"Bound Together" is the title of six short plays for home and school, by Rosa Mulholland. Entertaining and brimful of humor, they will be found suitable for amateur dramatics. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. Paper, 50 cents.

"Over the Punch Bowl" is a little brochure in which the author, Frances J. Barnes, justly scores some of the customs of modern society. Her characterization of the conduct of fashionable society makes spicy and interesting reading. New York: Mrs. F. S. Evans, 161 West Eighty-fourth street; 10 cents.

Fairy tales appeal to the young, and educate as well as please. A good collection of these from the best authors, with ac- by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, under the title, "Stories of Long Ago."

We direct the attention of all who have charge of the education of the young to the excellent "Primer and First Reader" in the Peabody Series of Illustrated Reading Books, issued by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

All lovers of good literature must applaud the work of the University Publishing Company, with offices in New York, Boston and New Orleans, which is issuing in handy form the classics of the language. We have before us Nos. 17, 21 and 22, containing eight selections from "The Sketch Book," by Washington Irving, "Evangeline," by Longfellow, and "Little Nell," from "Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens. All are printed in clear, legible type and neatly bound, while an introduction, historical or critical, is found at the beginning of each number. The subscription price for this interesting series is $1.75 per year; single numbers, 12½ cents.

Marion J. Brunowe's latest book has much of interest within its pages even for those who have not had the privilege of a previous acquaintance with this "Famous Convent School." Opening with a bright description of the grounds of Mt. St. Vincent resplendent in the hues of autumn coloring, Miss Brunowe leads her readers back to the time when the birth of Vincent de Paul gave to the world an apostle of charity, whose very name brings comfort to those in poverty and affliction.

The inception of the Order, the work of Mlle. le Gras in the old world, and that of Mother Seton in the new, the foundation of the American branch at Emmitsburg, the opening of the original Mount, and its gradual expansion and development into the magnificent academy of today, all are described in this most interesting little history in Miss Brunowe's happiest style, which is saying much of its literary attractiveness.

Miss Brunowe's exceptional opportunities for compiling facts were used to good advantage, every event of note in the history of the Mount's half century of progress being faithfully recorded, thus giving to the book the additional value of being a concise, accurate reference.

The Mount is to be congratulated on having found among her children so faithful and loving a chronicler.

Published by the Meany Company, New York.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Convert's Vocation.

In the May number of your magazine there appeared an article inquiring, "What is a convert's vocation?"

The inquirer seemed greatly concerned as to what course to follow after becoming a member of the true Church of Christ. This same question has been asked by many and many a convert, and no doubt causes them many hours of unnecessary anxiety.

Let us inquire what was the vocations of the apostles in the infancy of their conversion to the faith. Our dear Lord simply said to them: "Follow Me," and this they did until the moment arrived when their vocations were made known to them, and they were given the power and grace to preach the Gospel of Truth. Their vocations were not clear to them in the beginning, for as we know it was not until the descending of the Holy Ghost that they were fully prepared and made perfect to fulfill the duties imposed upon them.

Each of us is in just that state of life God intended us to be, and in this consists our vocation. But the vocation God has chosen for us may not be our idea of a vocation. His ways and our ways are very different. Nevertheless it is our duty to follow His guiding hand and do His will by sanctifying whatever state of life He has placed us in.

We read of two angels whose vocations were very different. One was stationed all day by the side of a great statesman, guiding him to do right and fear not. The other was working all day helping a poor, insignificant little ant to climb a steep hill. At night they came to give an account of their day and they both received the same reward from Our Lord. He said to them: "Thou hast done well." The angel who worked all day helping the little ant seemed to have a very commonplace vocation, and this is the case with most of us, whether we be converts or otherwise. There are more poor little ants among us than there are great statesmen; in fact, at the present day the latter are very scarce, and those who have usurped the places of true statesmen seem to get along after a fashion, without any angel to guide them. Consequently, special vocations are scarce, and we must turn our attention to the ordinary, every-day people and help them along. History repeats itself, and this is just as true of church history as it is of the history of nations. At certain intervals some special finite mercy, raises up some soul and gives to it every grace necessary to do the great work; but these are special vocations, and are given to the chosen few.

There can be no doubt but that at no distant day there will be a call to do great work, for the incoming tides of infidelity, immorality and worldliness will receive a severe shock at the hands of an injured God, and if we prepare our hearts and keep our lamps burning, like the wise virgins, who knows but some of us may be chosen to do out part? Our vocation may not come until the gates of death are open to receive us, as was the case with the good thief, and ours may be as short-lived as was his; and again, our vocation may be like that of Mary, just to sit quietly at the feet of our dear Lord and not fret and worry about many things, as did Martha. When we consider the vocation of beloved St. John, who had to wait in exile after all the other disciples had gone to their reward, we can faintly imagine the incomprehensibleness of God's ways, for Scripture tells us that Our Lord dearly loved St. John, who had to wait in exile after trial in leaving him on earth.

A very holy Jesuit confessor, when asked how one knew what one's vocation was, answered: "Vocations are generally made known to us indirectly." Circumstances lead up to them, or some great sorrow may make known to us what God wishes us to do. Many writers tell us that there are but two states of life for a woman: The married or religious; but whether we agree with this statement or not, one thing we can with truth say, and that is that many hundreds of unmarried women in our own country today live beautiful, unselfish lives, far happier than the majority of their married sisters, and far happier than if they had tried to adapt themselves to the religious life without having the true vocation.

M. A. D.

In Our Mail.

A valuable suggestion comes to us in the following letter. Such an addition to the Woman's Department would indeed be of interest, and we trust that our readers will give practical proof of their appreciation.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sir—I have obtained several copies of your valuable magazine through a friend and find them highly edifying and Woman's Corner are particularly inviting. Although I am not a contributor myself,

I intend to be very soon. I have looked several places to find the price of your entertaining. The Question Box and magazine but failed to see it anywhere in the copies. I, and several of my friends, mothers like myself, would be delighted to have you start a Mother's Corner. We would contribute some valuable articles to a corner of this kind. I think if this plan were followed out it would be a great aid to the publication. I will be very thankful if you will publish this letter that others may be interested in my suggestion. I think it will meet their approval. I remain

Yours truly,

MARY S. HOPKINS.

How to Work Pretty Linens.

In this age of art and adornment of the home, nothing is more beautiful than the embroidered linens, mantel scarfs, table covers, toilet draperies, sofa pillows, luncheon cloths and doilies, in their dainty natural shades of fruits and flowers. That this needle work on wash material is far more desirable than that done on silk and velvet, so popular a few years ago, cannot be doubted. Yet many women complain that the colors even of wash silk will fade and dinge after a short time, and that in the end all their labor is thrown away. But this is a mistake, for if properly laundered the silk should not fade, and can be kept bright and fresh in tint until the articles they adorn are worn out.

The embroidery is no daintier work for the hands than the washing and ironing of it when soiled, and by doing it herself only can the tasteful woman keep her fancy linens in good condition. In order to do this light work of the laundry satisfactorily everything should be in readiness before beginning. A bright warm day should be selected. A small tub of warm water should be placed on a table, and a little Ivory soap to make a mild suds added; then each piece should be put in, allowed to soak for a few minutes, and gently washed out. No rubbing with either the hands or on the washboard will be necessary. After each article is clean rinse it through water slightly blued, and lastly in very thin starch water. As the strong sunlight is liable to fade the colors of the silk while wet, hang in the shade; or, better still, in an open, well-aired room. When dry, sprinkle and iron on the wrong side, pressing down heavily to thin out the stitches of the embroidery, thus heightening the original appearance. If these directions are followed, embroidered linen may be washed every week without injury.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Our Friends of the Garden.

Nearly all of us are willing to spend a few dollars each year for the tender, fragile flowers which adorn our grounds during the brief summer months. And this is as it should be, provided we have a few more dollars which we are willing to spend for their princely cousins, the hardy flowers. But if geraniums and fuchsias, and carpet and ribbon-bedding plants must be had at the expense of roses and lilies and rhododendrons, then I would unhesitatingly decree perpetual banishment against the tender plants. And yet how many of us choose them in preference to their glorious cousins; unthinkingly, perhaps, and with an idea that hardy plants are costly and slow to grow, and that they are not suitable for cut flowers for table decoration.

I wish that I could take everybody into some of the grounds I know, where roses and honeysuckles and wistarias clamber over fences and bushes, and up among the branches of the trees, and down under the rhododendrons and kalmais; and where spring is ushered in with myriads of snowdrops and violets and yellow daffodils, with crocus and scarlet tulips and rare blue scillas. Everywhere we are greeted with odors of hyacinths and daphnes and violets, and all the unsightly rocks and waste places are made beautiful with shrubs and lilies and creeping plants. As the season advances the grounds fairly blaze with floral beauty; showers of pink and white roses everywhere; columbines, poppies, pinks, irises, clematis and hollyhocks beyond computation; Easter lilies in secluded nooks and recesses, and glorious masses of auratum lilies showing stately above their own rich greens. Even November is softened by its wealth of chrysanthemums and daisies, and by its delicate pink and white anemones.

And there are cut flowers without stint; fair, fragile blossoms on long, slender stems; rich, heavy clusters for massing, and strong, delicately-branched sprays for the centres of bouquets; flowers for the table and hall vases, and for the neighbors, and flowers everywhere for the passers-by to gaze at and admire among the grass and bushes and hanging in festoons and arches from the branches of the trees.

And it is not necessarily costly, as most people imagine. A few roots and vines and shrubs to begin with, and the natural increase, augmented by careful propagation. A few hours' work in the spring and fall, putting in cuttings and transplanting, and almost before we are aware of it we have a choice shrubbery. And it is all the more valuable because we are familiar with each plant and know its requirements.

If one is in a hurry, and has plenty of

money, he can save a few years by purchasing all his plants at once. But I doubt if he would ever derive as much satisfaction from them. There is a fascination in propagating plants that more than repays one for the trouble. Every cutting he puts in, and every root he takes up and divides becomes an interesting and cherished friend. He may admire a magnificent cluster of auratum lilies; but if he remembers that he put in the little bulb which has multiplied into so much beauty, his pleasure is increased many fold.

Most cuttings root easily. Take them in the spring, before the leaves start, and put them in some moist place in the garden. The second year they will be large enough to transplant to a permanent position on the lawn. I have taken a thousand cuttings from a single shrub, and nearly every one of them became strong, thrifty plants. One of my neighbors has an acre of fine shrubbery, and most of it was obtained from cuttings and root divisions. I know of many fine California private hedges which only cost their owners the time required to obtain and set the cuttings, and two or three half hours during the summer to keep the weeds down — possibly six or eight hours' work for what at the end of two years was worth twenty or thirty dollars.

And most of the small plants may be increased almost as readily. Bulbs and roots should be taken up every three or four years — sometimes oftener — and the increase removed to another part of the grounds. I have in mind a rare variegated day lily which refused to bloom year after year. At last we took it up and divided it into four or five clumps. In less than four months each of these was as large as the original clump, and the next year all of them sent up small colonies of blossoms. The plant had become root bound and smothered, and only required more room.

F. H. S.

Rules for Women Cyclists.

Cultivate a good style of riding, sitting firmly upon the saddle and holding yourself easily.

Dress neatly and suitably. Never wear a skirt that is not at least ten inches above the ground.

Have the wheel properly adjusted, and see that the handle bar and saddle are carefully fitted.

Attend strictly to details of pedaling; a wrong form is readily acquired, and makes the rider ridiculous.

Ride carefully, keep head as well as wheel steady, and learn to control your nerves.

A Girl's Folly.

The following is a genuine extract from a letter written by a Western teacher while traveling in Europe a year or two ago:

"There are six of us, all teachers. We joined a party of tourists, as we are forced to count even the farthings closely. None of us have been abroad before or expect to come again, and as we have but four weeks on this side, we begrudge every minute in our eagerness to see and hear, and to store up invaluable memories for the future.

"We are greatly hindered and annoyed by a young girl who, with her mother, belongs to the party. She is a commonplace person, with neither beauty nor talent nor charm. But she is possessed with an insatiable desire to 'show off.'

"I try not to see her, but it is impossible to be blind or deaf to her, or to ignore her. We went to St. Peter's to hear the great Gregorian chants, which are sung by the choir of the Vatican but once a year. Miss Blank kept up a shrill whisper during the entire service.

"I went to the little circular chamber where the Apollo Belvidere stands alone, to study this highest expression of the pagan conception of divinity; and there before its white, awful beauty stood Miss Blank, posing and giggling for the benefit of two contemptuous Italian officers.

"We drove through the vast solitude of the Campagna, with its ruins and tombs peopled by the ghosts of ancient Rome, and Miss Blank during the entire way talked of the gown and hat that she wore, simpering and chattering to compel our admiration. There is nothing in the world so beautiful or so sublime as to make her forget for one moment her silly little self."

We copy these severe comments because Miss Blank's offense is unfortunately too common among even sensible girls. It is not always due to vanity, but to an eager, almost pathetic hunger for admiration and love. Such girls are sometimes quiet and natural in their manner at home, but at the entrance of a stranger become affected, giggle and talk shrilly, like ill-trained actors on the stage.

If a girl has merit or charm appreciation will surely come to her. Let her wait for them to be sought and found out. A wise old Scotchman says, "Gin your wares are good, dinna cry them in the market too loudly or you cheapen them."

"Not the New Woman."

At the Woman's College, Baltimore, the class orator, Miss Emma George Hemingway of Carrollton, Miss., said:

A college girl—what is she? For what does she stand? We are so tired. Why should we be set aside as a curious species to be studied and discussed as one of the end-of-the-century phenomena? Newspaper writers at a loss for a subject never weary in their endeavor to classify us by our peculiarities to account for us, even; to find our cause in the conditions of the age. What is there queer about us? Hear some of the headings of articles written about us: "How the College Girl Walks;" "How the College Girl Talks;" "Freaks from College;" "Academic Violets;" "A College Girl's Duty to Her Brother;" "The College Woman Versus the Society Woman" — where are the two incompatible? The queries, too, are amusing: "Is a college woman always amenable to reason?" "Is a college girl susceptible?" "Do college women marry?" "Does a higher education unfit a woman for cooking?" "Will a college girl flirt?" "Will a college woman rule her husband?" Don't ask such questions, said Miss Hemingway appealingly. College does not change, it develops us — it is not the new woman we emulate, but the true woman. We shall not set to work to twist you and the rest of the world into harmony with ourselves. We do not expect to return home to poison our families slowly with theoretically prepared dinners. We are not going to spend our lives in the kitchen, to make our dispositions crusty and keep our tempers at red heat over the bake oven. We are not going to marry, either — just to marry, though a man with a heart and brains and manhood — but that may be left to "Ruth Ashmore's Side Talks." What I mean is, we are not a Greek verb nor yet a Latin proverb. Some of us in our early youth may have evinced a desire to play with the spheres, but there are occasions now when we are equally content to toy with our fans.

Snake-Bite.

Some months ago I saw an article in one of the New York journals concerning the treatment of snake bite with the bile and flesh of the reptile. Consequently I directed a taxidermist who had on hand a number of rattlesnakes to prepare a gall-bladder for use in emergency. On or about the 12th of June the same taxidermist, an aged man, was struck on the inside of the left knee by one of his large rattlers. Immediately disposing of the snake he proceeded to examine the wound, which was bleeding freely. Suction by the mouth, a milking or strapping process with the fingers, with a hunt for and application of some household ammonia, must have taken several minutes before the bottle of bile was thought of. This was applied freely to the wound and an incision was also made, into which the bile was poured. It was probably half an hour before he reached my office, apparently all right, but a little anxious. I continued the application of the bile, and covered the wound with a piece of the wall of the gall bladder. No other treatment was pursued beyond a few doses of ammonium carbonate. There was not one particle of swelling, nor did the man suffer from inconvenience of any kind.—Alexander, in Medical Record.

Diagnosis of Measles.

There is a sign of measles almost entirely ignored found in the mouth and that precedes the skin eruption. This is an eruption on the mucous membrane lining the lips and cheeks, consisting of small irregular spots of bright red color. In the centre of each spot is a minute bluish-white speck.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Little Talk.

Once upon a time there was a family of girls very much given to reading.

When they were very young (the eldest not more than ten years of age), they lived in a country town, and as you may readily believe, new books were not to be had every day. Perhaps for that very reason these little people made all the more of the books that fell in their way.

Wise folks shook their heads disapprovingly when they chanced on the little group of sisters snuggled down, each one with a book, or as it sometimes happened, the two younger ones listening spellbound while the elder read in her appreciative way from the volume open before her. Thrifty housekeepers, urged by duty, asked the children's mother if she wasn't afraid her girls would grow up "good for nothing," or get "notions," and in their kindly meddling way advised her to set them to work on patchwork or stitching linen shirts; but the wise mother shook her head, and said she wasn't afraid to take the risks. And what was still more puzzling to these people, who scrimped and saved all the beauty out of life, the children's father was even more culpable than their mother in fostering their taste for reading — perhaps because he felt himself responsible for it. Be this as it may, he spent money recklessly, "sinfully," some of his neighbors said, in furnishing reading matter to his little reading circle.

He subscribed for papers and magazines, sent away for any books his eldest girl might fancy, and fell a ready prey to every pedler who included books in his stock. There were certain times eagerly looked forward to by these little readers; every Friday when the mail brought the weekly papers, certain red-letter days when the magazines came, and two golden holidays when the father returned from business trips to the big cities, and brought mysterious packages that took so long to untie, but once untied revealed such treasures! Dolls and dishes, and always books, somewhere hidden away, but brought to light at the last moment.

After one of those trips (a never-to-be-forgotten occasion) the children disappeared for days, and anxious neighbors were just beginning to wonder if the little L's had "caught something else," when their fears were allayed by a visit from Mollie, the six-year-old, who had sallied forth to borrow gold-thread for the baby's throat.

"It ain't diphther'?" asked the solicitous neighbor.

"No, ma'am; it's from her teeth," explained Mollie, "she's cutting two more."

"And what's come over the rest of you? You're keeping mighty quiet."

"We're reading," said the erudite miss. "Papa brought home a case of books this last trip."

"A case of books! Well, if that ain't sinful! If he don't come to want! A case of books!"

"Yes, a case of books." Mollie's slight figure swelled with pride that wouldn't fall even when the busybody said, reprovingly: "I should think your mother would like to see the wreath-of-roses quilt my Lizzie pieced all by her own self. Yon can't set the pieces in a block yet."

"I can read, though," said Mollie, demurely. "Thank you for the gold-root, and good day, Mrs. K——y."

"That child has the politest-spoken way of saying sassy things," reflected the neighbor, as Mollie disappeared down the road. "'I can read,' says she, meaning 'Your Lizzie's a dunce.'"

But to return to the case and its contents. Many children would have thought the books very dull reading, and quite too heavy to be entertaining. There were Butler's "Lives of the Saints" in two volumes; a "History of the Rebellion," Mooney's "History of Ireland," "Rules for a Christian Life," "O'Connell and His Friends," Cobbet's "History of the Reformation," and several other histories, a life of St. Elizabeth, the story of Genevieve of Brabant, Moore's "Melodies," the life of the Empress Josephine and three thick books in large type, "Willie Rielly," "The Evil Eye; or, The Black Spectre," and "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

On these the young readers feasted for weeks and months (in winter school didn't keep), reading from cover to cover, little Mollie bravely following her elders and refusing to be daunted by big words or unintelligible sentences. She simply passed over what she couldn't read or understand, and wove little stories of her own from the incidents she laboriously spelled from the books. Perhaps it wasn't quite wise to give the children so much freedom of choice, but some way after this course they never seemed to care for the flashy papers

that came in their way, when a change in the family fortunes made them denizens of a big city, and their happy young lives grew sad in the shadow of a great loss.

In the desolate weeks and months that followed the love of reading grew stronger, its silent pleasure being about the only one permitted the children. The public library, the convent library and private sources kept them supplied. They read Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Christian Reid, fairy tales, biography, history, in brief, anything and everything that came in their way and complied with the dictates of the literary standard they had established. Fortunately no harm came of this indiscriminate reading. Their school record was creditable, and they did their honest best to discharge their home duties, and to make their father less conscious of the great change that had come to them all.

But this is telling you what certain girls read and did, and not answering the question asked by so many of our readers, "What shall I read?"

Here is a list of the books in a little library, put together by a young friend of ours, a girl of seventeen:

Armine, Reid.
Father Ryan's Poems.
Father Faber's Poems.
A. A. Proctor's Poems.
Aunt Honor's Keepsake, Mrs. Sadlier.
Ada's Trust, Mrs. Dorsey.
A Child of Mary, Reid.
A Chivalrous Deed, Christine Faber.
Beth's Promise.
Christine, or the Little Lamb.
Callista, Newman.
Coaina, Mrs. Dorsey.
Carroll O'Donoghue, Christian Faber.
Dion and the Sibyls, Miles G. Keon.
Don Bosco.
Elaine, Mrs. Craven.
Elinor Preston, Mrs. Sadlier.
Ellen Middleton, Fullerton.
Edith, Lady Herbert.
Fabiola, Cardinal Wiseman.
The Flemings, Mrs. Sadlier.
Gertrude Mannering, Frances Noble.
Grapes and Thorns.
Guide to Catholic Young Women, Deshon.
Glories of the Sacred Heart, Cardinal Manning.
Grantley Manor, Fullerton.
The House of York.
Life of St. Francis of Assisi.
Life of the Blessed Virgin.
Legends of the Best Beloved, E. C. Donnelly.
Life of St. Aloysius.
Life of St. Teresa.
Life of St. Agnes of Rome.
Lady Bird, Fullerton.
Little Lives of Great Saints.
Linked Lives, Douglas.
Life of Cure d'Ars.
Life of Gallitzin, Prince and Priest, S. M. Brownson.
Life Around Us, M. F. Egan.
Maureen Dhue, Sadlier.
Mirror of True Womanhood.
Merry Hearts and True, Crowley.
Marriage of Reason, Egan.
Palms, Mrs. Dorsey.
Rosemary, Fullerton.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary.
Tangled Paths, Mrs. Dorsey.
Truth and Trust, Fullerton.
Valerie Alymer, Reid.
A Woman of Culture, Rev. John T. Smith.
History of Catholic Missions in the United States, J. Gilmary Shea.
Tales of the Angels.

There are many more that you will like to read, and it will please us much to hear from our girls telling us what they have read and the favorites they wish to add to the list.

Among the later books you will like to read Marion Brunowe's "Laughter and Tears," and get acquainted with the real live characters she presents to you. Miss Brunowe's style is to be commended, it is so natural, and you will also like to read her description of "A Famous Convent School." Margaret Kenna's "Madonna of the Snowflakes" is a collection of little sketches you will do well to add to your list, and Father Finn's stories are always interesting, and — but we must be satisfied to leave the rest for another time. Some one is saying sternly that we have already taken more than our share of space.

The Wise Fools of Gotham.

Upon an eminence about a mile south of the village of Gotham, in Nottinghamshire, England, there is standing a bush, known far and wide as the Cuckoo Bush. This is not the original shrub, but was planted when that died of old age. The story told in connection with the Cuckoo Bush is one of those strange tales which abound in out-of-the-way corners of that country which treasures its folk-lore and keeps to its old customs more tenaciously than any other land upon earth.

Once King John sent word that he was about traveling to Nottingham, and intended to pass through Gotham meadow. This aroused the direst consternation among the citizens, for by the ancient law any land which the King journeyed over became at once and forever a public road; and so, by some strategem which does not figure in

the story, they managed matters so cunningly that the passage of the monarch was diverted, and he reached his destination by some other route. When he discovered the trick which had been played upon him he flew into a great rage — as kings had a way of doing long ago — and sent some messengers to find out the truth of the matter, and to punish the Gotham men if they were found guilty. But the shrewd people heard of the coming of the King's messengers and gathered together for a hurried consultation.

"Let us pretend we are foolish," said one, "and the King will forgive us."

"Agreed," was the shout; and as the gay trappings of the royal messengers appeared over the brow of the hill the Gotham men set about doing the silliest things imaginable.

Some of them rolled great cheeses down the hill; others drew carts and wagons up to the top of a barn; several caught an eel and dipped it in the pond; while a number were found dancing about a bush. The spokesman among the visitors began his questions:

"Why, what are you doing with those cheeses?"

"Tumbling them down hill in hopes they will find their way to market."

"Why do you draw those carts and wagons to the top of the barn?"

"To shade the forest trees."

"What are you doing with that eel?"

"Trying to drown him."

"Why do you surround that bush?"

"To catch the cuckoo that is perched upon it."

"You are a pack of fools," said the ambassador. And he went back to his royal master and told him that it would be cruel to punish people who had unfortunately been born without wits.

Hence the saying, "The wise fools of Gotham;" and this is probably the reason why the famous bush has been preserved. There is a nursery rhyme familiar to everyone which runs:

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger
My tale had been longer.

This is doubtless in relation to some further unrecorded prank perpetrated by the villagers who outwitted the ambassadors of King John.—Ave Maria.

Hugo and Fleece.

W. L. Murfree, brother of the well-known novelist, Charles Egbert Craddock, recently related a remarkable instance of a dog's affection for his kind.

It was during the war, when the Murfree family lived near Murfreesboro, Tenn. The children owned two dogs, a great St. Bernard named Hugo, and a tiny white poodle, Fleece. The two were inseparable companions, and wherever Hugo's dignified self appeared there gamboled beside him the absurd bundle of curls and wool. It was Landseer's picture of "Dignity and Impudence" in life. Hugo looked with anxious solicitude after Fleece if the little fellow ran away, which he frequently did, and never gave it up until he brought Fleece home again in safe conduct.

Battles were raging all around them and one night the firing was so near and incessant that no one slept.

The next morning Hugo and Fleece were missing, and while the children searched for them Hugo wearily walked through the gate, carrying poor little Fleece's dead body.

He walked to his mistress and laid his burden gently down at her feet, then with a look of unutterable grief laid himself down beside it, nor could they coax or drive him away. Little Fleece's white coat was blood-stained. A stray bullet had ended his happy little life and the children wept over the sorrows of war, realizing as never before what it meant.

They had a most elaborate funeral, and buried Fleece with military honors, with his body wrapped in a flag, and they marched to the grave to the beat of a toy drum, with Hugo, who followed close, as the chief mourner. When the little mound, flower-covered and draped with a flag, was finished, Hugo laid himself down across the tiny grave and refused to be comforted. He would neither eat nor drink, and the next morning they found the great fellow stiff and cold in death, still faithfully guarding the mound that covered his dear little friend. His great, loving heart was broken with grief.

Swimming.

It is both sensible and humane to urge upon all who have the physical training of boys and girls in charge that they teach these young people the art of swimming. The fact that water is not the natural element in which we live is argument enough to use on this point. Water occupies so large a proportion of the surface of the globe that no one can travel far without having to cross river, lake or ocean.

The utility of the accomplishment appears in a painfully strong light when we read the reported wreck of a steamer on the coast of Scotland, where any one who could swim the distance of sixty feet was able to save himself, and yet eighty lives were lost.

Most of the public schools of England are provided with a swimming master, and his training is not left optional with the boys. In those schools near rivers where boating is a form of exercise and recreation, the boys are obliged to pass a swimming test before they are allowed to enter a boat on the river. It is said that in the grammar school of Chester a boy must be able to swim in his clothes four times round the city swimming bath before he is allowed to go into a boat's crew on the Dee. Such requirements would be as reasonable here as they are in England, because our boys are as well worth saving as English boys.

One Good Turn.

Mrs. Gould was not in good humor that morning. What with her ironing and the cat getting to the newly "set" milk, and the cake falling just when she was building hopes on its being the "show cake" of the church convention dinner, she was anything but a promising customer for the two hopeful boys who were approaching with pails of freshly-gathered huckleberries. She had just taken out the offending cake with a sniff, and shut the door of the refractory oven with a bang, when she heard their timid knock.

"Well, who be ye, an' what d'ye ye want?" she called sharply.

The door opened wide enough to show two shock heads of tow-colored hair and two eager, sun-tanned faces.

"Want some — want some blueb'ries?" squeaked the owner of the larger shock head.

"No, I don't want some — want some blueb'ries," snapped Mrs. Gould, "so git along with ye, an' shet that door, an' mind ye don't trapse on the grass or pick any o' them rosb'ries on the way out. It's an everlastin' knock, knock, knock at this house. Well, what now?" as the door shut gradually and then opened a few inches.

"Ye can have 'em f-f-f-for four cents, ma'am," stuttered the boy, insinuatingly.

"No, I don't want 'em f-f-f-for four cents, nor f-f-f-for four nothin's," mimicked Mrs. Gould, impatiently. "Now, scat!" and she made such an energetic movement that the door closed with a sudden apprehensive creak. But as she heard the latch click into place, Mrs. Gould's anger vanished in a look of consternation.

"For the land's sake! I clean forgot 'Zekiel's pies," she ejaculated, "an' only this mornin' he said he didn't see why we couldn't have huckleberry pies, like other folks. Seems like there's everything to fluster folks these days. Here you — you Simpkin boys," through an open window, "how many ye got?"

"T-t-t-ten quarts," came back an eager but rather distrustful voice.

"Well, I'll give ye jest thirty cents for the lot. It's all they're wuth, an' I ain't no time for hagglin'. Come, bring 'em in, quick! Everything's whichway today, an' I'm on committee for cakes, an' bound to do for two or three delegates. Hurry!" And before the slow-witted boys could decide whether they wanted to sell the berries for that price or not their pails were empty and they were half way down to the road with the thirty cents clutched tightly by the fingers of the older.

"'Tain't enough," said the younger boy, despondently.

"No, it costs f-f-f-forty-five cents. I asked to the store this mornin'. An' this is gran'pa's birthday, an' there ain't t-t-t-time for us to p-pick any more berries to sell. I 'most wish we hadn't let Mis' Gould have 'em. Maybe we'd g-g-g-got more somewhere else."

"An' gran'-pa'd been awful pleased to a got the hat," said the small boy reflectively; "his old one's clean worn out, an' he says he's 'shamed every time he goes to the meetin' house. He ain't got no money, an', of course, ma can't spare any, 'cause she's savin' for the rent. Seems like folks hadn't ought to have to wear things, an' to eat."

"Well, we'll be g-g-g-gettin' bigger some time; an' then we'll do more'n pick berries. Maybe we'll own a house without any r-r-r-rent to it." He squared his shoulders hopefully, then a look of terror flashed into his face; and at the same moment a harsh, menacing bellow came from the roadside near them.

"Oh, B-Benny, look! Mr. Gould's bull's nearly out, an' he's awful ugly. There's t-t-t-two fence rails off a'ready."

"Let's run," quavered Benny, his face whitening; but as he turned the older boy caught him by the shoulder.

"No, we mustn't," he cried, rising above the infirmity of speech in his excitement; "there's the Jones children playin' in the road, an' lots o' wimmin an' children round in reach of him if he gits out. Likely he'd hurt ever so many. We've jest got to fasten him in, Benny, that's all."

"But we can't do it, Tom," expostulated the small boy; "he'd tear us to pieces. S'pose we run an' tell Mis' Gould."

"Ain't no time; he'd be out f-f-fore we got back." His voice was growing calmer as he rose to the emergency, and now his clear gray eyes swept comprehensively over the field.

"Here, B-B-Benny!" he cried, peremptorily, "give me that red shirt o' yours, quick! I'll run down the road and cross

through t'other side the field an' shake it at him, an' then when he p-p-p-puts for me, you jest fix the fence up as quick an' good's you can. I guess maybe you'n l-l-l-lift the rails. 'Tany rate, do the very best ye can."

"But he'll git you, Tom."

"N-n-n-not if I can help it. Anyhow, 't won't be but one if he does, an' if he gits out he'll l-l-l-likely hurt lots o' folks Now mind! Work hard an' do it quick!"

Three minutes later he was racing across the lower end of the field, shouting vociferously, and waving Benny's red shirt. Instantly the bull ceased pawing and bellowing by the fence, and dashed madly in pursuit. Benny gazed at them breathlessly for one awful second, then he turned resolutely to the fence and strained every muscle in raising the heavy rails back into position.

Ezekiel Gould was jogging leisurely toward home when he saw the flying boy and fluttering shirt, and close behind them the raging bull.

"At it ag'in," he cried angrily: "some o' them mischief-makin' boys 'll git hurt if they don't quit pesterin' that bull," and he urged his horse forward just in time to reach the lower fence as the boy threw himself over, with the bull only a few feet behind. Before the boy could recover his breath, Ezekiel had him in his grasp and was raining blows upon his shoulders with the heavy wagon whip.

"I'll l'arn ye, ye young villain;" he stormed wrathfully. "Take that! and that! and that! Shake red clothes at my bull, will ye? I a'most wish he'd got ye," and then more blows were rained upon the squirming, expostulating boy, and not until the old man's wrath was beginning to be appeased by exhaustion did he learn the true state of affairs.

"Well, now, I am sorry I trounced ye so," he said regretfully, "but then," brightening up, "ye have been in mischief 'fore now, an' ye 'n let this whippin' go to square that." He hesitated a moment, and then thrust his hand deep down into his pocket, where he allowed it to remain for several doubtful minutes. At last, with a sigh, he drew it reluctantly forth.

"Ye've done me a good turn," he said, "an' I ain't the man to forgit a thing o' that kind. If the bull had got out he'd a done no end o' damage, an' I'd a been held responsible. Now here's a dollar for ye, an' I hope ye'll spend it keerful."

"Is it for me to keep — my very own?" asked Tom.

"Yes, your very own," magnanimously, "an' I guess mebbe ye've airned it."

As the two boys walked down the road, Tom rubbed his shoulders from time to time.

"It h-h-h-hurts like anything," he said, with a wry face, "but I guess I'm pretty well p-p-p-paid for it. Now we'll go to the store an' git gran'pa's hat, an' we'll git one o' them twenty-cent ones for Jennie. That'll b-b-be — let's see — that'll leave thirty-f-f-f-five cents, an' thirty for the b-b-b-berries. I guess we'd better save that for capital, B-Benny."

And Benny said he guessed they had.

—FRANK H. SWEET.

Parmentiere Day.

In Paris during the reign of Louis XVI. there lived a chemist named Parmentier, a good man, but, like many men of science, often misunderstood.

The common people called him a wizard, and the children ran from him in the streets, and there were terrible stories told as to how, in a room at the very top of his house, he made strange incantations and brought the devil to his aid. Had they not smelled the very fumes of Hades?

Then, too, he was known to be in league with the Queen, Marie Antoinette, "The Austrian," as they scornfully called her. Parmentier was rich, too, and altogether he was anything but a favorite with the people. It mattered little to him, however; for, absorbed in his beloved experiments, he thought of little else.

He was working especially hard over one thing, and at last he attained his end. There grew in France at that time a plant which blossomed with pretty white flowers, and their roots were pulled up and fed to the cattle. Parmentier felt sure that these queer tubers would be good to eat, and as food was very scarce in France, he determined to analyze them until he found he was right. Then, however, he could not get the foolish people to touch them.

"The wizard means to poison us!" they cried, and Parmentier was in despair.

At last he went to the Queen, telling her how hard he had worked to aid the starving people, and of how little use he had been.

"Never mind, my good Parmentier," said Marie Antoinette, with that gracious sweetness which won even her enemies at times, "I will arrange it all."

She gave out invitations for a grand state dinner, to be followed by a ball, and the people grumbled that "The Austrian" must amuse herself while Paris was starving.

But at the dinner plain old Monsieur Parmentier, the chemist, had the seat of honor.

The Queen wore a magnificent blue satin gown and on her corsage were white

blossoms, and she carried the same common flower in her hand. Strangest of all, at the dinner the whole menu consisted of dishes made from the common tuber, for such had been the Queen's orders, and French cooks were clever.

Now, when the common people heard of this and saw that the nobles and the court had eaten the queer tubers and had not been poisoned, they began to eat them themselves, and named them "Parmentieres," after the chemist.

That is the way the French began to eat potatoes, and as they owed them to Monsieur Parmentier, they have a pretty custom to hold him in remembrance.

He is buried in the lovely cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise in Paris, and on the anniversary of his death each year, the people of Paris flock to his grave, which has potato plants all about it. But they do not come empty-handed, for, rich or poor, great or small, according to their means, bring potatoes. By night the whole grave is heaped with them, and the guards send them all to the hospitals for the poor.

This is the way the French remember their benefactor, and to this present time they celebrate "Parmentiere Day."

M. F. N.

Seals.

In the seas around Newfoundland and Labrador there are four species of seal, the bay seal, the harp, the hood and the square flipper; in the Southern seas, the leopard — so called from its spotted fur — and the elephant — by far the largest of all the seals.

The bay seal is local in its habits, does not migrate, but frequents the mouths of rivers and harbors around the coast, and is never found on the ice. It is frequently taken in nets, but commercially is of small importance. The harp seal — par excellence the seal of commerce — is so called from having a broad curved line of connected dark spots proceeding from each shoulder, and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have the figure, and not till their second year.

The hood seal is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates this hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is thus protected, even with a sealing gun, so long as his head or his tail is toward you; and the only way is by shooting him on the side of the head, and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck or the base of the skull. The young of this species have not the thick, woolly coat of the harp seals, and from their color they are called "blue-backs." The hoods bring forth their young two or three weeks later than the harps, and are generally found further from the shore on the ice fields, and also more to the north. The two species live apart, and are never found mingled, unless by some accidental convulsion of the ice. The male and female of the hood are usually found together, and it is a rule among the hunters to kill the male first, and if they fail in this, and kill the female, the dog seal becomes furious, inflates his hood, while his nostrils dilate into two huge bladders. His appearance now is terrific, and with uncouth floundering leaps he rushes on his foe with tremendous fury. Instances have occurred where a fight between an old dog-hood and five or six men has lasted for an hour, and sometimes a hunter is fearfully torn and even killed in the encounter. They have been known to seize handspikes with which the hunters were beating them, and wrench them from their strong grasp with a giant's strength. It is related that on one occasion two hunters attacked a pair of hoods, and imprudently killed the female. The dog immediately inflated his hood and rushed at them furiously. They fought him with their gaffs till nearly exhausted, and a terrible death threatened both. As a last desperate resource one of them resolved to dash in upon the infuriated brute, while the other stood ready for the emergency. Drawing his jack-knife, the hunter rushed on the dog and stuck it by a well-planted blow into the infuriated hood. Instantly the air escaped, the shield was rendered useless, and a blow or two on the nose from the gaff of the other despatched him.

The square flipper seal is the fourth kind, and is believed to be identical with the great Greenland seal. It is from twelve to sixteen feet in length. It is occasionally taken on the ice off the Newfoundland coast, generally on the eastern edge of the fields; but so few are obtained that it has no commercial importance. By far the largest "catch" is made among the young harps, though some seasons great numbers of young hoods are also taken.

Much difference of opinion prevails regarding the migrations of the harps and hoods; for that they have regular migratory movements cannot be doubted. They are found on the ice from the middle of February till May. Then they commence their northerly movement, in company with their young. Crantz, in his history of Greenland, mentions their arrival in June on that coast in enormous herds from the

south, attended by their young. In the Greenland seas they appear to spend two or three months, and as the early winter sets in with September they begin their southern emigration, keeping ahead of the ice as it forms, and moving toward the coast of Labrador, feeding in its fiords and bays as they move. Small detachments seem to lead the way, like pioneers. Behind them moves the great army in one vast continuous mass. It occupies days in passing certain points, and appears to fill the sea as far as the eye can reach. This great army on its march may well impress the beholder with an idea of the vast number of seals, on whose ranks the hunters have for more than eighty years been making systematic onslaughts without any apparent reduction of the supply. Having reached the Straits of Belle Isle, separating Newfoundland from Labrador, one division enters the Gulf of St. Lawrence; the other moves along the eastern shores of the island, feeding in the bays and inlets, but still rapidly moving south, till about the close of the year, when the Great Banks are reached. This is their southern headquarters, as the Greenland sea is their northern. The Banks are ever swarming with fish, and on these the seals feast till the end of February, when the northern migration begins.

F. S.

The modern scorcher who is occasionally mistaken for a lunatic may derive some comfort from the reflection that a similar fate overtook the man to whom he owes his existence. It was a canny Scot of the name of McMillan, a blacksmith by trade, who first conceived and carried into practice the idea that a man might be able to propel himself on two wheels with his feet off the ground.

In 1840 Glasgow was electrified on beholding a human being careering along the streets on a "velocipede." His was too novel a spectacle for the man in blue. The velocipedestrian was requested to kindly step off his wheel and betake himself to the nearest police station. On being cross-examined the wheelman was found to have covered the seventy miles from Keir, Dumfriesshire, on his machine. This was promptly considered sufficient proof by the authorities that they had a dangerous lunatic to deal with, and McMillan was promptly consigned to the jail, whence he was only released on the solemn promise "never to do it any more."

Green Mountains in Summer.

Vermont has long enjoyed the reputation of being perhaps the most picturesquely beautiful state in the New England group. Even so far back as when Champlain first visited the lake which bears his name and explored the country east of it, with its verdure-clad mountains and fertile valleys, the region was declared to excel in scenic loveliness any other portion of the great Northeastern country, and since then its fame in this direction has not diminished. The Central Vermont Railroad, which covers a good portion of the state with a network of iron arteries, has issued this season a guidebook of Vermont summer resorts, in which the beauties of the state are described in a most charming manner. The book is embellished with a hundred or more half-tone engravings and gives one a pretty clear idea of what Vermont has in the way of summer attractions. Within its covers are descriptions of the points of interest on the Missisquoi valley, Burlington and Lamoille valleys, Central and the Brattleboro and Whitehall divisions of the road, together with entertaining chapters on Lake Champlain, its islands and adjacent shores, and Adirondack and Canadian resorts reached by the "Green Mountain Route." A list of hotels and family homes and a table of summer excursion rates are also given, and the book may be had for a 5-cent stamp on application to S. W. Cummings, St. Albans, Vt., or T. H. Hanley, 194 Washington street, Boston. It's a publication every intending vacationist and tourist should see and study.

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CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

We make room for the following letter, which appears to us of more than ordinary importance. We feel that the difficulties and the position it sets forth require thought and solution.

Recent Convert writes us: Since becoming a Catholic, I have been desirous to bring others to the knowledge and experience of my own happiness. It seems to me that this is a duty. But I find most of my Catholic acquaintances regard it in practice at least as none of their affair to induce Protestants to become Catholics. They speak or act in such a way as to leave all this to the priests. Now is this the right attitude? It was the advice and interest of a Catholic friend that first induced me to investigate her religion, and I believe that others can be induced as I was to make inquiries, if no more. What position does the church hold in this matter? Protestants sometimes answer my arguments by saying that the Catholics do not want them, that the Catholic Church is too exclusive, and condemns all outside her communion. They say if the Catholic Church really wished for Protestants to know the Catholic religion, and to become Catholics, that she would show more charity to those outside her fold. I know that this is not just or truthful, but many Protestants like to argue so, and then keep aloof from the truth.

To our correspondent we would say that it is a great pity that there should be such apathy and lack of zeal on the part of many Catholics and such misunderstanding of the church on the part of Protestants. This church is zealous for souls, and her mission is to every immortal being on this earth. Those within her fold she cherishes and nourishes, and leads to a perfect growth in strength of holiness, if only they will use the means she furnishes. And as love is the perfect and the highest virtue, she trains her children in love for God and for men. And no Catholic who understands his religion but must be zealous to have its benefits and blessings imparted to every soul. There is no desire on the part of the church or of any individual Catholic to keep a Protestant outside. But as before the angels of God, so in every Catholic heart there is joy when converts enter the church. And our correspondent knows this by personal experience.

If the Catholic people were awake to their power for good, they would find many an opportunity of imparting to honest Protestants information, which they so sadly need, concerning the Catholic religion. But for one reason or another, not to any degree is the work done in this direction which should be done. We will try to indicate some of their reasons; Catholics do not like to argue, or enter into controversies about their religion. Religion to them is too sacred to afford the ground of heated and sometimes quarrelsome discussions, and breaking up of friendly relations. They are willing to set forth their belief, and feel that a Protestant seeking for information should go to the official teacher of religion, the priest. And the Catholic is happy, indeed, who can induce a Protestant to talk with the priest about instruction. How many Catholics lead lives in no way conformable to their religious belief, and arguments from such lives only repel those outside the church. Yet, these unfaithful children are not the backward ones in controversies of religion. Then, it is hard for any one, unless an intimate friend, to approach another on the affairs of one's belief and relations with God. And so the good Catholic devotes himself to praying for the diffusion of the faith and the enlightenment of souls. Only God, after all, can impart faith. And with all these and other reasons which might be presented, we still feel as does our correspondent, that the zeal and words of the lay people would go far in dispelling ignorance about the Catholic religion. Prudence is necessary in these matters, but it may be our people act on timidity or indifference, and call it prudence.

The attitude of the Catholic Church herself is very evident. She is built on the mountain, and cannot be hid. She preaches to every soul the universality of salvation, teaching that her Divine Founder gave His life a Redemption for all. She excludes no one. Her sacraments and her graces are for all. She goes into the highways and the byways, seeking to bring in all she can to the great feast. She sends her missionaries to all lands, even to risk and sacrifice their lives in winning souls to her and to the Christ. She never tires of all this. Her action is persistent, invariable from age to age. One of the strongest proofs of her anxiety to win souls who are without her fold, is in her universal custom of educat-

ing, training and establishing a priesthood from among the tribes and nations she converts. Even the priesthood is not exclusive. The sole object is the salvation of souls. Here in the United States, as soon as the Catholic Church has found herself able to rest a brief moment from her missionary labor among her children, as soon as she has been able to count a few priests to be devoted to the labor, she has instituted missions for non-Catholics. This movement is as yet only in its infancy, but it is developing and promises a great harvest.

Liberal asks:

1. Is the Catholic Church only a sect, like each of the Protestant churches, as some Protestants say?

2. Is there such a thing as a liberal Catholic?

3. Has a missionary priest any more power than other priests?

4. What is your opinion of girls living out in Protestant families, and who tell the people for whom they are working that they pay money when they go to confession?

1. The Catholic Church is not a sect. It is Christ's Church, the only one, because Christ founded only one. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my church." The sects are all outside the church, outside the true fold of Christ. They are wandering and astray, cut off from the truth. Not long ago the plan was to ignore or despise the Catholic Church, but the absurdity of their own position having come home to the sects, they have struck on the plan of recognizing the Catholic Church, and of "exalting" her to the grade of being a sect, one of the many, merely the oldest, which survive the wreck and destruction of the true church. When the true church was destroyed, how and where, they try to settle to something of their own satisfaction, though to the satisfaction of no one else. It was necessary to do this in order to avoid the absurd if not wicked position of reforming Christ's Church. About the fifth century, they say, Christ's Church had became so corrupt that it died, and the present Catholic Church survived from among the sections or the ruins. Then this "sect" needed reformation, and divisions and subdivisions became the order of the day for Luther and his imitators. What a mockery and a blasphemy, in the presence of Christ's own words that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church, and that He himself shall be with the men whom he sent to teach the world, all days, even to the consummation of the world. The soldiers who crucified Jesus rather chose to cast lots for His seamless garment than to cut it to pieces; the heretics of all ages rather seek to cut the church into sections, and then call the church which cannot be injured in such way, much less destroyed, a sect. No, the Catholic Church is not a sect. She is the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church founded by Jesus Christ. She alone possesses truth and life. And this leads us to number

2. There cannot be a liberal Catholic in any question of truth, of faith, of moral law and principles. It must be either truth or falsehood; with Christ or against Him. In faith, there can be no opinion, no dispute. Either you believe, or you do not. There is the security and the advantage of the Catholic. Doubts, hesitations, views on religion, he has none of these. God has said something, and that holds him. Now, in another sense, the Catholic should be the most liberal of all men, in the love for his fellow-men, in Christian dealings, in zeal for the good of all. Inasmuch as the Catholic believes himself to be right in his belief, he freely should impart his great privilege to others. In all his livings with men, he feels that he must be governed by the laws of charity, recognizing the weakness of the human intellect and the frailty of the human heart, judging not, condemning not, knowing that there is One alone who can read the hearts of men. The charity of the true Catholic is universal and makes him liberal in the only real, best sense of the word.

3 No, all priests have the same power by virtue of their ordination. The exercise of the power is under the jurisdiction of the bishop, or ordinary of the diocese, wherein the priest is ministering. The missioner, like the regularly stationed priest in the parish, must receive his jurisdiction from the bishop in whose diocese he is laboring.

4. It seems almost incredible that such girls are in existence. Their number must be exceedingly limited, but even one such must be an abomination, and the harm she does to religion is great indeed. Such a statement made by any one is a deliberate, positive falsehood, and in a matter of the greatest importance. To avoid even the appearance of money for confession, the priest is forbidden to take money in the confessional for any cause or pretext, no matter how worthy. We know of a Protestant woman who, after having heard the story of money for confession from the servant, sought information from a Catholic neighbor. Learning the truth, she dismissed the girl at once, rightly concluding that one who would lie in so sacred a matter was untrustworthy in every sense. If only other Protestants would do the same, investigate the calumnies against the church, they would become our best missioners for truth. But alas! the blessing seems too great for credulous humanity.

THOUGHTS FROM CURRENT EXCHANGES.

In every magazine of the month you will see the name of some new writer; you will find at least one story, or article, or poem of good quality by a writer of whom you have never heard. This has been the one jewel that some discriminating editor has found among the mass of commonplaces submitted by the majority of our forty thousand. This one writer, having gained entrance, will speedily appear again, and in other publications; and by and by his name will become known, and will stand as a synonym of and guarantee for good work, and the public will demand more of him and editors will buy from him the more rapidly in consequence. That is all there is about the prejudice for or against new writers. Editors themselves care absolutely nothing about the famous names. What they are after is the best work, no matter from what source it comes. The public, however, to a certain extent compels them to buy from the recognized author as against the tyro. The latter must prove himself the peer of the other, and then he will be recognized, first by editors and then by the public.—The Editor.

"No woman is more closely or fondly associated with the White House than Dolly Madison. During the eight years that her husband occupied the position of Secretary of State under Jefferson's administration she was almost as frequently called upon to do the honors at the receptions and levees at the President's house as in her own home, where she entertained in a delightful and sumptuous manner. She was, therefore, fully prepared for the duties that devolved upon her as mistress of the White House upon the election of Mr. Madison to the Presidency. In the graceful and skilled performance of her delicate task she gained the admiration of everyone, and added to the popularity she had already won both for herself and her husband. Through the potent influence of her personal charms, to which were added a frank and cordial manner, a sweet, ingenuous demeanor, and the happy faculty of adapting herself to the views of those about her, she readily became a general favorite. Before her reign at the White House was concluded she was the most popular woman in the United States."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The organization and development of intercollegiate athletics now absorb much of the energy that used to be given to the furious internecine warfare of classes. From immemorial time there were mighty games of football on the New Haven Green, in which whole classes engaged. The freshmen posted their formal challenge on the Bulletin of Lyceum, and the supercilious acceptance of the sophomores named the day for the struggle.

On the bloody day appointed, both sides massed in heavy column with Napoleonic tactics — while the New Haven fathers surrounded the field. When the round leather ball was kicked, two hundred men clashed together in frantic, shoving, dusty, roaring chaos, the one side striving to kick the ball to the Chapel street fence, the other to force it to the steps of the State House. Swift runners hung upon the outskirts to seize the ball, chance-directed to their feet, and hurry it amid full-gazing applause to the goal. But it was in the middle press where deeds were uncrowned, where shirts became streamers, and rib squeezed rib until they cracked, that the heroes of war and the college bully were to be found. From this Titanic struggle the degenerates of today have evolved the emasculated game which they call football, a wretched sort of parlor pastime!—Scribner's Magazine.

Hawthorne is a master, shy and humble as he was; he is a philosopher and poet. You read his tales or sketches for the first time and you have only opened the door into the chambers of his genius, not entered there. The first glance through the open doorway is charming to be sure; and so winning and attractive that the great crowd of comers pause, and never go any farther in; satisfied that no other can be more beautiful than this very entrance view. You read a second time; now the draperies are pulled aside, and you see down through long corridors, where light floats in through prismatic glasses, brilliant, yet tender; where music, not so much sweet in itself as wondrously inspiring, impels the ear and enters at the heart; where rich and beautiful designs of form and color trace their shining way from sunny floor to arching, shadow-haunted roof; and where the very atmosphere invites the soul to a meditative repose that is all action, and yet peace. But the best part of this new vista is that in opening our eyes to what we had not even suspected there before, it convinced us also that there are still new charms and wonders, undiscovered as yet, but only waiting to open out their treasures to our growing sympathy, and keener reverence. Then we shall read, and re-read, and always find something more.—Catholic Reading Circle Review.

QUIET COMFORT.

BACHELOR'S GLEE CLUB. Battleship "Maine."

PIONEERS.

See "A Parish Afloat," page 223.

"Maine."

FLEETING SUMMER DAYS.

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COACHING A FRESHMAN.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

NOW TO DOUBLE the number of subscribers — and, in consequence, the power — of our MAGAZINE. Let each subscriber send only one new name, and the work is done!

FROM FAR AWAY GERMANY and Italy come kind letters from Agnes Repplier and Marion Crawford. Both promise early contributions to our pages, — as early as health and work will permit.

WALTER LECKY has been saying several things about me. Whatever Mr. Lecky says is always well said, and I know of no critic whom I would feel more disposed to please. The pen in his hands can sting like a hornet. Glad, indeed was I, therefore, to find our critic saying nice things about my ideas as to what Catholic literature should be. But Mr. Lecky seems to think that I will not be able, for some unnamed reason, to stick to my principles. He sends up a wail of woe whose burthen is the lack of courage on the part of Catholic editors in general, and those who happen to be converts in particular. Cheer up, Brother Lecky! Send me your rejected manuscripts, and I think we can get our heads together to some purpose.

KEEP YOUR EYE on the Northwest. The summer school at Madison, Wis., was a revelation to us purblind Easterners. It would have done your heart good to see and hear the bright young men and women who gathered there. They have brains, education, Faith, of such robust and glorious character, that to come into contact with them is a tonic to tired-out minds.

Oshkosh and Kalamazoo are a deal nearer Boston than they seem on the map. A score of times, while at the school, I wished that I had had a lot of my poor, puny, little pessimistic friends on hand, to be braced up by the sight of those hundreds of cultivated men and women, — Catholics, Americans, *doers*, all of them. Long live the Columbian Catholic Summer School.

So PROSPERITY has been sighted off our coast at last! May it reach port soon, and stop many long years with us. Amen! All will not welcome it, nor admit that it is here, of course. Aunt Daphne, our old Virginia cook, used to meet all inquiries after her health with the cheering remark, "I'se miserable, thank God."

THE RESULT OF VICTORIA'S Jubilee likely to last the longest is Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Recessional," — a marvellous work of genius.

BACK WILL BE COMING soon the schoolmasters and mistresses to the task of all others on earth requiring most grace of patience and gumption. All hail to you, gentle pedagogues! I hope that the hills and the sea have stored up no end of nerve-stuff within you, and that you come, every one of you, back filled with high love for your calling. Not even the priest has a holier calling than ye. Dull, — deathly dull, but divine!

AUSTIN O'MALLEY has sent us something for publication, and Condé Pallen is going to do so soon.

NEXT MONTH we expect to publish a most interesting illustrated article on the parish in "Chinatown," New York City, presided over by that most genial of men, Father McLoughlin, whose popularity among the Celestials is so great that Ah Wing declares that he is the only man in America who can "gettee him washee without checkee."

IT MAY NOT BE editorial etiquette, but it is common sense, and makes for civilization, to talk plainly. I take it that an editor has certain duties to perform in addition to declining *MSS.* with thanks, and penning stale comments on nothing at the tail-end of his magazine once a month.

For example, I submit that an editor owes something to the cause of literary manners, and manners in general, for that matter. From time to time I propose to say a word or two on several subjects not usually made much of in editorial paragraphs.

In a world so full as ours is of real dangers, I don't intend to be as afraid of my own shadow as many would seem to be of theirs.

Come, sisters, haven't we been perched up on our editorial chairs long enough? I don't believe that it *was* a mouse, after all. Really, I don't.

NOTHING IN THE LITERARY world is likely to surpass in importance the monumental edition now being issued of the *Jesuit Relations*. This voluminous and priceless work consists of the faithful detailed reports, or relations, which the missionary fathers of the Society of Jesus are required by their rule to make at stated intervals to their superiors.

One can fancy the intense interest and the simply measureless historical value of these reports. They have to do with remote peoples, strange regions, rude civilizations, widely variant flora and fauna. They are instantaneous views, as it were, of the

action of civilization on barbarism. They tell the heroic tale of the founding of future commonwealths. They have the unconscious nicety of contemporaneous description, no less than the fundamental philosophy of history itself.

It was in Wisconsin that the project of publishing this thesaurus was thought of, and is being prosecuted to a successful issue. All honor to the West!

POETS ARE BORN in large numbers, apparently, in this country. Each mail brings me essays in verse from all quarters. Nor is hopelessness stamped on the greater part of this rhythmical output. We are going to hear, some day, from some of these now unknown singers. The mischief of it all is that nine out of every ten sing mere echoes of songs they have heard.

Adjectives are the deadliest test of sincerity and of originality. One *feels* in an adjective the divine gift of vision or hearing. And, now and then, there comes to me a bit of courageous simplicity in which every word has come straight from the heart of the man who *saw* or who *heard* what he writes of. Had I means, or the use of them, I think I would send a copy of Father John Tabb's verses to every budding poetaster who sends me lines throbbing with borrowed bombast. Tabb's work is ineffably delicate and true.

OUR MOST ABLE contemporary, the *Sacred Heart Review*, does some valiant battling for truth on occasion. In a recent issue it pitched into the "yellow journalism," and in a few forceful sentences it exposed the methods of the nasty crew in a fashion which should do good. It was publicly declared lately that "Catholics are the chief supporters" of that particularly offensive type of erotic enterprise which flourishes in New York. As to this I do not know; but I regret to say that it is true that a great many Catholics do buy and introduce into their houses those vile sheets. One man defended his doing this on the ground that the paper in question was "the only friend of the working-man." Nice friend of the working-man! Valuable friend, who debauches the working-man's daughter, defiles his home, inflames the passions of his boys, degrades, befouls, and ruins all that is pure and beautiful and high in life!

With priest and Church having only half an hour of a Sunday morning in which to elevate and refine, and the great *Sunday Opium-Joint Journal* the rest of the Lord's day, and all six of the working-days in which to demoralize, the odds would seem to be in the latter's favor.

Gentlemen of the Clergy, entirely too many Catholics are being gulled by political and social charlatans into reading, and allowing their children to read, these guide-books to Hell. What are you going to do about it?

"PAPA'S FAVORITE FOODS," by the Daughters of Prominent Authors, should prove an attractive series of papers to lovers of "literature."

Miss Starr's lectures are quaintly beautiful. One feels the fire of the soul of the Middle Ages, as she tells of the grand old Masters. Beauty, indeed, was truth then.

"I have been literary for eighteen years," said a certain lady the other day. Lowell and Holmes and Emerson died without finding out that they had ever been "literary."

Please do not forget that when I promise to try to discover your talent, you must try to ensure the presence of that scarce but charming article.

Like the man who offered to kill rats at a cent apiece, and then said to those who eagerly engaged him, "Bring on your rats," — I say, bring on your talent.

Mark Twain, growing old, bereaved, ruined, and in ill-health, is a sad thought. Alas! Poor Yorick! Wont to set the table on a roar, he eats his own heart out now, and a world forgets.

I have been spending the summer in a log cabin, and find that Thoreau was a deal saner than those neighbors of his who worried about rent and taxes. If it were not for you, gentle reader, and the rest of you, I would live permanently in a log cabin in my dear oldest clothes (how I love them!) and be "passing rich on forty pounds a year." But you come in, and I am so afraid of what you will think, that I house myself and dress myself into a state of anxious misery.

My dear Madame, if your boy does not like to read Sir Walter Scott, the chances are that it is your fault.

At this writing it looks as if the Cubans are getting the best of the long-drawn out conflict. But it is next to impossible to get truthful reports. Jingoes and the others seem to lie with equal equanimity and thoroughness. Meanwhile, on general principles, Uncle Samuel would best assiduously apply himself to his own woodpile.

Mr. Thomas Walsh of Brooklyn, among the younger men, is writing verse of an exceedingly high order. His work will appear in our columns from time to time.

Mgr. Merry Del Val, who, as Papal Delegate, has recently captivated Canada, and who it seems is a man of most brilliant parts and great ability, is still a very young man indeed. And the new Archbishop of Montreal is barely forty-two. Surely the day of the young man is not over.

The Anglican Bishops have been having just a lovely time at Lambeth, passing harmless resolutions, voting down any and every motion that *meant* anything, and complimenting the Almighty on the smooth running of the universe, and Victoria on that of the British Empire. Poor ritualists! How their hearts always ache when their Right Reverend Fathers get together and preamble and resolve all meaning out of the blooming Anglican business.

BEYOND ALL DOUBT, the great literary need just now is in the field of the short story. The enormous market furnished for the product by the magazines, seems to have utterly exhausted the supply of truly good stories. The result is the stuff we find even in the "great" magazines — pointless, colorless, worse than useless. It is a great field; one into which I would urge the young writer to venture. By dint of interminable reading through miles of manuscript, I have found a few very strong tales, and promise the readers of DONAHOE'S a genuine treat as the stories come out. We have many able writers, but many of them will have to be gently induced to leave those poor old "pious" pastures where they (and we) have been starving so long, for a fine free frolic over the green downs of Life.

APROPOS of all this, while it may be unusual for editors to discuss the merits of their contributors, I crave pardon for saying, that "*The Scarlet Glove*," and "*An Emergency*," which we publish this month, are tales which have not been surpassed in the current literature of the past two years. There are bits of analysis in the former and of color in the latter that would remind one of George Eliot and Mary Wilkins.

A SIGH.

What a day of delight there was given to me,
  What a day full of music and laughter!
But now 'tis remembered with only a sigh
  In the dawn of the day coming after.
If it had been sorrowful I could still weep
  Tears that fall when close heart-bonds must sever,
For the bitters of grief we taste always again,
  But the sweets of a happiness, never.

When the sun shall have set in a glory of gold,
  And I know that your love is the nearest,
The sound of your step the most welcome to me,
  And your eyes meeting mine far the dearest —
Ah! would I could hold to my heart the strong joy
  Thrilling then through my heart, dear, forever!
But the bitters of grief we taste always again,
  And the sweets of a happiness, never!

L. Marion Fenks.

AN EMERGENCY.

By Cora Linn Daniels.

"It's a-comin', it's a-comin'!" exclaimed Elspeth Heminway, ecstatically, as she peeked through the blinds of her front parlor window and watched the approach of a big wagon on which stood a box almost as large as a piano case. "An' they've boxed it up just ez I told 'em an' nobody will ever suspect! There's Mehitabel Wilkins a-starin' at her front gate a'ready! She's allers sure to see everything fust, ef it wuz Gabriel a-blowin' his horn! I don't care. She'll think its some o' Aunt Herbert's goods from the West,—an' she won't care to arsk right out!"

Elspeth hurried out of the parlor around to the back door where the wagon now stood. The driver was unloading the box and doing it with such ease that his face was a study.

"I don't want to be curious, Miss Heminway," said he, "but yer haint got the skeleton o' yer great granther in here, hev ye? He, he, he! It don't weigh no more'n a feather,—an' darned ef I ken think what yer got."

"Wall," said Elspeth, with a little defiant toss of her head, "its paid for, ain't it? I don't owe you no bill on't, do I?"

"Wuh, no! you don't owe nothin' on it, an' its none o' my business, I s'pose," but as he drove off he muttered under his beard, "Its plaguey light, anyhow,—don't weigh nothin'!" and slapped the reins roughly across the horse's back.

Miss Heminway was a "taut, tidy figure of a woman" if she was forty-five. Her hair, a soft gray, curled around her head like a boy's; her carriage erect and almost stately, her eyes brilliant and kindly, her motions quick as any girl's, gave her the appearance of being much younger than she was. She had lived in this tiny little hamlet all her days. The old house which sheltered her was more than twice her own age, and the pasture lands behind it had greened and browned through a couple of hundred years of Heminway ownership.

"We are Mayflower people," was the terse way she would put it when asked about her family. Three maiden sisters had been left here twenty years ago to finish their existence on the old place, and the narrow means and strict economies they had been forced to then endure had told gradually upon two until they had faded quietly out of life, leaving all to the youngest, Elspeth, who thus had enough to live just comfortably and respectably amid the dull surroundings of her native village. It was a solitary life,—one calculated to sour the temper and make into a melancholy and silent old maid, one who in her youth had met with a heart trial too bitter to be forgotten. But Elspeth was of a different mould. She seemed to have concentrated within her all the sweetness and light, firmness and courage of her ancestors, with a certain progressiveness which kept her modern and cheerful, youthful and witty, in a place where it would seem there was no inspiration whatever to a life other than that of the veriest commonplace.

The little village of a dozen straggling houses was three miles from a station, and the mail had to be brought by what was called "the

stage," although it was nothing more than a large covered express wagon; but in that "stage" came more mail for Miss Heminway than to any other member of the little community. The country post-master, who daily sorted the little pile of letters and papers in the bag, would often give a scornful sniff as he laid aside magazines, circulars, packages and letters amounting to more for her than for the whole village put together. The number of magazines and papers she took was a scandal to the whole place. "How on airth ken she afford it, I'd like ter know!" exclaimed some good woman, as she turned the pages of a "Fashion Book" she had "jest borrered for an hour or so," for Miss Heminway loaned her magazines right and left, and she herself had come to be the reference for all mooted questions. "She hain't got more'n three hundred a year ef she hez that! An' I don't believe she gits more'n twenty-five fer that air pastur land. I heered tell thet her Aunt Herbert hed left her a few hundred dollars, but law! with int'rst at four per cent. what's that?" But Elspeth had always been a great reader, and from the one good old "Ladies' Magazine" taken by the sisters when they did dressmaking, years and years ago, to a large list of the present cheap magazines and reviews, her stock had enlarged until, by good calculation in clubbing her orders, she now "had the run of the whole outer world," as she cleverly put it.

Some way, in spite of her actual learning and modern ideas, Miss Heminway could not get out of the rut of the old style of pronunciation and language. She had never traveled, and the conversation she had heard all her life had been full of quaint abbreviations, country phrases and rustic slang. "I know better," she would say to herself, "an' why can't I say better?" and she would conscientiously try,—but the first moment of interest or excitement would throw her tongue back into the speech of her own little rural world.

If she could afford to buy reading matter and fill up the parlor closet shelves with books and papers, it may have been because she systematically "did her own work" and prided herself on never having a man on the place. She could swing a scythe if need be, cut her own wood and bring the water from the deep, cool, mossy well, and when necessary none were more handy with tools than Elspeth. Shelves, sets of drawers and little convenient cupboards testified to her invention and skill with the tool-chest left by her carpenter father in the old garret when she was a child, but which now was in daily requisition. "You do hev the convenientest house I ever see," said a neighbor once, poking her nose into the "butt'ry" and seeing hooks, shelves and boxes as neat as wax, with a "place for everything and everything in its place,"—"but then, you've no children to rastle around and spile everythin' they tech!"

Elspeth's face took on a soft gray shadow. A look of unsatisfied longing came into her eyes and she breathed "No!" in a sigh. "But it keeps me strong to do these things," she cheerily added. "Look at my arms! I do think I am as strong as a man,—and I was never sick in my life, thank the Lord!"

With an expression of unalloyed delight she now stood by the great box set in the center of her kitchen floor. She had carefully locked the door, drawn the curtains, and was alone in her glory, sure of being unobserved. The case was nicely screwed together and without more ado she very soon had opened one end and knocking away some of the wooden braces inside, lifted a fine ladies' safety to the floor and stood it up by the table, laying the handle-bars and other extra pieces beside it. "No wonder he thought it was light," said she, lifting it with one hand. "It's ez light ez a

thistle down or a shadder. 'Spose it will ever hold me up?" and she sat down to gaze upon it with an air of delighted possession good to see.

"I'm goin' to call it by a name! I'm a-goin' to call it 'Emergency,' thought she. "That $100 that was left to Sarah was for an emergency,—Granther said so. An' Sarah never had one, so t'warnt used an' came down to Josephine. Wall, she never hed no emergency, either, an' so it came down to me,—an' I've kep it thirteen year an' I've never hed none,—an' now I've gone and used it, I feel it all right. I sharnt let it trouble my conscience one bit. T'warnt an emergency of need ez I know on, but Granther didn't stiperlate thet,—he said 'an emergency,'—an' this is an emergency of want, want awful bad, too,—I never wanted anythin' so in all my life,—but once,—an' now I've got it I'll call it 'Emergency' an' the money hez gone jest ez it should." She nodded triumphantly as if she had settled a vexed question forever.

Her mechanical genius came well into play in setting up her machine, and with the aid of the catalogue which accompanied it, and careful balancings by means of chairs and stools, she soon had it arranged correctly and had cleared the box out into the shed, split it into kindling wood, and hidden the wheel in a little closet she had previously built for that purpose in an ante-room to the kitchen. She could run it into the closet and shut the sliding door in a jiffy, locking it with a Yale lock and feeling certain it was safe. The people of Podkinsville had always been scandalized by one thing that Miss Heminway had always persisted in. "She sets up all night and sleeps all day, seems ter me," said Mrs. Deacon Ames disapprovingly. "Why, six weeks, when the Deacon was sick last winter and had to be set up with, there warnt a night thet her light went out till midnight, an' then if you went there in the mornin' to borrer anythin' or sech, she warnt ever up before half-past eight or nine! She hez her breakfast at nine, an' you can't get a sound out o' her house before half-past eight, summer or winter! They do say it keeps her young,—but fuz I know she allers did look young, somehow!"

This lovely spring — when the air seemed like crystal, the buds of the trees hung with dew and the dandelions peeped up so early — the old farmhouse of Miss Heminway was as silent as ever and the door as obstinately shut. But had the curious people known it, no Elspeth lingered in her bed and no mistress of the place could have answered their calls had the house been on fire!

For many days far back in the pasture hidden from the road by a deep growth of trees and bushes, Miss Heminway had worked "like a Trojan," employing pickaxe and shovel, wheelbarrow and scythe, cutting down bushes, leveling up hollows, getting out stones and smoothing the broad, level field in the form of a narrow track, which in the end made a course of half a mile around; level, hard and constantly getting better with the spring rains and the steady, persistent use to which she put it. For on every day if clear and dry, from early dawn until time to get breakfast she was learning and finally riding her new bicycle. Round and round she went, falling, pitching headlong, bruising herself until the tears came, but going on, with the best possible "grit" until by the first of May she was an easy and graceful rider, sure of herself and her steel steed, and happy and proud as a queen.

Singularly enough, no one in the village had caught her at it! She had refused to "let" her pasture this spring, and as it was situated directly behind the house and her kitchen garden, faced in by trees and approached only by a narrow path through their greenery, while it was backed by a range of hills which hedged it from the country behind, she had

been able, at such early hours and in the gathering dusk of twilight, to ride without so much as being suspected by the prying and too critical neighbors. The path she had made, however, had been discovered late in March, and had been the topic of profound discussion for over six weeks. There had not been a boy or girl, man or even old woman who could "get out" who had not at one time or other taken an opportunity to steal up through the woods to look at it or circle back to the hills and look down upon it with shocked and wondering eyes. It was so mysterious, so uncanny, so unexpected that some way, in the rural thought, it became weird and awful, something to be mentioned under the breath, to be wondered at and almost to be prayed over. Conclaves of women would gather and discuss it from every point. "Who made it? What was it for? Did Elspeth know it was there? It couldn't be for horse racin', could it? Some kind of a gamblin' ring? Mebbe it was goin' ter be somethin' later! Proberbly it was goin' ter be built on! Oh, Miss Heminway must know about it,—but why didn't she speak of it?" "I'm a-goin' to arsk her right out!" said one of the boldest.

"Wall, you'd better not!" said the post-master, with a pursed-up mouth. "Ef ye du, she'll give ye somethin' ye won't like! Why, I used to arsk her where so many letters an' papers an' things come from an' what she wanted 'em for, and what she du? She says, 'Mr. Perkins, ther Government hired you to distribute the U. S. mail without arskin' no questions, an' you hed a-better be attendin' ter your business' — did ye ever see sech imperdence, if she is a Heminway! She's too independent, she is!"

And in fact, so calm and Sphinx-like was her expression when anyone "hinted around" about the ring in the pasture, that weeks went on and nobody dared to "find out," although everyone now and then "threatened to du it!" But she was in secret not so independent as they thought. One man in the township was the cause of an intense modesty and carefulness on her part. David Brainard might not approve of bicycle riding for women! To be sure he lived seven miles away, up the side of a long stretch of hills, and latterly he was seldom seen in the village, for his business always took him to the town of Dover, in the other direction, — but a bicycle had never been seen in Podkinsville under either man or woman, and the far-away rumor that such a machine was really ridden in the city had culminated in a strong attack on the immodesty and unwomanliness of the "New Woman," by the fledgling of a minister who had been called to preach every other Sunday in the district school house. His description of the shameful and disgusting sight of a woman, "straddling" two wheels, as he coarsely put it, had made such an impression on his hearers, that even the half dozen young men turned red as they glanced sheepishly at the ignorant, rosy-cheeked country lassies, who "would never think of such a thing for all the world."

Elspeth had been present when this rare sermon had been delivered, and so had David Brainard. She watched him furtively and saw his face grow grim and set in the old way she knew so well, and concluding he agreed with the preacher, her heart sank within her as she thought of her bicycle, safely locked in the back kitchen. For if there was anything in the world that David was, it was that he was "set." If it hadn't been so, wouldn't they have been married years ago? They had been engaged, and their love was true and sweet, strong and durable; but their wills were equally strong, and when with a little money left him David had begun to speculate and buy up this and that, sometimes losing money, Elspath had urged and begged him not to, until finally they came to an open quarrel and he declared the

money was his own, and that he knew enough to make it more if she would let him alone; while she declared, "You are a-goin' down hill fast, David, and at this rate you will soon reach the bottom!" "I ain't, I ain't a-goin' down hill," he answered, with spirit. "I'm a-goin' up hill, if you'll only give me time! Can't you hev no faith in a man?"

"Not in a specerlatin' man," said she, "an' I ain't a-goin' down hill with him, neither!"

"Ez yu please, Elspeth, but I love ye, an' allers shell! Come!" he cried impetuously, "put yer arms around my neck an' let's make up!"

"I won't!" she cried, her eyes flashing; "I won't till I'm a-goin' down hill faster then you be now!" and she turned scornfully away.

"I won't speak to ye till ye do!" he said, setting his mouth like iron. "You hear me, don't you, Elspeth?"

"Yes, I hear ye, an' ye ken abide by it!" answered she. And so they parted.

This was, oh, so many years ago, and David had the best of it. He kept his promise and did go up hill, not only rapidly but literally. On the top of a ridge of hills far back of the village was a farmhouse that he had previously rented. He now took possession of it and lived by himself. Soon it was rumored he had discovered a fine quarry of granite on his place, and presently from one wagon carrying a great cut stone to the station, many wagons were coming and going from his farmstead, a colony of workmen was gathered on the hills, his house was greatly enlarged, the road from top to bottom was macadamized with the chippings of stone, and smooth as a city avenue, and "folks said" that David Brainard was one of the richest old bachelors in five counties.

Elspeth had lived her life, kept on in the old rut, worn her heart hidden deep under her cheerful smiles and "never let on," until people had actually forgotten that she and David had ever been engaged. But they had not forgotten. Many an hour of loneliness and grief had passed in the quiet farmhouse in the valley; many a day of almost desperate work and activity had been dragged through on the hill, to keep off thronging memories, and the longing, the yearning, the undying stretching forth of the soul of love to its own, which could not leap the stony barrier of the stubborn human wills, which stifled the spirit and turned the romance and poetry of existence into dullest prose. And night after night and day after day along a cross-cut at the back of the town, on the top of the ridge of hills, David Brainard on horseback would ride steadily from his house to the top of the rise at the back of hers, and through a chink in the trees he would watch the window of her sitting room, where, late into the night she would often sit in the open firelight, reading, or sometimes would come and stand in the window and look up at the stars, little dreaming of the yearning, wistful face, that a few hundred yards above her was watching with loving eyes her every movement.

So it was David and David's opinion, that had held Elspeth back in her wild indulgence in a bicycle. She felt he would think her ridiculous, at her age, to "attempt to be young," and she would rather die than be mortified in that way!

Yet, as she grew to know her wheel and love it; as she felt herself growing actually handsome and vivacious through her happy stolen rides, the temptation was too strong for her, and soon in a really handsome and rich broadcloth costume, made with the most painstaking care by patterns and directions found in her favorite magazines, her short, gray curls fluffing beneath a "Tam" of the approved pattern and her reasonably short skirt half covering the stylish leggings of the cloth, she made a chic and delightful picture, as at four o'clock one lovely

June morning she ventured forth for the first time on the road. Oh, the joy of that first long ride! The sweet air filled with the scent of early roses, the glitter of the distant river, the beautiful shades of the summer foliage, the serenity and grandeur of the sunrise! "It is a-ridin' into glory," she said in her heart; "but glory without love,—what is it!"

This was not the last of her airings. Soon the flying figure of a wheel-woman was frequently noted in the dusk or on moonlight nights, and speeding away into the shadows a mysterious figure was gossiped about with ever increasing wonder. So far, however, she had not been suspected, and her lonely rides had carried her to all the neighboring towns until her cyclometer registered more than five hundred miles of surreptitious speeding.

One night she was awakened by a loud knocking. Hurrying into a wrap and going to the door, she saw Evelyn Lyman, her cousin, and old Squire Brainard's housekeeper. She was trembling and crying. "Oh, Elspeth," said she, "the Squire has had some kind of a shock an' I do believe he's goin' to die! An' what do you think! He's cryin', actually cryin', to have a lawyer come in an' make a new will. You know how he quarrelled with David two or three years ago, an' went an' had his will made, givin' all his property to you an' me! Wall, he was wrong an' David was right, an' he knows it; an' now its on his conscience, an' he wants to do right by David,—an' I think he ought,—do you, Elspeth? Of course, you'll lose a good deal, an' so shall I,—an', oh, dear, dear, what shall I do! How can we get the lawyer here in time? I'm afraid he'll die before mornin',—oh, Elspeth, I know you don't like David; but you wouldn't stand in his light now, would you? Won't you go an' stay with the Squire while I try to get Deacon Ames to go and get the lawyer over from Dover,—won't you, Elspeth,—I'm afraid he may not live an hour!"

Elspeth stood silent a moment. "I didn't know he had willed anything to me! Should I get some of David Brainard's money! Stand in David's light? I'd ruther die,—" Elspeth stopped short. "You couldn't get Deacon Ames up and his old horse over there in two hours, let alone one! You go right home and stay with the Squire! I'll get the lawyer here in less than an hour, or my name isn't Heminway. But stop! Evelyn Lyman, don't you know you are a-cuttin' yourself out of a big fortune by doin' this?"

"I don't care if you don't!" said Evelyn firmly. "It's David's by rights, and I guess he'll leave us somethin',—enough, anyway,—an' I don't care ef he don't!"

"I'll get him here!"

"You will! How ken you do it? If you do you'll be a livin' miracle! But what you say you'll do, I know you'll do, Elspeth Heminway, an' so I'll go back."

Never did the firm, light wheel spin over the road to Dover as it did under Elspeth that moonlight night; but "A fortune for David" rang in her ears, and according to her promise the lawyer reached the old Squire in time, and the rectified will was written and signed before he died.

After that there was no concealing her criminal relation with a bicycle. The village was edified by seeing her at all times and seasons. The kind and generous act which had resulted so favorably to David divided opinion, and pretty soon a number of the more progressive thought she "looked real nice a-ridin' along," and in a few weeks two young men, a lady from the city who had come to board, and three girls from Dover, all riding through the sweet country roads, made the nine days wonder to cease, and Elspeth Heminway's safety a commonplace thing.

Since that midnight ride she had

not seen David. At times her heart ached so that she almost made up her mind to go to him and tell him once for all that she had loved him all these years. The act of self-sacrifice had seemed to draw him nearer to her, although he had made no sign. But when she thought that now he was so rich, and remembered her age,—forgetting his own,— she smiled a scornful smile at her own impulse and decided that it was hardly her place to renew what now to him might be a hateful or forgotten thing.

One beautiful afternoon, however, near sunset, Miss Heminway suddenly determined to go up to David Brainard's quarry and see it for herself. She had heard that David was away in the city, and as she had never been up there, she felt now was her chance. "It's all up hill, they say, but the road is as smooth as a house floor, and no matter if I do get tired, I can coast all the way down; and, oh, I do want to know how David lives!" So as the dusk came down she was at the top of the hill just as she had calculated, and she went all about the place, seeing the great quarry in the hills, noting the handsome lawn in front of the really artistic and stately residence he had built, and admiring the magnificent view which stretched for miles beneath her.

"He hez come up hill, indeed! And how grand and beautiful his life must be! He said he would rise to the top, and he has! Oh, David, David, why didn't I trust you!"

Slowly and reluctantly she turned Emergency and began to mount for the homeward run. Her heart was sad and heavy. She felt as if she could not go back to that narrow life and quiet home, which was full of so much silent loneliness and heroic endurance. But Emergency had gotten well under way, and on she went!

She had always called her wheel "Emergency," with a little laugh of deprecation, for she had always felt her conscience prick her a little about spending that one hundred dollars, in spite of her mental defiance. In a few moments her spirits began to rise. What a magnificent coast it was down! The road made solid with crushed rock wound in and out in great, billowy curves along the ridges and gracefully circled points and edges like like the flowing of a ribbon. Excited, exhilarated, her feet on the coasters, her strong hands grasping the handle-bars, her cheeks aglow, her eyes like stars, she was going at a grand pace, smoothly as the flight of a bird, when, bang! whiz! Heavens! She saw her wheel flying ahead, herself on her feet, and her arms clinging with a masterly grip around the neck of a man, whose wheel was flying after her own while he held her in his arms with a steady and tender grasp. The shock half stunned her for a second, and then looking up into the face of the man, she cried: "David Brainard!"

"Elspeth," said he, — and his tone was one of unutterable joy,—"Dearest!" he said, again and again.

"But you said you would not speak to me!" she said, trying to draw away.

"Not until you put your arms about my neck, Elspeth," and he took her hands and drew them closer about him.

"And I, — Oh," she broke into a peal of happy laughter, "I was going down hill faster than you, wasn't I?" and then she suddenly burst into tears.

"Dearest," said David, still holding her fast, "keep your arms there, keep them there! How I have longed for them all these years! How my heart has ached for my love, my wife! You will not go away from me any more, will you, Elspeth? I was coming down,—yes, I was on my way,—to beg you to forgive and forget! Don't stay down in the valley all alone! Come up on the hill and live with me." And with a bliss unspeakable in her heart, she lifted her lips to his and gave the kiss of reconciliation and peace.

So the emergency had come at last, when the wheel had proved true to its

name and had allowed itself to be upset at exactly the right moment! After a few wondering questions and explanations the two glided slowly down the hill to the valley together, their hearts as light as the airy structures which were carrying them into their earthly Paradise.

"And have you been riding long, David?" she asked as they stood at her gate in the bloom of the honeysuckle and looked at each other with radiant faces.

"Ever since you have!" he said with a smile. "I have had a great respect for a bicycle since you saved my fortune for me, Elspeth, by sacrificing your own," and he gave her a look of adoring love which made her blush as prettily as a young girl.

"Evelyn would have it so," she said gently. "I am afraid she will be disappointed, won't she, David, when she knows?" leaning timidly on his arm.

"I think not," answered her lover gravely. "She always knew it was you, dearest, whom I loved, and I think she just jumped at the chance to test you, for she knew you had gotten a bicycle the very day you tried it first, out in the pasture."

"How did she know!" exclaimed Elspeth half indignantly.

"I told her," said David.

DREAMS.

Dreams, the illusion of the heart and brain,
When restless nature woos the god of sleep;
Then forms familiar o'er our senses sweep,
Breathing of love that in the heart has lain
Through weary years, which now in one glad leap
Surmounts all obstacles, however vain,
And in a few brief hours we live again
Mid joyful scenes from which we wake to weep.

But when the vision changes, and once more
We tread the weary way, worn and oppressed,
Beset by storms that darkly round us lower,
In all this world to find no peace or rest,
O bounteous God! how fair the morning beam
When we awake to find 'twas but a dream!

Celia Burt Wall.

THE STARS.

By Henry Guy Hamilton.

The last words in each of the three divisions of Dante's deathless epic are "the stars."

From the shivering gloom of the Purgatorio he finally escapes as one whom sorrow has left

"Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars."

And from the suffocating horrors of the black Inferno the poet eagerly commences

"to return
To the fair world; and heedless of repose
We climbed, he first, I following his steps,
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven
Dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave:
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars."

Again, amid the dazzling splendors of the Paradiso, when—at the very end—the glory of the Eternal Light beats his imagination down with speechless awe,

"Vigor failed the towering fantasy;
But yet the will rolled onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by that Love impelled,
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars."

Best friend, the stars, of every soul not utterly at one with earth. With reason. How quite too cramped our home, house, parish, town, aye, universe, but for these trusty friends with their serene contempt for time and space! Aloft there what a largeness of comprehension! What roominess of notions, what reach, what certitude, what calm!

A cabinet crisis, or gossip of garrulous old women;—'tis all one to Arcturus and the Pleiades. Are you born? Vega hangs blue as ever overhead. Do you die? Neither Orion nor Spica Virginis turns pale. Men fail me; not the stars.

Confidants, they, or, if your fancy choose, confessors silent—at all events, fixed in their certain place, forever to be found there in due relation to myself, to one another, and to the two Eternities, when all else has been riven from its wonted order. No bribing them, nor swerving from their courses! Terrible, they, in icy, fateful power to bring to life the past, to mock the present, and defy to-morrow. "Pitiless cold fires, yet with a power to burn and brand his nothingness into man," sighs Tennyson.

Fancy their freedom, moreover, from all local blindness! Magnificently Cosmopolitan! Ineffably Catholic! Some myriad millions of miles above man's momentous Nothings.

To gallants, supremest of symbols; and to sailor-men, solace.

'Tis twenty long years since I learned the dear names of my neighbors the stars. And never at school in this world of ours may one who needs friends learn anything helpfuler—so he learn not their names alone, but their faces and whereabouts, to know them at sight.

Capella I've seen from my own attic window in a fair Southern city, when living was fair, too; and at sea, and from dreary hotels on the Continent; and yet now from a saddened home in a bleak Northern town, when my life is a problem with no sign of solution, Capella is true, and signals me solemnly, "Courage!"

Is it true that no longer are children encouraged to make the acquaintance of stars? Sanitation and plumbing, sewer-gas (not star-gazing) demand our attention? So be it. The stars were quite grown when an earlier Athens thought the bounds of the All was man's knowing skull. Poets may once again share with the microbes and bacilli the feelings and thinkings

of men. Be sure when that hour comes again that the stars will be new-loved.

Who lives among them will live among men, also, magnanimous, great, true. Friends, one and all, let me present to you our nearest, truest neighbors—the stars.

On any of these crisp, fine autumn nights go out. Look up! This way and that—bewildering prodigality of fire-points, ten thousand handfuls of all-hued diamonds flung with magnificent abandon upon a velvet background of darkest blue. Apart, majestically separate, or clustered into thick-set fields of incandescent daisies, some bearing manifest relation each to other or to the regularity and order of geometric forms.

Others, outnumbering their soberer kin, strewn helter-skelter in maddest tracery of sheer barbaric fancy. The charts and globes have outlines which resemble something: the open, star-spiked sky refuses to be outlined, resembles nothing—hence one's bewilderment.

I blame unhesitatingly the old star-maps for the inexplicable ignorance of the sky to which my friends confess. Thanks to the maps, they look for serpents, lions, men, scorpions and gods—they see a dazzling chaos of indiscriminate stars, with never anything, by any stretch of the imagination, taken to be a landmark. From a city street to the Milky Way is too far a cry, alas! for us brought up on parallelograms, to be borne thither away without sense of dizziness. Landmarks! "Give us earthmarks"—aye, even in heaven!

Your average sensible man has learned which the "Dipper" is, and, mayhap, the "Sickle"; he remains quite content to take all else for granted.

The only effectual guide, I conceive, to the stars is no book, map or globe (at the first), but a confirmed star-gazer—one who knows from long looking their mysterious traceries, but knows also well what the eye, looking up any night really sees—that is, the bald facts unassisted by poetry. The guidance, for a time, of such an one is like the cordial intoduction of a friend at court. It saves one's time; it emphasizes features.

An evening spent with your born star-gazer (ever a man worth knowing on nearer grounds) will result in one's knowing some stars—forever! He will tell you a few simple memories; he will chat of his friends in a way to make them shine distinctly to you. No astronomer he, with discouraging technicalities or with his trigonometrical jargon. A mere confessed dreamer and poet rather, who admits the uplift that his soul has known through star-gazing. Such an one will not prate of his friends—he will give them to you, he will point out their radiant homesteads.

No purpose of mine is it now to give keys to the welkin, still less to deter my kind reader from ever becoming acquainted with stars, by showing him charts of them. I long to incite my brethren all to look up for themselves; to encourage my friends to believe they also may come to know any star at first sight.

First of all, then, remember that the star which is just overhead this evening at nine will not be there exactly at nine for a whole year to come. It takes twelve solemn months in majestical silent march for the stars to pass by your lordship and me. Go out, then, to-night. Look aloft! Run a line from the North Star (which alone of the myriads goes never away from his certain position)—draw a line, I say, south from this firm friend Polaris. The straight edge of a roof which is set north and south, or a telegraph wire, are excellent helpers in this. When you have your line drawn in the eye of your mind, observe what stars stand upon it at eight or at nine o'clock. You will notice the bright ones. Any one of a dozen good hand-

books will help you to learn the names of these few. Do not wander away from the simple line in wondering search 'mid the dazzling surrounding perplexities. If you do, you will know the stars never. Slowly! As one makes friends must one make the acquaintance of stars. Remember, again, that a year will go by before all of the stars shall have marched by in this chosen alignment of ours—our roof line or telegraph wire. There is plenty of time: a month for each sign of the Zodiac; a week to a constellation.

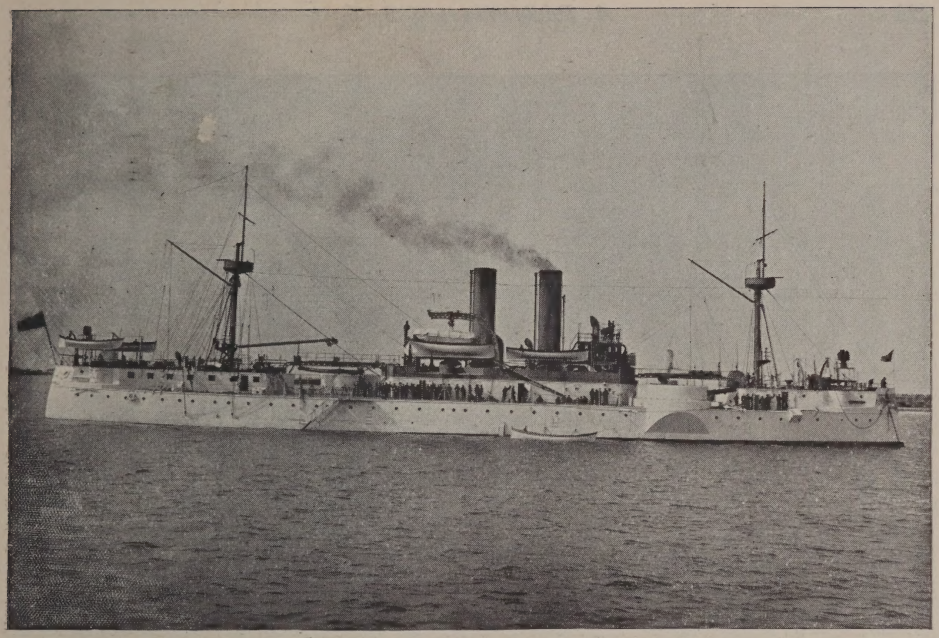
Fixed there is Polaris, the Notrh Star; and to-night in a line running south from it we see one, two, half a dozen bright stars. Begin at the north and work south. What star in the line is nearest the North Star? Maybe one in the "Dipper." Then next, and so on. Take a week for this one line of stars. Learn only one star each night, saying a pleasant word, a cheery "good evening," to the star learned last night.

An entrancing sense of acquaintance will be yours when you take your position to look for the new, when you catch Dubhee's eye or see Merahk nodding to you—friends whom you met last Tuesday, you know.

It will be a month before the field overhead is entirely empty of friends and full of strangers;—indeed the rooms will never be full of strangers, for as a friend or two drop out westward, you are introduced to newcomers eastward.

The artificiality of this method will not long suit your impatient temper. You will reach out and beyond. You will begin to associate the stars, to fancy them related in mystic designs. And he who does this is already a poet. Squares, triangles, pentagons, segments of circles—a thousand correlated things will soon compel you to enquire from books what may the meaning and the sense of these be. "Job's Coffin," as it creeps up toward your roof-edge, will make you restless until you know what that remarkable diamond-shaped cluster is. Nor is it human to learn the name of glorious, blood-red Aldebaran, without an irresistible desire to also know how men have called that nearby miracle, the brilliant cluster, heaven's own crown jewels, the classic Pleiades. So night by night, and through the slow emerging of the weeks, rank after rank of blazing suns will march before you. Two months, or three, after they pass, they will be well along toward that long sleep of theirs below the western hills; but when you shall remember them most dimly—such splendors having since absorbed your thought—back they will come far down upon the eastern rim of twilight. You may not notice them the first night, nor the next, nor next; but there shall come a night when old Altair (forgotten for nine months) will come upon you halfway up the sky, and you will feel what men and women feel who run across old friends in foreign lands.

To-night the stars to you are a bewildering maze of utterly unpractical and nameless specks; a year hence—if you wish— they may be quite the nearest and the best of friends.



U. S. Battleship Maine.

A PARISH AFLOAT.

By Chaplain John P. Chidwick, U. S. N.

Although our country has no established religion, it cannot be said that she is indifferent to her religious duties as a nation or to the religious welfare of her citizens. She invokes the blessings of religion in all her solemn functions, and stations ministers of religion in all branches of her service where their offices are beneficial. Take, for example, her navy. There are twenty-four chaplains in the navy, taken from the leading communions of the land. The Episcopalians have the largest representation, next the Methodists, and then follow Presbyterians, Catholics, Baptists and Campbellites. Thus the government endeavors to bring the kind offices of religion to every man in her naval service, and upholding the sacredness of the ministerial calling, she commissions chaplains as staff officers of her service and confers on them the relative rank of lieutenant, commander and captain, according to their years in her employ.

There are eleven thousand enlisted men, including apprentices on regular cruising ships, in addition to whom there are seven hundred and fifty apprentices at the training station and on training ships. There are two thousand five hundred enlisted men in the Marine Corps. The above figures are the numbers allowed by law, and although the complement is not absolutely full, it is nearly so.

Circumstances do not permit the chaplains to be stationed where the greater part of their congregations may be members of their communion. Constant changes, occasioned by the expirations of the men's enlistments, prevent what would be a happy condi-

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Photographs of Battleship "Maine," illustrating "A Parish Afloat," are by Hart, Naval photographer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS.

tion. The whole complexion of a crew may be changed within a year. The government can only regard a chaplain under the generic idea of clergyman and place him at a centre from which he can best reach the men in general. Hence chaplains are placed on flagships, which are the centres of fleets and squadrons; on battleships and large cruisers, which have large complements of men; on receiving-ships, where they meet drafts of men as they enter the service; on training-ships, which afford splendid fields among the boys, and in navy-yards, whither the ships come for repairs. But wherever he is sent, the chaplain can conduct services according to the rite of the church of which he is a minister and the government trusts that he will not neglect the spiritual good of all.

Visitors to a man-of-war generally afford the chaplain of the ship a few moments of quiet enjoyment. The cause of merriment to the reverend sir comes from the glances directed toward him, full of surprise, curiosity and interrogation. They seem to ask: "What are you doing here?" "Do you belong here?" "Are you a clergyman?" and to me, "Are you a priest?" The chaplain cannot help the amusement he feels, nor how it increases when the gold lace and brass buttons of the other officers cause the visitors' glances to be averted from the plain clerical uniform of the chaplain.

A chaplain may find his position an uncomfortable one in the beginning, when he is placed aboard a ship where no other officer shares his religious convictions and where the majority of the crew is without the

pale of his church. But this discomfort arises chiefly from his feeling of strangeness in new surroundings and from the lack of the great sympathy he was accustomed to enjoy from his own. In a short time he accommodates himself to circumstances and feels at home as he finds the officers splendidly cultured, liberal and generous in their views, and thoroughly appreciative of the good he is endeavoring to accomplish, while the men join heartily with him in every work he undertakes for their good. Bigotry finds no congenial atmosphere in the navy, either among the officers or the men. Salt air kills this rank weed. I am happy to state that the chaplains show admirable example in their tolerance. They are united in close ties of good-fellowship and are never guilty of low methods of proselytism. They extend a warm welcome to a new member of the corps and are generous with the assistance they can give him.

There are three Catholic priests among the chaplains of the navy. The first appointment of one was made in 1888. The selection was a great surprise to the service, although heartily endorsed by officers and men. These felt that our large body of Catholic seamen and our fair sprinkling of officers should have a clergyman of their own faith to attend them, and,

CHURCH "RIGGED."

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS.

MARINES ON SHORE.

aware of the profound respect in which Catholic priests are held by their people, they knew that the appointment would add to the efficiency of the chaplains' corps. Still, the officers felt some uneasiness about it. The private life of a priest was an unknown quantity to them. They feared lest the pleasantries of a good-natured mess would be discountenanced by the severe principles of priestly life.

MASTER-AT-ARMS' MESS.

One of the officers of Father Parks' original mess told me of the chaplain's initiation. It was at luncheon. Some of the mess thought it well to try the chaplain's sense of humor and to sound him on his views of drinking and smoking. Constraint choked the usual flow of good spirits until the test was made. But when it came, the minds of those around were quickly disabused of all the finicky notions they might have entertained of their chaplain. Father Parks needed no further association with his companions to show them that he was a man in every true sense of the word and a man of God. At once he enlisted the favor of the officers and was not long in winning the love and confidence of the crew. His appointment was a providential one. He nicely combines tact with talent, prudence with zeal, an engaging presence with a charming address. His success has been most emphatic. Chaplain Charles H. Parks had been an assistant at St. Mary's Church, New York City, prior to his appointment to the navy.

The selection of Rev. William Reaney of Maryland, in 1892, the second Catholic chaplain, was no less fortunate. His success has been no less pronounced. Both are splendid types of our American priesthood and have won respect and admiration for the Church from those who had been strangers to her.

What is the field of labor for a

JUNIOR OFFICERS.

priest aboard a ship? Our people, accustomed to see their priests wearing out their lives attending the sick at all hours and in all seasons, spending long hours in the confessional, busy with many ceremonies, making innumerable visits of charity, in a word, always engaged with some useful occupation, are apt to think that a priest's life is thrown away when he is assigned to the navy. It is true that a chaplain's work in the navy is small compared to the work of priests ashore; but there are between four and five thousand Catholics in this service, and while people ashore have dozens of priests who minister to them from whom they can select a chosen one, it would be a most reproachable neglect to church and country if our great number of Catholic man-of-wars-men were permitted to go unattended. Moreover, they stand in greater need of advice, comfort and consolation than men ashore, as their lives are spent far away from the restraining and sympathetic influences of home and are filled with temptation and frequently threatened by dangers. A moment's reflection will open to the Catholic world the sight of a large and inviting field here for missionary effort, especially as the chaplain has free access to all ships of the navy and is not restricted to his spiritual duties, but can use his talents for the instruction and amusement of the crew.

The chaplain's chief duty is his Sunday service. The naval regulations about the proper observance of Sunday are very strict and command

ARMY AND NAVY UNION.

that captains of ships to which chaplains are attached shall have divine services offered on all Sundays when the weather and circumstances permit. It is seldom that divine service is omitted. The attendance is entirely voluntary for officers and men, although the regulations exhort both to be present. The time and place for divine service are fixed by the commanding officer, who must consult the conveniences of the ship and the requirements of the Sunday functions. About fifteen minutes before the time the boatswain sounds his whistle and gives the rather grotesque order to the division in charge of the work to "rig church." The compartment wherein I celebrate mass will hold about one hundred and fifty men. It is the least obstructed compartment aboard the ship and the most suitable for our purpose. The benches for the men face the altar, on one side of which is an organ and on the other are chairs for the attending officers. A small room in the compartment serves as a sacristy. When the preparations are finished, word is sent to the officer in charge of the deck, and at the appointed time the church bell tolls and the church pennant is raised above the "Stars and Stripes." The church pennant is a small triangular flag bearing the symbol of the cross. It is the only flag ever placed above our country's and the act is a beautiful acknowledgment from our country of her dependence on God and is a sign to all right-thinking minds of the reason of her continued glory and prosperity. We feel that as long as she will lower her flag to that which is recognized as God's standard she will lower it to none other.

In squadrons these effects are

THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

heightened by church-parties from sister ships. The officers heartily co-operate with the chaplains and permit the men to attend the services of their respective churches on whatever ship the services are celebrated. From these accessions, our Catholic congregations at mass have reached as high as six and seven hundred and often two and three hundred. The priest, seeing these numbers of brave and fervent souls, while he is sensible to the absence of sanctuary and ornament and music, feels that God loves to dwell among these men in all simplicity and condescension. Strong in their faith and sincere in their devotion, they exhibit edifying reverence during mass. A choir of them sings simple devotional hymns. It is inspiring to see them kneel and rise at the solemn parts of the Holy Sacrifice and touching to hear the roll of their deep-toned voices in answer to the prayers after mass. They have prayer-books suitable to their condition, compiled by Chaplain Park. In some localities friendly choirs from churches ashore give us their assistance and enable us to enjoy the treat of High Mass. The Catholic choirs at Fortress Monroe and Portsmouth, Virginia, and the Cecilian Singing Society of New York City have been most generous. A party of young ladies from the neighborhood of the navy-yard in Brooklyn has for years helped Father Park and Father Reaney on the "Vermont." The latter had the rare happiness last Easter to celebrate Military High Mass aboard this ship. On two occasions I have heard High Mass sung by a choir from the men themselves.

GOOD CHEER.

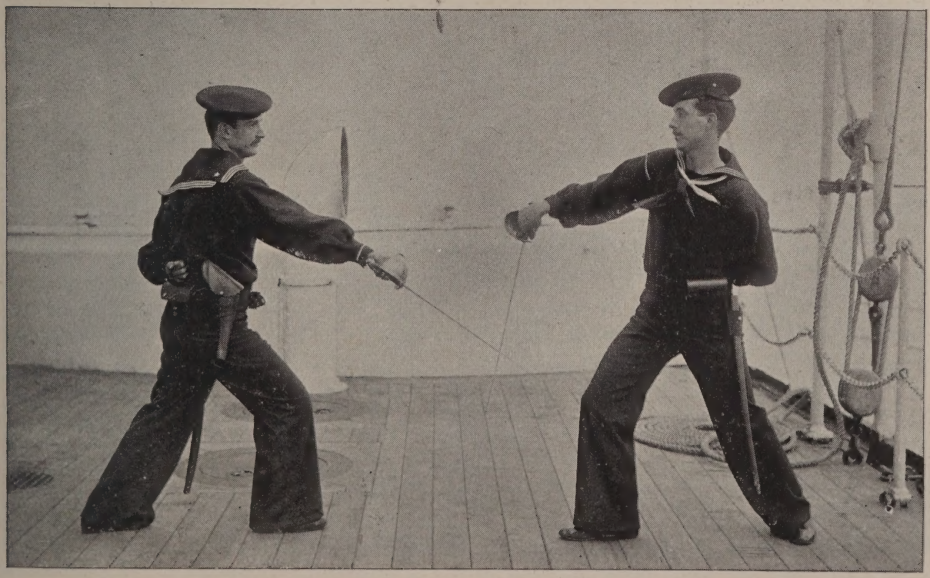
Nor are our Catholic chaplains deprived of the comfort of daily mass, although in sea-going ships the Holy

Sacrifice must be offered in the chaplain's rooms. Let me describe my room. It is about ten feet long, seven feet wide and eleven feet high—a large room for a man-of-war—but as it is furnished with chiffonniere, bunk and desk it affords an open space of six feet by three wide. This width is reduced another foot when the lid of my desk is down, which serves me as an altar-table at mass. The chaplain's room on other ships is no larger than mine. In the early hours of the morning, before the men are astir, the mysteries of Bethlehem and Calvary are re-enacted in the rooms of our Catholic chaplains. They are the only observers. The wonderful condescension of God pierces them. The place is unworthy of the great act, but while priests ashore have this great privilege and the prayers of thousands to support them, our chaplains have little beyond this source of spiritual strength for their labors. If the day be communion-day for the crew, which is once a week, the Blessed Sacrament is borne to a place forward among the men, where confessions were heard on the previous evening and where the accessories for the distribution of Holy Communion have been placed. If the day be communion-day for the crew of another ship, the knock of a messenger is heard on the door, about the conclusion of mass, followed by "Chaplain, a steam launch is waiting at the gangway for you." In a few minutes the chaplain is aboard the ship where he heard confessions the night previous and where a group of glad, gallant fellows await him. Last year fully five hundred men from the North Atlantic Squadron received their Easter-day communion, and this year the number has been almost equalled, although the men have not enjoyed

A Quiet Game.

BERTH DECK COOKS.

equal opportunities. These occasions of Holy Communion are also opportunities for enrolling in the scapular, distributing beads and Agnus Deis. The sailor's faith in the scapular is remarkable. Even those who do not receive the Blessed Sacrament will not permit the priest to leave the ship without asking for a pair of scapulars. We feel that our poor fellows, if care-



SWORD EXERCISE.

In Fancy Dress.

In Port.

less otherwise, have a strong anchor thrown windward while they cling to this devotion.

Many of the ships to which chaplains are attached have prayers at the morning and evening "quarters." "Quarters" is a term applied to the important daily functions wherein officers and men report their presence and readiness for duty to the commanding officer of the ship. "Quarters" are held twice a day, morning and evening. The men report through their divisional officers. Picture four or five hundred sailors, divisioned by their officers, drawn up among implements of war, listening with bowed and uncovered heads to the prayer of the chaplain, who stands in the centre of the group! The spectacle is always beautiful and admirable, but its magnificence is most impressive when the ship is cutting its way through the broad, illimitable ocean and the greatness of God is proclaimed from the unbroken stretch of sea and the expanding dome of heaven.

The chaplain's official station in most of ship ceremonies and in time of battle is at the sick bay, where lie the sick. Discipline and fresh air are wonderful preservatives of health, and a chaplain's duties to the sick in times of peace are very light. At naval hospitals, however, whither are brought from the ships the very sick and the seriously wonded, a chaplain finds ample field for the exercise of that tender sympathy which wins souls to God and for the ministering of the consolations of religion. It is also the duty of the chaplain to assist at naval burials. The regulations require that Christian burial be provided for all men who die in the service. If possible, the body is interred with the rites of the church to which the deceased had belonged. When this sad duty is required at sea the ship is hove to, the flag displayed at half-mast, and the officers and men are mustered on deck to pay their last tribute to the departed. The funeral services follow, and the body is then consigned to the deep. A guard of honor fires three volleys over the watery grave and bugler sounds the last "taps,"—sad, mournful notes of the bugle which tell of the hour of sleep. If the death occur at a hospital, an escort and a guard of honor from the ship to which the deceased had been attached accompany the funeral cortege to the grave. As the procession enters the cemetery the bugler precedes, followed by the chaplain. This spectacle is always impressive. It naturally suggests the prayer that angels, led by the angel-guardian, may bear the soul of the deceased before the throne of God as friends bear the body to the grave; that the angel at the judgment seat may proclaim welcome, joy and gladness as the bugler at the grave recalls loss, sadness and regret.

The freedom with which a chaplain can mingle with the men is a great help to the success of his work. His men are always around him. He can see them whenever he pleases. This advantage enables him to meet all men without distinction, to know them thoroughly, to win their confidence and to be able to counsel and help them. The men do not object to his presence. On the contrary they welcome him as a friend and unburden to him many of their cares and troubles. Nor do they forget in this familiarity to accord to him the deference due to him as an officer. Unfortunately many confidential talks with the men must be curtailed from the want of privacy. Circumstances do not permit the chaplain to see his men where other eyes and other ears are not open to catch the confidence intended only for him. In the progress of our new navy, however, the time will come when a chaplain's office forward among the men will play its part in the discipline of the ship by the kind offices which will be performed there. Meanwhile the confessional affords opportunities to our

Catholic men to meet their priests privately and communicate to them their secret trials and sorrows.

Outside their spiritual duties the chaplains devote themselves to works which tend to the instruction and amusement of the men. They supervise class for apprentice boys, wherein the boys are taught the rudimentary branches; they lecture once or twice a month to the crew, and encourage among the men their games and entertainments. Class for apprentice boys is one of the proscribed duties of the chaplain. The government selects her men for responsible positions aboard ship from these boys, and they must be intelligent and informed.

It must not be forgotten that the primary end of a man-of-war is to be an efficient engine of war. Discipline and efficiency are the special requirements from the men. In as much as a chaplain's duties affect the discipline, his work shares in accomplishing this primary purpose. But how far his work shall affect the discipline rests to a great degree with his commanding officer, although many of his duties are marked out by the regulations. The chaplain may long to perform other work which his superior may deem inadvisable. In this manner, even the happiness of a chaplain may be imperiled. I am happy to state that my experience has been free from any such discouragment. On the contrary, whatever I have undertaken for the men's benefit has been encouraged and pushed forward. I am confident that other chaplains enjoy the same pleasant experiences.

From the figures I have given about our men attending mass and Easter duty it is clear that they appreciate the services of their priests. Those who do not frequent the sacraments are to be pitied rather than blamed. Their neglect is due to an exaggerated idea of the conditions required for the worthy reception of the sacraments. They feel that they cannot approach confession and communion while their lives are cast as they are. The fear of falling back into grievous sin, so easy in their lives, restrains them. Their mistake arises from a true appreciation of the grace of a good confession and from a lack of confidence in God's help. Argument overcomes them slowly. Self-will is one of the faults of the sailor. However, the majority of our men have the true ideas of God's love and mercy, and approach the sacraments quite frequently. Almost without exception, they cling firmly to the faith. Seldom does a Catholic sailor entirely abandon the Church. Let us hope that this star will lead them finally aright; their lives are so differently ordered from the lives of men ashore that God will deal with them more leniently.

It is time that people banish from their minds the old conception of a man-of-war's man. The drunken and abusive sailor, staggering through the streets, or loud in profanity in a low saloon is not the type of our men to-day. These are as superior to their predecessors as the ships of the new navy are to those of the old. They are capable, intelligent, self-respecting men. Every day they are becoming more so. The uniform which our sailors of old wore with honor and pride in battle and danger, they disgraced too often unfortunately by their sprees ashore. Our men are not lacking in the efficiency and courage of their predecessors and do not yield one iota to their fellow-citizens ashore in obedience to law and self-respect. It is difficult to convince people of this truth. We cling tenaciously to old ideas and we quote exceptions to justify our position. The men of our navy to-day are not only entitled to the admiration of our people for their pluck and daring, but to their esteem for the manner in which under all circumstances they honor the uniform it is their proud boast to wear.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

By Rev. Wm. T. McGuirl.

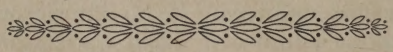
President Catholic Young Men's National Union.

The editor of Donahoe's has asked me to write a word about this organization, the Catholic Young Men's National Union. It is a broad subject; it is a captivating one; it is a useful one. The term Union is not here used in the everyday sense. While this organization has plenty of labor, but less of capital than its best friends desire, it aims to promote that reasonableness and common sense which must be the meeting ground of both. For twenty-two years it has annually gathered together the representatives of the flower of the Catholic youth of the land. It is truly national in scope and extent. Delegates come from the hills of Vermont and the plains of Missouri. The soft dialect of the South; the briskness of the West; the incisiveness of New England; all are to be found in these conventions. Every Catholic Young Men's society is welcome. This national organization has no insurance feature, yet many such societies are in its ranks. It is not purely social nor mainly literary, nor of exclusively religious cast. Every annual report, however, tells of pleasant hours redolent of wit, humor and refined social intercourse; tells also of deeply thoughtful papers read, and absorbing topics discussed; and tells of apostolic benediction filially asked, and always sent by the saintly dweller in the Vatican.

This Union is under the special protection of the American hierarchy. Words of counsel and of cheer annually come to it from the archbishops and bishops of the country. Its presiding officer is always a priest; most of the staff is composed of laymen. Its presidents have been men of force, devoted to the sacred cause of young men. Bishop Kane and Dr. Loughlin of Philadelphia, and Frs. Lavelle and Cunnion of New York and Father Mitchell of Brooklyn, are names of more than local import. The delegates at the next convention will represent forty thousand Catholic young men. Their calibre cannot therefore be questioned. This organization is a loose federation. There is no interference with local bodies. Each society in the Union must be doing Catholic work. This is the thing required. Even if the Union did nothing more than to meet every year the moral effect of such a gathering would amply compensate for the time used and the expense entailed. In these assemblages the flippancy of a Voltaire or a Lyman Abbott finds no encouragement. Forty thousand young men are put on record for God and revealed religion and country. This is an army capable of great things—enthusiastic, united, not carried away by false prophets. And it is an army of young men. This is the age of the young man. Bismarcks, Gladstones, Leos are the few; younger Pitts are the many. How old are you? That does not matter. What do you know, and what have you done, and what do you propose? These are the sesames of to-day. Paul of Tarsus put in a word for the young man and his remonstrance is heard in the land. Great poets are few; all other dreamers are a drug in the American market. Men must act, else events

crowd them aside and they are of yesterday. The world is growing precocious and youth is triumphant. The Catholic is likewise triumphant. Bigotry can never be more than a flash in the pan. The Catholic stands for something. He is no puller down of social fabrics, no revoker of things divine. He is a soldier on the right side of every social and religious conflict. He has to fight these battles of peace; and he is always bearer of the flag of justice. He is worthy to live in this great land and to teach by his example the hurrying multitude that liberty is not license, that God still reigns, that truth, honor and faith are virtues not forgotten but esteemed. To be an American Catholic young man is a boon in this, the world's greatest age.

The next convention will be held at Boston, August 31st and September 1st. The Union has long supplied the army and navy of the country with free literature. It has endeavored to promote the cause of advanced education in the summer school; it has called the attention of the American mind to Brownson, the Catholic sage of New England; it has been an educational factor in itself. It strives to broaden the ideas of its delegates by mutual intercourse, and to have them carry home increased knowledge of the means whereby various societies flourish. It keeps a watchful eye on every movement with which young men are concerned. May its next convention continue the noble work and add new lustre to its name.

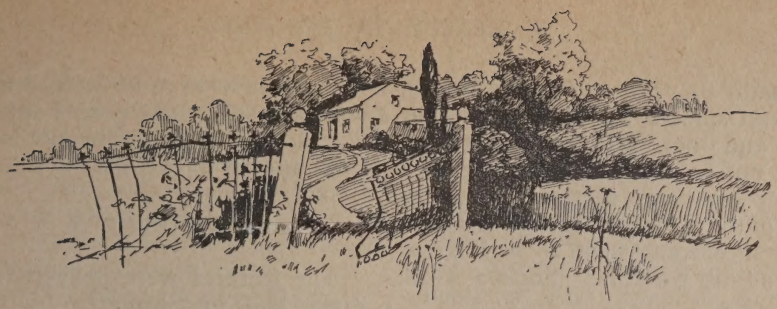


THE CRUEL WORD.

Thou knowest not, my loved one,
The woe that weighs me down,
Whene'er thy tender features
Are clouded by a frown.
Thou knowest not, my darling,
How deep the wound may be,
The bitter smart that follows
A cruel word from thee.

I love thee in the morning,
I love thee, dear, at noon,
I love thee when the lone world,
Is sleeping 'neath the moon;
My soul with thine is mingled,
I have no joy but thee;
And oh, how sharp the sorrow
The hard word bringeth me!

D. J. Donahoe.



A JESUIT IN DISGUISE.

BEING A NEW ENGLAND FABLE OF TODAY.

By Henry Austin Adams.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IX.

"Now do be good and help me, all three of you," began Miss Standish, when the men joined her in her little Oriental room after their cigars.

"I am worried to death over poor Abner. He is just eating his heart out and nobody cares. He must get vent, opportunity, elbow-room — a mission!"

Old man Wright cleared his throat, but failed to say anything.

Worthington looked a bit bored, recovered, seemed about to ask something, but ended by merely humming a strain from "Siegfried." Jack came from the fireplace looking anxious.

"What is the matter with Witherspoon, anyhow?" he asked. The artist smiled as he turned to hear Miss Standish's answer to Jack's absurdly warm question. But the doctor spoke first:

"I knew his father before him, and I know him. His father guessed that something was rotten in Denmark, and the son knows it."

"Deliver us!" broke in Worthington; "these literary fellows are really becoming quite too sublime for me! I fancied I had seen the wild light of self-anointed mission in this our local Hamlet's eyes. What bright particular rottenness is now harrowing his pious soul?"

"You would paint his groan?"

"It's a croak — try green."

"Hush, gentlemen!" cried the little hostess; "you shall not malign a man you all love. Come, now, help me. I have an idea. I propose to have Abner lecture on 'Sociology and Christianity' this winter."

"To whom?" asked Jack.

"To the world," splendidly returned Miss Standish.

"Of course," said Worthington; "but to get the world within earshot, it will be necessary to bring it up in squads, as it were. Have you thought of what particular squad you would first enlighten?"

Dr. Wright was chuckling softly during this banter.

"I think you are horrid," lamented Miss Standish. "I think nobility has died out of men's hearts; I do, really! Why, just look at the glorious revolutions that have been accomplished by single-hearted men! There was—"

"I move that the roll-call be dispensed with," laughed the artist.

"What does the dear fellow want to do?" asked Jack, with increasing seriousness — the seriousness not of appreciation, but pity.

Have you noticed that round about all intense souls there is this fringe of open, gentle minds, screening the all too sensitive and throbbing spirit from the chill touch of the surround-

ing apathy? Open and gentle minds, sane and sincere withal, that cry fair play, and not infrequently rescue (when not too late) the meaning of a man, preserving, therefore, just so much of the priceless heritage of Light for all succeeding men, to their great and endless comfort? Such a mind was Jack's.

Old man Wright quietly watched the face of each while speaking.

"Why, I don't know exactly what Abner wants to teach and stand for."

"No more did Hamlet."

"I fancy that he lets himself enter too keenly into the miseries of people."

"But whatever it is, we must arrange to give the poor fellow a chance at least to feel that he is making an effort."

"Ha! ha! ha! Miss Standish, you women have indeed worked wonders. Would you save a world? Appoint a committee and the thing is done! Is there a sickly pessimist mooning over his bishop's most sensible refusal to permit him to do nothing in a cassock and girdle? Why, turn him loose on the world as the advocate of the W. T. G. F. L. Association, and there you are!"

"I am afraid myself that Worthington is half in the right."

"You, too, going back on me, Jack?"

"Heaven forbid, Miss Standish! My fear is that Witherspoon is incurably in the clutches of a disease from which not many of us are entirely free."

"What is it, Jack?" very sadly.

Old man Wright answered, "Abner Witherspoon has the disease called sincerity. He expects to find Christ in Church; freedom in a republic; culture in education; justice in law, and humanity in society! I never read of any case of it being cured. On some are laid the aspirations, agonies and doubts of their contemporaries — too much for any heart; and then the scapegoats pass out into the wilderness of madness or of death, and so an end of them! However, I think that when they vanish, the plague is stayed from among the people."

CHAPTER X.

The lectures were delivered in the great hall in Straiton. As nobody expected, they created what is repertorially styled a sensation. A majority, not having the vaguest notion of what in the wide world the erratic young thinker was driving at, became at once enthusiastic. At a joint meeting of the various Young People's Societies of Straiton a vote of thanks was unanimously carried for the lecture on "Church Work," which, as a matter of (one would suppose obvious) fact, was a scathing denunciation in terms of Christ of the methods, aims and results of these very societies!

"You must not mind a little thing like that, you know," urged Dr. Wright that night to the sorrowing prophet, who bemoaned his inability to get himself rejected. "You must remember, my dear fellow, that you are talking to people who are taking the medicines of culture from the old bottles of bigotry and tradition. They have not had time to change the old labels for the new. They are sipping Catholicism, for instance, from the old flask marked "Bible," and they preach Prelacy from Puritan texts."

About Christmas time the great lecture on the "Incarnation" was given to an immense throng of ministers and Sunday school teachers, and it was honored by an effusive speech of appreciation at its close by Mr. Arbuthnot, the Unitarian, whose (historical) right to maintain a separate church was based upon his formal rejection of the Incarnation! As he proceeded on his flowery way of praise nobody in the vast audience (but one old man) knew why the thin, sad face of Witherspoon grew paler, and finally was buried in his hands. The old man

there in the distant corner knew, and turning to the round, good-natured Irish priest who sat beside him, he said, "They will kill him just the same! They will break his heart by just such talk as this! God help the men for many years to come who try to call things by their names."

"Sure," answered Father McNierny; "it's miraculous entirely to the like of me! Here's an agnostic teaching Catholic truth to Protestants, and a Unitarian praising him for doing it! Parthians and Medes and Elamites, as the Scripture tells us, beating the very Apostles themselves at praising God! Does it mean anything, do you think, now?"

"No — not yet; nor what you think it means."

"It's myself who thinks that poor Witherspoon would rather have the fagot than this kind of blarney!"

"Indeed, yes! but when the children read the dictionary now being compiled, words will again mean things. Arbuthnot is a gentleman at present gracefully engaged in entertaining an angel unawares; his children may fall in love with the angel in propria persona, and then the courtesies of culture may become the substantial tokens of the family circle!"

"Sure it's myself they'll be having preaching at Harvard next."

"Yes, Father,—you and a Buddhist and a Moslem and a Theosophist, to give a joint mission, as it were, to the Faculty.

"In good faith, d'ye think, now?"

"In perfect candor and faith. And they would look at you as intensely interesting specimens, a study of which was essential to the well-balanced, rounded world-view of a cultivated man."

"But, man," roared the good Father, as they stepped into the street, "I might convert some of them myself, so I might, by the help of the Saints! Me converting a Harvard professor!"

"You or the Buddhist, or neither of you — or both!"

Witherspoon did not sleep that night.

CHAPTER XI.

As the winter came on and the sufferings of the working people of Straiton became widespread, the good heart of Miss Standish and of her countless committees of the W. T. G. F. L. Association beat with the warm sense of reality! There at length was a situation, a condition confronting them. Not a committee of them all but had before it the cheering prospect of something to do. Even the sub-committee on "the moral well-being of girls between the ages of four and six," was alive to the demands of the crisis, and for the furthering the objects proper to it, a series of charming teas was given, at which Dr. Harriet V. Woodlawn, of Boston, gave helpful talks on "The Ethics of Hygiene; More Especially with Respect to Girls Between the Ages of Four and Six." There was music and there was chocolate.

As the suffering became intense, Miss Standish glowed with heroic yearnings. She spent hundreds of dollars, she saved many lives — she appointed new committees! Life was worth living.

Then came the lecture on "Justice," which those closest to the over-strained heart knew had drawn out so much of him—for no return in any kind —that the life remaining to Abner Witherspoon must be a slow, uncomplaining, dumb consternation in the face of a world heedless of its own unspeakable agony. And what was it that he said? He traversed the institutions of society. He tested the charity of men. He made the organized relief of pain and poverty and despair a mere accessory after the fact to that thief, tyrant and ingrate Modern Civilization. He piled high and firm his mountains of incriminating evidence. He flung the gauntlet to the clergy, bidding them say whether or

no the Sermon on the Mount meant what it said, and if so, whether or no the precepts it contains had any force in Straiton. He showed the mockery of Justice that Law was now become. He followed, from his birth to death, the common citizen of Straiton, and proved with awful force that such a life was a continuous warfare, impotent and lost, against injustice rooted and fast in every phase of it. Robbed of his very birthright, Earth, the child (a vagabond who should be sharer in his Father's land) began his hopeless, helpless struggle against injustice. Injustice of teachers ignoring the everlasting soul of him. Injustice of parents, warped and deformed by their own serfdom, cramping his free-born life into blank slavery. Injustice of churches blurring the outlines even of their emasculated and disputed gospels. Injustice of the Law, tempering its wind not to the shorn, but to the fat and the well-liking. Injustice of money dictating its own terms to that which can alone create it—Labor. Injustice of established mediocrity, barring all ways to genius. Injustice of society, putting its stigma not on the false, but feeble. Injustice of convention branding the victim of the libertine, himself caressed. Injustice of the State at every joint of its enormous Moloch of corruption!

* * * * * * *

The lecturer fell fainting into the chair back of him when he had closed, and for a moment a deep and splendid wave of sympathy and silence swept across the audience.

"Now you will understand him," said Dr. Wright, who was upon the platform. Witherspoon was now a known impossible.

CHAPTER XII.

The winter was wearing on. Religion was become an eleemosynary institute, and seemed immensely tickled at finding itself publicly recognized as worth helping as a practical necessity. Your very Arbuthnots and other charming nebulosities developed superb resources of usefulness and self-sacrifice. Father McNierny, whose parish comprised half the population and nearly all the poor, remained serene, and with an amazing disregard of the approved machinery of mercy, contrived to do incomparably the most of all. The good man was actually requested to lecture to the Ministers' Monday Club, on the methods he had found so effectual in his work. Dr. Wright conveyed the invitation, and returned with the report that the priest said he had no methods.

"He also attributed his success, gentlemen, to the surprising faith which both he and his people have in such superstitions as the Beatitudes. And he added some hints about your boasted 'methods' being nothing more nor less than the immemorial, matter-of-course habits of the Catholic Church."

Mr. Jackson, the new Baptist preacher—since famous as a municipal reformer and all-around "America-for-the-Americans" sensationalist—remarked that "Father McNierny knew better than to expose his secret methods to the clear daylight of free Protestantism."

To which old man Wright answered that "there is more truth than possibly you intended in your profound remark, sir."

Mr. Jackson, however, by no means represented the ministers present.

Under Mr. Arbuthnot's leadership they fell into an informal talk about the Catholic Church, during which they vied with each other in the harmless expression of the opinion that, when you come really to look at it quietly, there are several interesting and even commendable features in that religion which was the only Christianity the world knew for fifteen hundred years. There is no telling where this verbal Catholicity might have ended had not Dr. Wright urged their reverences to remember the rock whence they were hewn.

"There is no warrant, gentlemen, for this dangerous laxity to be found in our fathers of the Reformation."

"A pack of ignorant bigots," burst in Mr. Arbuthnot.

But cries of "For shame!" restored the orthodox complexion of the meeting.

Poor Witherspoon went straight from the meeting to see Father McNierny.

Mr. Gaines—to whom the mystic altruist owed his profoundest thirst for the old faith—had been dreading a possible Romish solution of his disciple's alarming anxieties.

Abner, on the occasion of his last confession to the Rector, had promised not to read controversial works on the Papal side. Indeed, it was no secret that since the bishop's bumptious and truckling stand in the matter of his proposed Lay Order of Brothers, Witherspoon had lost ground in belief very fast, and was now little better than an agnostic, with painfully close resemblance in respect of his ethics and doings to that other young impossibility and dreamer of Nazareth. It was, therefore, with no purpose of discussing doctrines, that he sought the good old quiet pastor of St. Bridget's. The rumor of the visit none the less spread. Dr. Wright heard of it, and it annoyed him keenly. He sent for Abner on the following Sunday, "to meet Escort and to give you Jessie for sneaking in to see a popish priest against orders."

* * * * * * *

The three men sat before the crackling log fire at Dr. Wright's Sunday evening between daylight and dark. The old man had been reading in his own fine way the Latin hymns of Bernard of Clairveaux; and, the light failing, the talk fell upon the nameless fascinations of the mediaeval spirit. Escort, a born antiquary and romanticist, dwelt upon the mystic art-impulse and "soul sense" of the middle ages, and drew a fine and very lively picture of what an ordinary day must have been in some old English priory or abbey.

Witherspoon, the meanwhile, listening, and slipping—as who does not?—into the vague, deep, spiritual delight—a willing thraldom—of that dim, dead past. So came the talk to the "Imitation" and to the Brothers of the Common Life, and to the Quietists, Witherspoon venturing to break the spell by not one word. Into the thin, ascetic, cultivated face of the young priest sitting across there, the firelight falling on him, Witherspoon looked and looked, and all the spiritual deeps within him were broken up.

When suddenly across the frozen fields from far-away St. Bridget's the Angelus came pealing, it seemed not anywise unnatural for him to kneel in silence there beside this priest who had stepped forth from those old ages. After the moment of devotion, a short silence, and the lights were brought. Supper was presently announced, and to it, puffing and vigorous, came Father McNierny, and Mr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Gaines. And broken in an instant was the spell. It was one thing to give up unreservedly one's soul to the illusions of a past and hallowed faith, and quite another thing to feel the harsh, forbidding, chilly touch of living facts.

At supper Arbuthnot was gracious enough to express unbounded admiration for Thomas á Kempis, and to say that he was of the opinion "that if the truth were fully known, the intellectual emancipation of the sixteenth century was not accomplished without considerable loss of very commendable devotion." Father Escort and the doctor exchanged a look, while Father McNierny ate his broiled chicken, and Mr. Gaines had another of his heart sinkings. Abner Witherspoon, still struggling with the ghost of the dead faith, watched Father McNierny's effect upon the chicken, and just then,

by accident, involuntarily recalling the filthy font at St. Bridget's, the spell broke forever, and, unseen by the surrounding shepherds, another soul slipped with a moan into the outer — what is it that is "outside"?

If the watchmen heeded not, the eye of the old observer whose heart yearned over Witherspoon as for a son, had not been off him for a moment these three weeks past. Old man Wright noticed the dying out of the long-flickering spark.

"I need you; spend the night here, Witherspoon;" when he had got Escort up to bed after the others left: "I am going to tell you — no man before has heard — what my religion is." Witherspoon flashed a look at him — half resentment and half the entreaty of a desperation that is none the less poignant in that it is without hope. He continued to put on his great coat and muffler preparatory to his long walk home; but when he was ready to depart, he turned toward the doctor, who was lighting his pipe.

"It is too late," he pleaded in a way which cried out to be overcome, to be convinced, to be lovingly persuaded, as a bride bids defiance after her first quarrel with her husband.

"Come here! There is a queer little bit of history that you have overlooked. Did I ever tell you about Manuel Gonzaga — the fellow I met in Quito?"

He was puffing away now, standing with his back to the fire, and fingering a little yellow book.

Witherspoon came to him and sat, still closely muffled, upon the great woodbox.

"You will not feel your coat when you go out. Take it off."

Abner unbuttoned it.

"Manuel was a man; he was great; he actually died — died, sir, in a plain, straightforward way, with no flourish of trumpets, when to have kept on living would have been as easy as rolling off a log, and a nice, genteel, proper thing to do into the bargain. I must tell you about it some time — can't imagine what put him into my head. I never light my pipe that the first puff does not recall something. Great deal in that old doctrine of reminiscence. Parmenides was right. Reminiscence, mind you, of no end of things that one never saw nor heard nor experienced! Tell you what it is," —one of the Oriental men servants was bringing in coffee and little cakes— "tell you what it is, Witherspoon, I have lived in all centuries and everywhere! Yes, sir, lived! When I was only twelve years old I dined with Cedric, the Saxon, and met Ivanhoe and the Lady Rowena! I happened to be at Aix-la-Chapelle when Charlemagne came there to be crowned; and this evening, when Escort was talking, I was in a stall in the choir at Glastonbury among the brothers who were chanting vespers! I was, indeed! Where were you, Abner?"

The simplicity and candor, though not new to him, moved Witherspoon deeply.

"I was in the spirit," he began, as if about to confide more; but abruptly changing his mind, added: "It is too late!"

But day broke and found them still talking. It was the 19th of March.

CHAPTER III.

What happened in those two gruesome hours between gray dawn and rosy daylight nobody knows. At seven o'clock somebody passing close to the edges of the common pond, then covered with a thin film of lingering ice, saw, lying face down, amid the broken pieces the body of Abner Witherspoon. Suicide? Let be! — until the opening of the books! There may then prove to be some element, nowise to be admitted now, of some man's hand in it—some long, slow, sure, unseen, contributory negligence in teaching truth.

"Suicide is a negation in terms," said old man Wright as they carried the frozen body of his friend back to the hearth where only two hours before they had together watched the embers die and the day break. "Rob any man of air, and death ensues; rob some men of the truth, and the soul perishes. This merely bodily destruction has no importance. Somebody, here, please help me to remove these frozen grasses from his hair. Thank you!—I loved the man."

But Straiton was by no means prepared to find the reverend clergy responsible for what was clearly a case of outright murder (a gash was pointed to in the back of the poor man's head) or of deliberate suicide!

Is it not as plain as the nose on one's face, that spiritual truths, anyhow, are neither here nor there, in the great, practical, common-sense business of living?

It was rumored that Witherspoon's recent virulent lectures had stirred up the enmity of certain political blacklegs, who had compassed his "removal" in consequence.

It was again explained that all that Winter the man had evidently labored under terrific nervous strain, amounting to hysteria, the probable effect of some "habit." Could it have been drink, do you think, or opium?

Mr. Arbuthnot preached an exquisite essay the following Sunday, ending with the belief "that in the case of Abner Witherspoon we have an illustration of the benign and reasonable character of the effects of the great liberal movements in the Christian World. A member of no communion in particular, and yet the very flower of fellowship in Christ. A lover of gorgeous ceremonial, and still a very Quaker in interior illumination. A Catholic in temperament, but a Methodist in enthusiasm; a Baptist in zeal, an Episcopalian in elegance, and, I may add without impertinence, a Unitarian in the breadth and polish of his culture!"

Father Escort said mass for his soul in a side chapel at St. Bridget's, although stout old Father McNierny good-naturedly protested that Witherspoon was no Catholic at all, at all.

Miss Standish's committees passed suitable resolutions. The trustees of the Amos P. Middleton Free Library and Institute proposed to erect a tablet in the lecture hall.

But poor Edward Gaines was the most profound sufferer. He had seen much of Witherspoon lately. He had talked with him hours together on the deep, terrible hunger that was in their hearts. Witherspoon had dared to suggest a way out to his rector. But pie, pie! And now, as the rector looks at the cold, dead face, the cry comes back to him—the cry of that soul to be led to truth—and it haunts him now, and it breaks his heart. It was thus I found him when, as has been told, I, too, came into Dr. Wright's life. Then followed the earnest talks, soul to soul, and the rector's last, splendid break for life.

But the Bishop viewed what was proposed with alarm, and the rector went off to Europe to rest. He came back to pie.

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The years roll by, and old Wright kills trout, and writes to Escort, and beats at chess. Though he goes to church but once of a Sunday—at six in the morning—he says, "This time next century New England will be—but never mind; never mind. That's a long way off. Meanwhile, God help souls ahead of their time. It's your move—I moved my bishop last. By the way, did you see that the President of Harvard has been thanking a Catholic bishop for a sermon preached before the University on Catholic dogma? Check! Checkmate!"

END

THE LAND OF WIND AND WATER.

By S. Leverett Johnson.

We were at Cologne; we had seen everything and done everything, even to a funny scrambling "tea" at a restaurant overlooking the bridge of boats, and had begun to be tired of it all, and especially of the restraint we were under by being waited upon by a solemn, bald-headed waiter who looked exactly like a friend at home; we felt wearied of the "puff," which had haunted our steps thus far thro' France, Switzerland and Germany—the lace covered "puff" which never served any useful purpose save as a mat to step out of bed upon, or perhaps in the slovenly ideas of the Cologne chambermaid as a convenient cloak for her shortcomings in the way of bedmaking; but indeed the shortcomings of the puff itself is its chief characteristic, for if on one's shoulders, it left one's feet to freeze; if covering one's feet, one lay awake all night wondering what pneumonia in a hotel in a foreign country might be like. One of our party, being a chilly individual, used to collect them from the various beds, and making a huge nest in the corner of the lounge, would spend what she declared were the only warm hours she ever knew on the continent.

Feeling thus weary of it all we suddently determined to go at once on our proposed trip thro' North Holland and Friesland, and even as the wind bloweth where it listeth—and nowhere with so little to stop it as in Holland—so we, within an hour of the proposal, were seated in the express to Arnhem and had ordered our tea which, not long after, was most comfortably and refreshingly served to us on little tables. It was quick work getting off, but then one learns to be both marvelously quick and preternaturally slow, when traveling. At Arnhem we decided to go to a hotel of the suggestive name of Schwijnzhoofd, lured there perhaps by vague visions of broiled pigs-head, and partly, no doubt, by the fascinating "ij" and the apparently superfluous number of letters required to spell so simple a

name. How easy the "ij" becomes when one sees that it is simply "y," and how delicious when on large sign-boards at railway stations, carefully worded in English, one sees way spelled waij!

It was at the Schwijnzhoofd then that we had our first experience of the Dutch breakfast. In a straight line down the middle of a long table was a row of plates containing the following cold and uninspiring viands: a Dutch cheese, black bread, cold dried beef in slices, gingerbread made with honey, rusks, cold sausage (not broiled pigs-head), cold rolls, buns, another cheese and so *da capo;* all this was "a discretion," but one was served with either tea or coffee in a little white pot over a tiny flame from a floating wick in oil, on a tiny china "stove." This stove is a square box with a large hole in the top for the pot, and small air holes in the sides. In spite of the tea or coffee nothing can be more dreary than a Dutch breakfast, and one looks with awe upon a race who can face life cheerfully after such a breakfast.

The tea is, however, more than a balance for the breakfast (not so much the tea itself, perhaps, as the method of serving it), and we watched with great interest the old Dutch couple who were having theirs at a side table during our first meal at the Schwijnzhoofd. The waiter brought in what appeared to be an idealized coal-scuttle which held a little brazier containing burning peat and on this a bronze tea-kettle steaming and bubbling, and on a tray the universal white china tea service. When the tea is made the pot is put on the top of the kettle (which is made to fit), to draw, and one feels that tea made in this charming "waij" would compensate for many Dutch breakfasts.

It was at Arnhem that we first knew what a Dutch church could do — or not do—in the way of chimes; it was a day or two before we really succeeded in understanding them. At each hour a long melody was played, —horribly out of time and tune!—and then the hour was struck by a deep-toned bell quite an octave lower; at five minutes before the quarter a very short tune was played, and again at the quarter; at five minutes before the half hour another short tune, and at the half hour the same long tune as at the hour, and instead of a single or double stroke to indicate the half hour the following hour was struck, but on a higher note. Again at five minutes before the three-quarters, a short tune was played, also at the three-quarters, and, of course, at five minutes before the hour.

It is not surprising that it required some close attention to disentangle all these various times and tunes, but the most surprising of all was the striking at the half hour of the following hour with nothing to distinguish it but the difference of pitch of the bell in which the hour was struck. The preparatory chime previous to each quarter was very confusing, and with eight chimes in each hour, one hundred and ninety-two in a day, and the longest interval of silence being ten minutes, one longed to at least have the chimes put in tune, and wondered how the Dutch, who loved music enough to possess such complicated and softly-toned and musical chimes, can endure the agony of the eight discordant chimes in each of the twenty-four hours.

The bells are worked by a carillon, a cylinder similar to a huge musical box, the hammers being tripped in the same manner, as the wheel revolves. The tunes can be changed at will; the wires connecting the hammers with the bells become loose, and the bell is struck with a false, uncertain stroke after a great delay, which causes the sound to become mixed with that of the following stroke, and it would not be a long or difficult job to put them all right.

We proposed to follow the Zuyder Zee northward, thro' Gelderland,

Overijssel, Drenthe, Friesland, across to North Holland and back to Utrecht. Our first stopping place was at Zwolle, leaving at Arnhem the only bit of "country" and dry land the Dutch possess, and following the Ijssel. The Sassen-Poort, a fine Gothic gateway with four towers, fired us with ambition to photograph it, and we chose a quiet corner, when the great open space outside of it was quite deserted, to set up the unobtrusive little camera. No living soul was in sight, but soon a sound of rumbling was heard and from every quarter gathered a rude and obstreperous crowd of wooden-shod natives till in less than five minutes we counted over seventy-five. Fancy a town in this tourist and camera-haunted age, able to get up a mild excitement about so simple a matter! The children were good natured, but most inquisitive, and we were astounded with their free and easy manners and utter want of respect; no "young America" ever could equal "young Holland." In spite of this crowding about us, and defiance of our requests to move aside, we secured a charming picture of the gate.

Not only the peasant women, but the ladies of Friesland were remarkable for their costumes, and their poor distorted forms filled our souls with pity and wonder; even the children showed the effect of the generations of compression and torture which had gone before. The desire to conceal or destroy a woman's beauty and chief characteristics, at no matter what cost of disease or misery to herself has produced a race of women whose forms are unlike those of any other nation. They seem to wear some kind of corset or bodice which crushes the breast in and downward, contracting the chest and shoulders and making the body abnormally large at the waist and below, and with but little resemblance to the "human form divine." So universal is this sight, that it comes upon one quite as a surprise to see, as one occasionally does, a straight, well formed, full breasted young woman with ease and grace of movement, and a chance to breathe as God intended she should.

One wonders why the Puritan Dutchmen who thought it necessary to praise God by means of "mortifying the flesh" should have chosen only the tender flesh of their poor women to mortify, taking precious good care that their own flesh should go scot free, also why the intelligent, well-educated women one saw, should not now be ready to throw off so cruel and "ungodly" and unhealthful a custom and so encourage their weaker and more ignorant sisters to do likewise.

The most striking thing, of course, was the gold helmet or headdress which varies in width and shape with each district, so that at a glance a Friesland lady may be detected from a North Hollander, as a Zeelander from a Limburger. These helmets begin with a narrow band or ribbon of gold encircling a portion of the head, but gradually increase in width till they develop into a complete skull of gold or silver. When a woman is married her hair is first cut off and there is put on a close black skull cap; this covers the head entirely, coming close across the forehead; then is put on the gold helmet which is split at the top, enabling it to be sprung into position. Attached to this, just in front and above the ears are gold ornaments, which also vary with the region, being in Friesland flat triangular-shaped pieces of gold, and on the other side of the Zuyder Zee, an ornament as much like a spiral bedspring as anything else, to which is hung other dangling gold ornaments.

Sometimes just across the forehead goes a little curved band springing from one side and often studded with precious stones; this last is a rare, distinguishing (and distinguished) mark. Over the gold helmet is a cap of fine

lace, covering the ears, and pinned by long gold pins to the ear ornaments of the helmet. The cap has a wide, stiffly starched lace frill coming well down on the shoulders thus effectually concealing every portion of the head save the features. This famous gold headdress of the Dutch women, barbarous and horrible as it is, is often made a ludicrous object as well, by the addition of an up-to-date bonnet, an effect so hideous as to defy description. The inhabitants of Noord Holland are far more primitive than those of the South, and adhere more tenaciously to the quaint costumes of their ancestors.

While at Leewarden, and waiting, before crossing the little stretch of nasty green water between Stavornen and Enkhuisen, for the gale of wind which had been blowing for several days to subside, we were told of a village fete going on at a little place called Bergum and determined to attend it. First we had a railway journey to Veenwouden across a bit of country (shall we call it?) where the railway itself was the only solid bit of ground beneath one's feet, all else being completely under water. The courses of the canals could be distinguished by their lines of windmills, which seemed, poor things, to be doing their hopeless best to pump water from one bottomless swamp into another equally so. Nowhere is the world so flat as it is in Holland. The sea at its smoothest is not equal to the sinking flatness of Holland; it rises up, this sense of levelness, and strikes one to the heart, till at first one is appalled and afterwards altogether fascinated by it; one knows that there is an edge to it, and a "jumping off" place, and the effect on one's mind is expressed in the old negro song "de holler of her foot makes a hole in de groun'." The farm-houses, — one huge sloping roof covering all, house, barn, stables,—the windmills, the poor wet cattle, stand up in bold relief, and one looks eagerly across the waste of waters and wet green fields for the little oases which hold in comparative dryness the people and cattle who gather upon them. The people and cattle seem quite amphibious, and one does not wonder at the universal use of the wooden shoes, when one reflects on the useful purpose they serve as boats whenever the wearer steps off the bricked roadway. The roads are admirable, solid, straight, lined with rows of pollards, always with a ditch, generally a canal by the side, and all paved with tiny bricks; these bricked roads extend thro' all the country, but of late years are often spoiled by the steam tram which now runs everywhere.

All this brings me back to the fete at Bergum to which we were going: When we left the train at Veenwouden we found a large number of people, all struggling to get thro' the gate and to secure seats in the tram which carried us to Bergum five miles away. The peasants in their holiday attire, the farmers, the gentlefolk, the sweet-faced ladies in their gold skulls, and the hosts of happy children in their wooden shoes. It was a dull day, threatening rain, but nothing could dampen the spirits of the holiday-makers. The little village was gay with many colored flags, and little booths, and swarming with people, the crowds being thickest at the corner where the two principal streets met and where the "Red Hart" drove a thriving trade in, to us, mysterious drinks. A common or pleasure ground was set apart for future festivities of some kind, with a stand for the band, and chairs and benches on the reeking wet grass. The fete opened with a procession; first came three men on horseback riding abreast and dressed in the fashion of a bygone age, followed by village maidens in white frocks and hats, whose sense of dignity was entirely overcome by their unwonted finery; then followed a number of bands from neighboring villages, and

these in turn followed by the surging and laughing crowd of peasants. The men were very gorgeous in velvet hats with great plumes in gay colors, trunk hose, capes and ruffs, and formed a handsome and imposing sight. The villages have an annual fete at which the various bands from other villages and towns compete for prizes, and after all had arrived, and the procession had thoroughly aired its finery, the real business of the day began in the pleasure ground. After walking about and looking at the booths, and at the horrible gold and silver skulls in the tiny shop windows, we felt impelled to go into the "Red Hart," "for the good of the house." Not knowing a word of the language nor what to ask for, we boldly walked up to the bar, and my companion took the masterly course of taking up the decanters and bottles in turn and smelling of each until one struck his fancy, when by simple and effective signs he intimated our wishes. Two tiny glasses of a red raspberry-smelling liquid were poured out and passed to us with the sugar basin; we adjourned to a little table in the corner to discuss this, and the situation, and as it proved pleasing to the palate we demanded two more of the same, to the great surprise of the man who served us, but to our own inward satisfaction. After this we investigated the little booths and their contents. One man did a great business in "Olijkoeks and Wafels." We did not see the "Wafels," but the "Olijkoeks" were small doughnuts, sprinkled with cheese or sugar, which he fried and piled on a dish on the outer edge of the booth. Small children came and deposited small and greasy coins, receiving in return equally small and oily cakes, and coming back later for more. The fete lasted thro' the day and evening, becoming more interesting and lively as the time passed, but we were obliged to leave early and did not see it at its height. With misgivings we went on board the steamer at Stavornen and maintained a stern and severe silence throughout the passage. Stavornen we really did not see, being occupied with thoughts of the future; besides the fact is that there is but little of Stavornen to see, for it is now but a hamlet of about eight hundred people, tho' once the residence of the Frisian princes, and later a wealthy city. It was the city of the heathen god, Stavo, the Thor of the Frisians, and it is related that the citizens were in the habit of using pure gold, where baser metals were used by less favored or less luxurious people. They used to make the bolts to their doors, the rivets to their pleasure boats, and even their weather-cocks of gold. There is also a tradition that the wife of a wealthy merchant desired the captain of one of her husband's ships to bring her back "the most precious thing in the world." He accordingly brought her a cargo of wheat from Dantzig. This stupidity angered her so that she had it all thrown overboard, and, it is said, this is the cause of the decay and overthrow of the place, for the wheat took root, and formed the foundation of a sand-bank which has yearly increased, completely filling up the once excellent harbor.

Enkhuisen is a delightfully quaint and charming town, the embodiment of peace and restfulness; there are no words with which to express the quiet peaceful dignity and beauty of this old "dead city of the Zuyder Zee," the beautiful and imposing water-gates and towers, the solid, comfortable, home-like houses, many with carved fronts and gables, many gaily painted; the quiet canals with their wide lazy barges, the evidence everywhere of what has been a rich, well-built city, full of busy life and world-wide interests, now empty, asleep and silent. Through nearly all the streets crawl the quiet canals, not, as in Venice, taking the place of streets, but with the street on one, or both sides; there

are rows of trees on each side, and the silence and the sleeping houses make one tread softly and speak with hushed voice.

Near the water gates on the canals there may be at times some little show of life, and one was interested to watch a peddling barge, tied to the side of the canal, and filled with japanned and tinned goods, and hardware, but no china or earthenware. It was here that we first saw a real Dutchman in his breeches, or as one could readily believe, in several pairs of them. Shall I ever forget the three beauties we met just outside the little hotel, literally filling up the entire width of the street! Imagine very full and wide knickerbockers, each leg measuring perhaps two yards or more in circumference, and gathered in full folds into a wide belt about the hips, also in a loose band about the leg just below the calf, made in pale blue or yellow stuff, and held out to their widest by the hands in the capacious pockets! We realized as never before the amount of blue sky necessary to "make a Dutchman a pair of breeches."

CHURCH AT ARNHEM.

The nautical character of the Dutch is shown in nothing more than in their staircases, their only idea of a staircase being the companionway of a sailing vessel, a steep ladder-like set of steps, each one projecting above the lower one, and hence much more easy to descend backwards than in the reg-

FARMER AND WIFE.
Island of Walcherin, Holland.

ular way, unless one adopted the method of the landlord of the hotel, who simply leaned forward from the top of the stairs and grasping the rail at either side swung himself to the foot with one motion. Even in the best houses the staircases are steep and terrifying, and many rooms have little steep stairs from the hallway to the door. The beautifully carved and painted fronts of the old houses are a most interesting feature of Holland, but no where so much as in these "dead cities;" from the humble dwelling of the fisherman with the three herring which constitute the coat-of-arms of Enkhuisen, over his doorway, to the stately mansion of the wealthy East India merchant, the houses are interesting in the extreme, full of beautiful detail on the outside, and no doubt of equally beautiful Delft and Eastern china inside!

The sidewalks belong to the householder, and so rampant is individualism that they seem to become quite sacred property, and in addition to the posts set out to mark its boundary one sees in many cases chains stretched from post to post, so that foot-passengers are forced to walk in the road; fortunately the road is provided on each side of the roadway, and outside of the pavements with a narrow strip of tiny bricks, affording a fair footing, though not a place of refuge from carts and trams.

The industry of the women is surprising, the fish-wives shell shrimps on their way to market, the farmers' wives, surrounded by their cabbages and fruit, knit stockings and shirts, and the incessant cleaning is ever in evidence.

The great cheese houses have wide Venetian windows and doors standing

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.
Island of Walcherin, Holland.

open all day, showing each floor filled with racks like the alcoves in a library, only instead of books, the shelves are stacked with thousands of round Dutch cheeses, the odor therefrom being one to delight an army of mice, and the wonder is that the mice of Hamelin did not run off to Holland as to a mouse-heaven.

On our way from Hoorn to Amsterdam we saw more windmills to the square inch than in any other spot in Holland; many were small, all were busily working, and I counted fifty-

Delft Water Gate.

A Carved Front.

six in about one-fifth of the landscape visible from the car window: just here —Zaandam, where there are four hundred windmills,—the country seemed even flatter than usual — certainly with a greater proportion of water to dry land, and the flapping windmills looked like mammoth mosquitoes hovering over the watery landscape, a timely warning of the real mosquito we were to encounter at the Bible Hotel at Amsterdam. This hotel has the sacred book for a sign-board, and it is suggestively opened at the chapter in Timothy, "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake." It was in this house that there lived, in the early part of the sixteenth century, a worthy printer; he was the first to translate and print the Bible into Dutch. When he died, a Scotchman, making a trade of the piety of this printer, set up the inn with this remarkable sign.

Although there is no time or space to mention the other quaint towns of Noord Holland — Mounekendam, Alkmar, Hoorn and the Islands of Markam and Arsk — and although Delft is not in Noord Holland, but near The Hague, yet it is now so little known, so profoundly asleep, so full of charm and historical interest, that one who leaves Holland without a visit to it would lose much, and I must class it with the other "Dead Cities," and say a few words about it.

Of all the water gates none are more charming, though many are more imposing, than the watergate at Delft. There were originally three gates, two of which have disappeared; the third, being in an unfrequented part of the town, is hidden away, and so has escaped destruction; it has two towers, the canal runs through an arch immediately under it and for quiet beauty and grace nothing can surpass it.

This, with the Nieuwekerk — so called because it is over five hundred years old, and was built in 1384—and the Oudekerk, though built later in the fifteenth century, are the principal architectural features of the town; but one does not forget the clean quiet canals, the prinsenhof, where William of Orange was shot, the shady streets and brightly polished brasses. The Dutch do indeed worship "the brazen image." Brass work abounds on every hand, and is kept with excess of neatness and polish, indeed what with

the clean, stiffly-starched caps, the servant-maids squirting water on already immaculate doorsteps from one end of the week to the other, and the incessant polishing of brass work, one almost longs for a little dirt by way of variety.

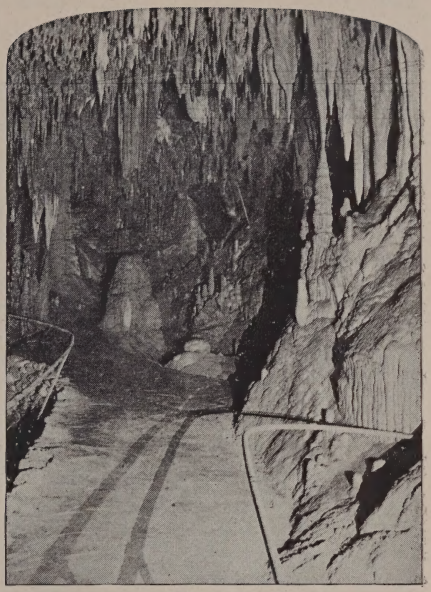
In any description of Holland, however slight, one must not, in closing, omit a few words about the museums, from the little local museums in every town, to the great one at Amsterdam. The museums, in all cases, are exceptionally interesting, because they do not confine themselves exclusively to the exhibition of great works of art, but set forth before one's eyes the simple articles of daily use in the life of the people, the pots and pans, the dishes and dresses, the furniture and ornaments. At Leeuwarden the museum of the Friesch Genoot Schap van Geschied, Oudheid, en Taalkunde (!) contains two charming rooms from Hindeloopen, complete in every detail: doors and paneling, walls of painted tiles, cupboards, and windows, and furnished with painted iron chests, tables, hard little upright chairs, foot-stoves, and even stuffed and habited figures seated about the table. The man with his long pipe, and the women with their foot-warmers, knitting, silver ornaments and chatelaines, as well as metal head-ornaments, were uncomfortably lifelike. The table was set with the dishes, etc., then in actual use; on the wall the inevitable little cabinet with its tiny toys in silver and china which all Dutch houses to the present day possess. These local collections of antiquities are of unfailing interest, quite as much so as the great treasures, now so admirably collected and arranged in the grand museum at Amsterdam, and in other great and famous museums, and are evidence of the proper appreciation of the people even in out-of-the-way places, for these glories of a past age.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.
By permission of Berlin Photographic Company.

WAKING DREAMS.

Reprodnced from a carbon photograph by
Braun, Clement & Co., 257 Fifth Ave., New York.

Passageway between Phito's Chasm and Ball Room.



Interior Avenue.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT CAVERNS OF LURAY.

By Pauline Carrington Rust.

That most beautiful section of the Old Dominion known as the Valley of Virginia, lies between two mountain ranges,—the Blue Ridge on the southeast, and the North Mountain range on the northwest.

Beginning a few miles southwest of Winchester, and extending to a point very nearly opposite the town of Harrisonburg, a belt of ridges of Silurian and Devonian rock sub-divide the great valley into two small ones, and this dividing line is the Massanutton Mountain.

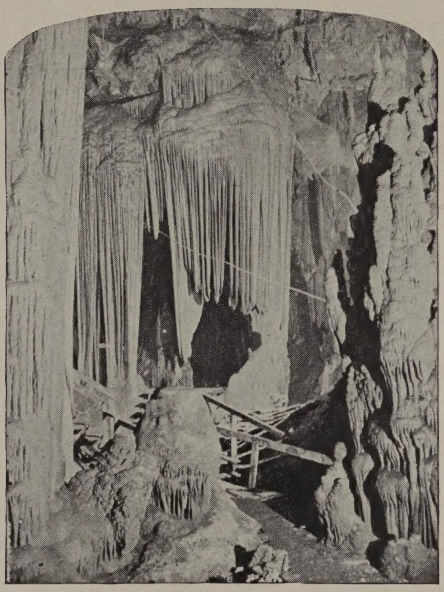
The name Massanutton, which is a corruption of the Indian word Messinetto, signifying "Three Tops," is peculiarly fitting, for in this spur the peaks invariably rise in groups of three.

In the eastern or Luray valley are the famous Luray Caverns, which are among the most remarkable geological phenomena in existence.

The western part of the valley is traversed by the historic Shenandoah, along whose banks Meade and Shields, Banks, Lee and Jackson alternately bivouacked during the Civil War.

Hemmed in by the purple mountains which seem to encircle and overshadow the quaint, old-fashioned village, Luray was, before the advent of the railroad and the discovery of its caverns, obscure, remote and isolated.

One mile west of the village, near the New Market pike, is a hill, known for many years as "Cave Hill." Here in 1795 a noted hunter by the name of Ruffner discovered a small cave, and this fact gave the slightly rising



SARACENS OF THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.

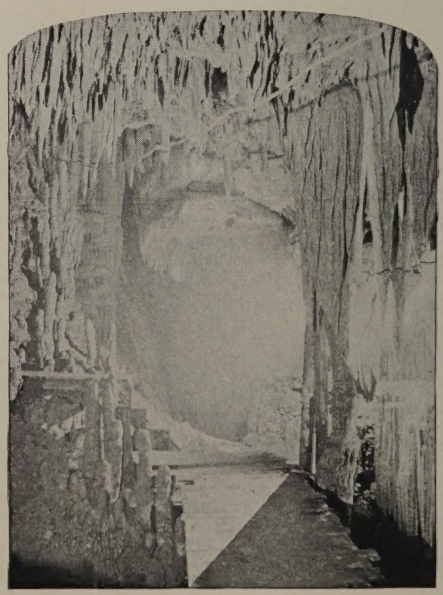
prominence its name. At its base is a pond, and from top to bottom its sides are dotted with sink-holes, overgrown with weeds and briars, and much frequented by the village boys in search of possible rabbit haunts.

In the spring of 1878 P. B. Stebbins, a photographer from eastern Maryland, came to Luray, and after several tramps over the country, avowed his conviction that a great cave lay somewhere in the vicinity. What led to this conclusion may be surmised only, for the Maryland photographer was certainly not a man of scientific research. Perhaps the existence of several small caves in the locality may have suggested the theory that other similar cavities might lie beneath the hills that intersperse the deep heart of the valley. Possibly the oft-reiterated remark of a stage-coach driver who fetched and carried the mail between New Market and Luray, "that the pike sholy had a holler sound when you drove 'long," may have strengthened the foundation of his supposition; but at all events, the tall, gaunt and slightly stooping figure of the photographer became a familiar object to the villagers. Through rain and sunshine the old man might have been seen trudging along the pike with a camera on his back if the day was fine, and always with a long, stout staff in his hand.

The "picture man's" eccentricities after a while aroused only the contemptuous amusement of the natives, who considered "nosin' aroun' " a most unprofitable occupation.

A few companions, notwithstanding, joined Mr. Stebbins for a time in his memorable hunt, but after digging in various places with no success, these worthies became disgusted and abandoned the search.

One man, however, was deeply interested in the matter, and heedless of the ridicule of his neighbors continued to prowl about the country and poke into every rabbit-hole on the hillsides. This man, — Andrew Campbell by name, and by trade a house and sign-painter,—was endowed with much natural cleverness, an unpractical taste



TWIN LAKES. CAVERNS OF LURAY.

for chimerical schemes, and was, moreover, a musician of local repute.

He dreamed dreams of finding a great subterranean valley as he wandered about the hills and hollows, and would often return to his humble little home at nightfall weary from the day's ramble, but full of courage and belief, and never too tired to beguile the moon-lit hours with flute or fiddle. The little log-cabin in which he lived was just opposite the home of the writer, and had always been an object of fear to the white, and negro children of the village. It had been used as a jail many years before, and there were grewsome tales about certain dark stains on its walls and floors, and of ghostly tenants who showed themselves occasionally on moonlight nights. The Campbells, however, were not afraid of the ghosts, and lived peacefully and unmolested in their humble abode, which is now covered with un-picturesque weather-boarding, and has been made uninterestingly neat and new.

Meantime Andrew's finances were not growing apace, and skeptical friends remarked dubiously that it "seemed like Andy could make anything in the world except a dollar."

One day as he and his comrade Stebbins sat on a stump discussing their favorite theme, a frightened rabbit scurried by them and darted into a hitherto unnoticed aperture at their feet. Both men watched for a considerable time to find an opening where the little creature might make its egress, but no trace of a hole could be found, though they looked about in every direction and for some distance.

"Well, Andy, that rabbit's got to come out somewhere. I say, let's follow him," said Stebbins, and in a moment his enthusiastic companion was on his knees, pulling at the stones and earth. Finding that it would be impossible to do anything without the necessary implements, they decided to return to the spot that night and continue their investigations secretly. A few chosen intimates accompanied the explorers to the intended scene of action, and since that night, the thirteenth of August has been a noted date in Luray's calendar.

Armed with picks, lanterns and candles, the little band returned to the deserted field under cover of darkness. So vigorously did they set to work that the rabbit-hole was sufficiently enlarged to admit the body of a man. Andrew Campbell entered the aperture, and was lowered by means of a rope for a considerable distance, until he reached what seemed to be the bottom. Peering about, candle in hand, he found himself in a rift of solid rock extending fifteen feet, and about five feet in width. At first there appeared to be no outlet to this fissure, but a closer examination disclosed a hole through which, with great difficulty, the intrepid discoverer passed into a large, open space. Filled with the boldness of exultation, he now abandoned the rope that connected him with the upper world, and gazed with awe and delight upon the strange scene before him.

Spectral columns of dazzling whiteness arose here and there among the forest of darker stalagmitic and stalactitic growth, that supported the canopy of stone above. Queer semblances of bird and beast revealed themselves dimly among the shadows that deepened into illimitable darkness, and grotesque faces leered at him from nook and angle as the candle flickered and flared in the damp, chill air.

Into what labyrinthian wonders did those three avenues lead which radiated from the lofty and spacious entrance? How far down did that rifted chasm reach? What lay beyond those festooned curtains of stone?

He could hear the beating of his heart between the measured drip, drop, drip, drop of the trickling water from above, and wonder gradually

gave place to triumph as he began to realize that he was standing where perhaps no mortal foot had ever trod before. With trembling hand he put the candle down on a ledge of stone and gazed about him. His dream was a reality! The heart of the earth had given him one of her most wonderful secrets! He was a discoverer — the Columbus of his section and generation!

So long was he absorbed in thought that the party above became alarmed, and one of them followed in search of the adventurous explorer.

After a while both men returned to their waiting companions and reported all that they had seen.

A second expedition confirmed their conviction as to the importance of their discovery, but a body of water near the mouth of the cave now stopped further investigations, and not until they had purchased the overlying tract of land were they aware of the magnitude and magnificence of the caverns.

Very soon after this discovery (which had been kept secret) the unsightly tract of land, containing twenty-eight and a half acres of thin clay soil, bestrewn with fragments of quartz and disfigured by sink-holes, was sold at auction by a decree of the court to close up a bankrupt estate. To the amazement of the villagers, Campbell and Stebbins purchased the apparently worthless land.

A day or two later the little town was thrown into a flutter of excitement by the announcement that a wonderful cave had been found "under the old Buracker fields," as the tract was commonly called, and immediately the relatives of the original owners instituted a suit for the recovery of the property. The local court decided in favor of the purchasers, but the case was carried to the State Court of Appeals, which awarded the land to the plaintiffs.

* * * * * * *

No estimate can be made as to the age of these caverns. A glass tumbler was placed under a dripping stalactite, and in five years became incrusted to the depth of an eighth of an inch. By this computation a column one foot in diameter might, under strictly favorable conditions, be formed in two hundred and forty years. Scientists say that the "fallen column"—a gigantic column riven from top to base, and weighing one hundred and seventy tons, must have lain in its present position for four thousand years, reckoning from the vertical stalactites which have formed upon it as it lies, and that its formation must have consumed seven millions of years!

One of the most interesting objects in this strange underworld is the skeleton of a man, which was discovered almost entirely imbedded in stone at the bottom of a deep gorge or chasm. The protruding bones and a part of the skull are visible. Bits of charcoal and the print of a human foot are the only traces left of this mysterious man. If his story is legendary, certainly his tomb is abiding, and rivals in magnificence the mausoleum of any Pharaoh of old.

The fact that these regions have never been fully explored stimulates interest and gives rise to much speculation. Near "Lake Lethe" is an abyss to which no bottom has been found. Mr. Campbell was lowered into it to a depth of seventy-five feet without approaching its lower limit. When interrogated by the writer about his perilous descent, he shook his head. "I don't believe it's got any bottom. Anyhow, I've been far enough down to suit me."

The Caverns of Luray, which, like all large caves, are the result of the combined action of carbonic acid as an agent, and water as a carrying force, wherever there is a vertical fissure through which the acidified water may pass, are naturally in a limestone region. The formations of the Luray

Caverns belong to five distinct types: stalagmite, stalactite, heclitite, calcite crystals and cave pearls. The heclitite, which is said to be the unique production of the Luray Caverns, abandons the vertical, and only indicates a distorted line. Slow crystalization on a barely moist surface from materials brought to the point of growth by capillary movement produces this eccentric formation.

In this fashion and by these agencies are the great caverns of limestone regions produced. Nature's handmaids, the elements, are unresting and untiring. Each little drop of water does its appointed task in the cave world, accomplishes a tiny part of the stupendous whole. The conception of the Great Designer is executed slowly and patiently. There is no hurry in Nature's workshops; no emulation, nor competition, nor wasted energies among these artisans. Each atom does its work in the appointed time, fills its niche, adds its weight, fulfills its mission. Not only sermons, but poems and lessons may be read in these stones.

The illustrations herein shown of the formations of the Luray Caverns are taken from original plates owned by the proprietors and graciously loaned me for this publication.

Mr. Campbell, or "Andy," as the Luray folk like to call him, told me the story of his discovery of the great caves, and his perilous descent into their mysteries when I was a bit of a girl in pinafores and pigtails, and the intense thrill of interest I felt on that occasion is recalled whenever I enter this nether world.

I believe that the details of the finding of this underground valley, though much has been written about its beauty by tourists and scientists, have never before been given to the public.

At all events one must visit the caves to feel the sense of vastness and of mystery that pervades this region of sculptured fantasy.

THE PELICAN.

(The early Christians called our Lord the Pelican, and He is thus spoken of in many Latin hymns.)

The Pelican, brooding in agony,
Because her young are starving 'neath her eyes,
Pecks at her breast until her life's blood flows
To nourish them, and in the desert dies.

Ah! pitying Christ, Thou art our Pelican,
Who o'er sin's desert didst Thy blood out-pour.
Feeding on Thee, new life wells in our veins,
And by Thy death we live forevermore.

M. F. N.

THE SCARLET GLOVE.

By M. Gertrude Reynolds.

Dread diphtheria notices were being placarded on the doors of the Briary, and a veritable black flag significance was in the air. There was a fog, too, "a real London particular," that made the little, crowded stone houses glare with sticky, unwholesome moisture, and through which poor, jaded humanity waded to dismal haunts. Pulling through the general confusion, coming in for a large share of the abuse, was a sort of prairie wagon, known as the "Tarrytown Express." It contained weighty articles of antique manufacture in mahogany, and elaborate art works in painting and statuary, some fragile crystals of value, and china, its age reckoned by centuries. The driver moved slowly and cautiously, ultimately stopping at a scrubby little dwelling, where the wagon attracted the curious, albeit there was nothing unusual in its appearance there, where people were moving in and out every day, generally ejected, not because of dishonesty, but because of the struggling like so many thousands of their kind in the harness of unmitigated poverty. A figure appeared at the porch, a little, square-set woman of tempestuous manner, who shouted to the driver as if stopping a runaway, "Oh, turn in; turn in! Don't stand there all day like a gaby, keeping my house upset waiting on ye."

At one of the front windows, looking out of the dingy street as if awaiting the arrival of the wagon, peered a pair of dark eyes. They were eyes that one might expect to see gazing out from the soul of the wronged; eyes that told of brooding hatred and seemed in strange, shuddering contrast to the eloquently beautiful face in which they were set.

The tempestuous little landlady's voice shrilly directing the teamster's movements as he blundered up the steps with the load aroused the owner of the eyes to the duties in hand, and turned her attention to the three low-studded, ancient chambers in which her belongings piece by piece were now being carefully set down. She quietly laid her hat and mantle aside and set to work building up the edifice, so to speak, of a new home.

As night fell, some hours later, a loud knocking on the door announced Mrs. Michel, presenting her bill in "advance." The musty chambers had been transformed into galleries of art, a massing of the grandeur of the past.

The new occupant awoke the woman from her stupefaction by responding with the advance.

"No hurry, Miss," she gasped, with a courtesy quite floundering in its confusion, forming precipitate conclusion from the almost dazzling attractiveness of the scene that the new tenant, after all, was a lady of means.

"Means," to Mrs. Michel, was the only reason in life, for complimentary recognition.

And yet, people of means had never been met with in the Briary. Decayed gentility dwelt here, coming by degrees like slow death under the strange empire of poverty and pride to their last penny.

The woman in her native, gusty humor, like a gale blowing her way and seeking to blow everything that was in her way also, disappeared. The occupant waited until the last excited step was heard on the stair below. Then closed the door and locked it.

"Well," she said, as she turned to lay a pine knot on the hearth embers, "what a farce it all seems. I wonder why Marris doesn't come."

It was beginning to rain. The little narrow-paned windows were beaten furiously with it later on, and a growl of thunder was in the elements.

"I wonder why Marris doesn't come," she said, for the twentieth time. She had taken a wrap and umbrella in hand, as if planning to go out. She waited a little, undecided; parting the curtains, looking out at the torrents, and the sword-like lightning thrusts at the gloom. Nothing more could be seen. She let the curtain drop again, and buttoned on the wrap. Someone was coming now up the stairs; wet garments rustling. It is Marris," she said, and opened the door:

"You are wet, you poor thing," removing the dripping garments, "come to the fire."

Marris gathered mutely down to the hearth, her chin on her hand.

"I was going out in search of you, again," unbuttoning the wrap and putting it away. "Well," she, too, gathered down at the hearth.

"Well, just another castle, the position was taken one hour only before I reached there. Why do things work so contrary, I wonder," petulantly, "it is quite enough to make one a fatalist. Is there any cocoa to be had, Jeane?" pathetically.

"Yes," said Jeane, "and a tart; I was wondering on the way about your lunch to-night," she went on, cutting at the great round fruit pastry, "and stopped at the old Cathedral a moment. I was feeling so bitter, you see, I thought just getting inside——"

She paused to swing out a crane from the old-fashioned hearth and hang a little bronze kettle on it,—"just getting inside," she went on. "Just standing, you see, in its atmosphere of consecration, might touch this distemper of soul, this rankling of revenge, that never ceases, never rests, has my whole nature so its prisoner; I thought it might flee there at least for the time, if I prayed, Marris." She pulled the little round table to the hearth, and poured the boiling water from the little bronze kettle into the silver tankard, an heirloom.

"Give me mother's cup, Jeane. I wish we could have her to-night."

Jeane produced the cup; it was stored in tissue paper and down, a pale blue china with silver crescents. She filled it with cocoa, and then filled her own, and together, they sat and sipped.

"I came away, Marris, bringing all my distemper with me. I have it now, my mind is filled from the rising to the setting of the day, with Hillary. As I turned from the church, I found our old cook had set up a pastry, so I went in and bought the tart; let me help you to another piece, Marris." Marris's wide eyes were shining with tears.

"If we could only have mother," she said, sobbing down her bit of pastry.

"Oh, Marris," a flash of reproach; "how could you ever want mother for this?"

Marris gazed around her. "You said you were only going to store the things here, Jeane, after to-night, and you have built it up into a beautiful home picture as if you meant to stay. Why dear?"

"Until we find out our vocation, Marris, in other words, until we get work to do, it will save boarding expenses, and does very well to wait in."

The last cup was drained, the little bronze table and dishes set back in place.

"Whatever are we to do, Jeane?"

The lights were out, and they had covered themselves up in bed.

"I have been turning over, in my mind, the plan of opening a school."

"School!" There was a contemptuous toss on the pillow. "Tarrytown is done to death with schools, private schools, coaching schools, schools for advanced, schools for beginners; where is there room for another? Whatever are we to do, Jeane?"

"Then there is our Irish point, Marris, we can make point, and offer it to some of the lace merchants who used to know papa."

"It is so trying to the eyes, and so tedious, and people cannot be forever buying Irish point, Jeane; then, too, the older the lace, these days, the better society raves over old point, ours would be so very new. Oh, dear, whatever are we to do?"

"We might try the magazines; we were prize-essayists at school."

There was a leap of hope in Jeane's voice, but Marris jerked out a despairing "Oh, dear!" She was losing faith in Jeane's judgment. "The magazines!" she went on in the same jerky tenor, "write for the 'magazines' and evaporate into two little old women in spectacles and wrinkles at the head of a home hint and complexion column, warning the public to save their hands, and wear mittens blacking the stove?"

"Even that might bring bread and butter," said Jeane sleepily.

Another jerky "Oh, dear!" from Marris, "don't expect me to spread my wing on your magazine suggestion, Jeane. I would never in the wildest crisis of delirium dream of writing for the press."

"Dear me. Why?"

"One possible penalty, dear, of dropping some day into the editorial chair."

"What then; that means bread and butter, too, does it not?"

"Bread and butter! Is one never to have the fostering of a moment's joy or rosy anticipation without having to see it dissolve in this terror for bread and butter! It is like leaving the glow of the roses behind; and going into the tide-mud of things because the ship must come that way."

Another little sigh and impatient turning on the pillow.

Poor Marris, it was true the wolf was already in the roses, and the ship's mast not even in sight.

"I do really wish you would write something for the magazines," ventured Jeane again.

"Me?"

Marris was sitting upright in bed from sheer stupefaction at the directness of the thing.

"Yes, Marris; your essays in school had the credit always of being original, and strong, and charming, dear."

Marris sighed, and with a toss lay back on the pillow.

A little covert laugh came from under the pillow, "that is the avalanche the poor public are made to groan under, Jeane; just this impulse of yours that a school prize-essayist is full fledged for the press; that is why the paper that publishes them finds the shelf its most permanent patron."

"Get at the wheat, Marris; see what you can do," appealingly.

"I can continue to proclaim against the public being deluged with the prize essay style of literature, and that, and nothing better is what mine would be if offered at the present time," said Marris; "moreover, dear, I should never be satisfied with the ordinary; with nothing less than the gigantic, the Victor Hugo, the George Eliot; let us get to sleep, dear."

The half hour struck on the little chime before they spoke again.

The sound of a carriage dashing over the street at a startling clatter was heard.

Jeane rose, parted the curtain and looked out,—the rain had ceased, the moon had broken from its chasm of cloud. She caught the gleam of a white horse pulling a buggy at reckless speed.

"What is it, dear?" asked Marris.

"Doctor Tidy's carriage; it may be that some poor soul is closing its account. The epidemic warnings hang out at the upper end of the ward; good night, Marris."

Marris reached her lips and arms to her sister. "Good night, dear. Whatever are we to do?"

"The will of heaven, Marris." Jeane again drew the coverlet around her and sank to rest.

PART II.

In one of our city hospitals, among the uniform rows of patients, sat a woman of what might be termed middle age. She held her check, like the rest, and awaited her call. She was dressed severely plain; there was a certain lustre about her, however, that gave a carefully-dressed effect, and the looker-on would set her down as a woman of wholesome tenor. Presently there entered and sat beside her, after a little scrutinizing glance, another woman, a girlish, beautiful creature, with glorious eyes, and a face remarkable for its pallor.

The two women enjoyed the contact, one of the other, though silent and unknown.

A decrepit dame groped her way, bent over her crutch, and coughing, coughing; the incessant hackings of the consumptive.

"There are some miserable creatures in the world," said the woman on the bench, referring pityingly to the poor invalid.

"Yes," said the younger, "there are many. I was wondering if that suffering dame ever knows what it is to be happy."

"One can be happy under any circumstances," said the first speaker, "if they will only do His way."

She spoke quickly.

The young woman glanced up; "His way," she said.

The manner of expression revealed at once a dearth of faith. "What is His way?"

The answer again came quickly.

"Conscience first in everything."

"And it is so easy—His way," went on the first speaker; "so easy, and in the end, when one looks back and sees only the path all white and sweet, and what we thought to be thistles in passing over, only fragrant bloom now."

"Thirteen," called the physician; "thirteen." The older woman answered the call, the younger woman in turn also responded. On her way out she saw her unknown acquaintance, walking somewhat hurriedly in advance. Her gait, and head-poise, had a certain cheery elation in it that made one judge a light heart beneath it all.

"How odd," mused the younger woman, "that a little word dropped at random like that should haunt one so, "one can be happy under any circumstance if they will only do 'His way.'" Her eyes followed the woman wistfully. "There is something even in her well-brushed dress, and uplifted countenance that speaks of her prescription—"conscience."

Two hours later she was wending her way down the Briary, and into the upper chambers of No. 6. "I have had some waiting to do for my little consultation with the doctor," she said, "and I walked home from the city, and that accounts for my being so delayed." She spoke in whispers, as if fearful of awakening someone, and laid aside her hat, and mantle. "Here," she added, producing from her bureau an exquisite scarf, "take this for your kindness in watching here, and thanks, heartfelt thanks."

The woman, a neighbor, accepted the scarf with evident delight, and took her departure, the new-comer filling her place by the bedside.

"Jeane," she whispered after awhile, as she consulted her watch, "it is time for your medicine, dear."

The girl opened her parched lips, took the drops offered and sank back weakly upon her pillow.

The hours wore on, the ticking of the clock sounded startling in the stillness. Marris, for she it was, paced the room.

"His way," she said, recalling the woman's words. "His way."

She covered her face and shuddered. The dark guest of doubt had shadowed her soul.

A stanza looked up at her from a heap of old letters.

"And if the clouds should hide the sky
And blinding rain should fall,
Remember God is always nigh
And heaven is over all."

She gazed around her, the chambers were strangely empty. The elaborate antiques, heirlooms, one by one, had been sacrificed. "Jeane would have found a way to have saved them," she said, "but I could not, and, dear me, they were all that was left of the old home. She sat down then, and cried softly to herself. "It is so good to cry," she said, "there seems more hope after it, somehow." She cried on, rocking back and forth in the only low easy chair left. The shadows gathered. "The twilight is company," she said, "I will not chase it with the lamps."

Her father had made her his idol. She yearned for him now. "Why cannot he come just within touch of Jeane and me," she said. "Spirits can cleave their way through all obstacles. Father, do come, come to Jeane and me."

By and by, when the lamps were lit, and the little bronze kettle hung on the crane, and Jeane had feebly sipped at a little nourishment, Marris went back to the letters. It was all she could think of doing in her perplexity, and glintings of light, too, were certain to be found there. But her hand played her false—she drew forth a message on which Jeane had marked the stigma "Lie."

"I wish Hillary's letter might be destroyed," she said, glancing covertly at the bed, "it makes Jeane so like a fury; I wish I might dare burn it." It was a dainty note, wafting the delicate odor of violets. She caught it quickly up, and opened it to the light.

"Accept the mortgage, dear cousin," it read. "I will never do anything mean regarding it. I will always be good to you."

Unconsciously she read the words aloud.

"Traitor!" came from the sick bed. Jeane was sitting up, her eyes aflame. "Traitor," she said again, her hot breath panting. "The world which reverences you shall yet know you." And she sank back on her pillow.

Marris gave a cry and prostrated herself at her sister's side.

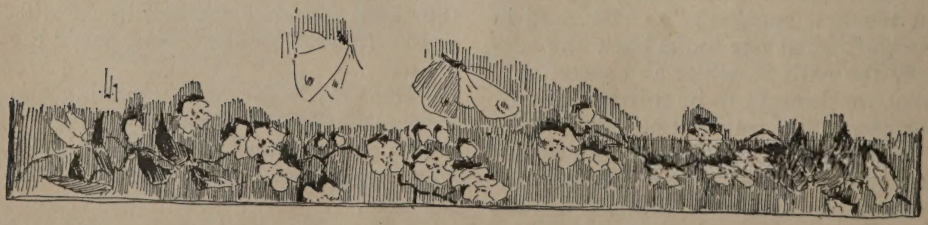
"Oh, Jeane," she said in a quiver of remorse, "to think I should have read the dreadful lie aloud. I thought you were asleep, dear."

"Let me sleep now, you poor thing," said the sick girl, raising her thin hand to pat the bowed head, and turning, closed her eyes.

Marris went back to her seat; the clock's ticking seemed to grow louder and louder; a sense of doom pervaded the quiet chambers. The girl wrung her hands, and rising paced back and forth softly.

"I wish I could again believe in His way," she said. "Oh, how dark! Oh, how dark! Oh, for a little light; even a very little light!" She dropped on her knees, her breath quivering out the cry.

(To be Continued.



DR. PARSONS, HISTORIAN.

By Rev. John Joseph Mallon.

Very strangely the broad and generous enthusiasm, consequent on the successive appearance of Dr. Parsons' volumes of ecclesiastical historical studies during the past few years, has not made his works in the ordinary acceptance popular. Doubtless the numerous estimates discriminate and kindly, and the high degree of historical sanction accorded to them have rendered a verdict not generally accepted in the wide realm of history, for the reason that it emphasizes the attenuating fact that the key to the foregoing statement turns on his unswerving loyalty to the Holy See, and accentuates once more the fatal irresponsibility of a host of other writers of history. Such a biased decision is not to be wondered at, for after all it takes a sound, logical, consistent historian of a religious frame of mind to develop and convey the belief and doctrine of the church adequately. It is incumbent on us, then, to concede at least that, whatever else may be exceptional in his talent and resources, with devotional sincerity and consecrated common sense Dr. Parsons writes in pronounced and avowed support of the church and has gratefully recognized the task to be at once difficult and delicate and withal monumental, and has consequently given us in the vernacular for the first time no ordinarily erudite series of "studies" of incalculable value to students merely, but founded apparently on his own original method and treatment. Without exception all the principle and prevalent moral and religious issues and events of church polity during the preceding centuries, arrayed and clothed in their historic environment, are dealt with summarily, while his vigorous and incisive logic has scored a splendid success and merited well-earned praise in unusual measure.

The foundation and framework of every historical event has had some sort of a beginning, for every fact, whether first conceived as an idea by the fanatic, or radical, or individual of sound, healthy mind, divested of its attendant circumstances must begin somehow, somewhere. After a time it gathers force and attains a crisis, and then comes consequent success or fatal collapse. So its phenomena is vitally associated and identified in our acceptance with the category of cause and effect, as well as that of antecedent and consequent. Self-progression is beneath all the practical evidence and test of this phenomena, as Professor Burgess of Columbia has well said, and the true basis of progress cannot be other than historic and must produce the spirit of time progress, and hence history becomes the progressive realization of the ideals and aspirations of the human spirit. In the whole divine scheme and operation of the church, historically taken, Dr. Parsons has occupied his talent and inspiration in searching for data with something infinitely more profitable for the student than mere continuous narrative moving in unbroken regularity. The real character and dominant feature of his noble achievement is centralized in those themes of constant, stirring force which engrossed the minds of men and show us the orderly progress of the church through all difficulties and trials that

beset her path. Abundant proof and reference and citation bring forth and substantiate the fruits and results of his judgment, which are made interesting and readable in the most engaging form. The great mass of material he has judiciously abridged and simplified. Yet in this diffident and questioning age has not historical statement often been proven erroneous and fallacious? What have we to rest on after all, especially when dealing with past events? Why is the evidence of helplessness so potent in history, which Sante-Beuve half humorously, half cynically called a set of fables which men agree to believe in? In winnowing truth from falsehood does not the difficult and interminable process weaken history and take away her standards? For an answer read any of Dr. Parsons' volumes, and particularly the first, which is unquestionably a standard work. A creditably good lecturer, Emerson, in most all of his productions, lacks the historic sense, depreciates experience and makes light of the relation that fact and phenomena bear to principles. Greeley, of great editorial fame, in the judgment of his compeers, did not have critical ability. Froude, a truly literary celebrity of high mark, in his most compliant moods was imbued with a high imaginative sense which was so mischievous and deadly because there was a dearth of critical ability. It has been said, and we complacently admit, that in the light of the many vexing questions and complex situations of the church, the secret of Dr. Parsons' inner life and governing motive has been the untiring quest of truth. Critics the most censorious and exacting have borne testimony to his learning and thorough and painstaking scholarship, and yet all this should amount to little without the one great point which constitutes an essential equipment and qualifies the historian for his great labors, training his mind to patient carefulness in ferreting out data, the acme of intellectual processes that leads all by dispassionate and unprejudiced judgment to a great finality, making him direct and incisive, uncommonly frank and just—it is once more beyond a doubt this power of perception, the rare and well-berated critical faculty. For it is by this, and this alone, that a fact or proposition is investigated, and our judgment tells us: It is true, and should be true, or it is false. It is this very faculty that vitalizes and vindicates events of the past, takes away our present helplessness, and gives strength and vigor to the statements of history. "The historian," said Professor John Fiske recently, speaking on "Old and New Ways of Treating History," "has not found the true path until he has learned to ransack such records of the past with the same untiring zeal that animates a detective officer in seeking the hidden evidences of crime."

In his varied researches Dr. Parsons exercises the utmost care and vigilance, and everywhere we find strong and unmistakable evidence of that vitally necessary faculty of critical ability, embodied in the most practical of forms, that gives us deeper insight and significance to history. "It's one of my principles," says Gustave Flaubert, "that one must never write down one's self. The artist must be present in his work, like God in creation, invisible and almighty, everywhere felt but nowhere seen." This is the part that is allotted to form, and this is the selfsame part, in sincerity and earnestness, that Dr. Parsons plays in his highly instructive and valuable monographs, which may be read independently each of the other. Before the screen, the continuity of history being broken, these studies are tableaux vivants in all their dramatic intensity and reality. Demagogue and projector of schemes, mountebank and annalist, social reformers and agitators, political disorder, religious strife, usurpers and interlopers, patriots and

statesmen, kings and princes, popes and potentates, discreditable theories, abominable practices, prolonged and embittered struggles, hatred and jealousy and all mortal frailties confront the uncompromising judge and pass in review before his keen and discerning eye and show us the varying fortunes of the church, the relation and polemical bearing of all great questions on dogma, discipline and church polity in her divinely guided progress and prosperity. Facts obscured by ill-will, ignorance or prejudice are brought to light, are exhaustively and conclusively treated, linking evidence with evidence. Jugmann doubtless helped Parsons in his form, but Parsons is more apologetic than he, and has done his noble work with equal skill and effectiveness. Like all good historians, he has employed both analysis and synthesis, and especially the former, in dealing with the first centuries of the church, where material is scarce. Truth and rare impartiality and sound judgment are his essential and masterly aids; it is these that give strength and poignancy to his productions. We are impressed with his candor and honesty ,with his accuracy and painstaking care, with his great skill in summing up, and from our established point of view we can exculpate Dr. Parsons from the adverse charge of being paradoxical. Especially those outside the pale of the church have said that he has discredited and reversed the current verdict of the so-called standards of history, as when all do not concur in his view of Wycliffe. Be this as it may, whatever else his preferences, Dr. Parsons never takes a stand that he cannot maintain and strengthen by cunning logic and convincing argument. The boundless possibilities of the church are presented to us, and despite all rancor leveled at it, the words of her divine founder are daily in evidence, and as time goes on meet abundant realization. "This world," says Froude, who in a great measure lacked sensitiveness of conscience, "is built somehow on moral foundations. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last to them." The noble mission and long, continuous service of Dr. Parsons has been to strike a blow at falsehood disguised as truth, which has been a potent factor for the past three centuries in history. His sincere purpose is to convert those whom he terms "victims of historical heterodoxy."

Keeping this in view, how far Dr. Parsons has fulfilled the general spirit and purpose of his work may be judged from the concurrent testimony of even those who have the hardihood to reject the authority and sanction of the Holy See and take refuge and find comfort and strength in old and discredited methods. The writers of history, as well as history itself, have their inequalities. As Parsons tells us, Ranke, Voight and Hunter strikingly illustrate how the truth can be wofully obscured and remain so for a long period awaiting the stroke of the master hand, and what weight of evidence and persistence is necessary to counteract prevalent historical statements once accepted as final and conclusive. To the philosophy of history rather than to mere narration of "inductible fate," as Henry James might call it, epoch-making events strictly belong. By historic intuition the great Bossuet recognized the hand of God directing and guiding the affairs of the world, especially in all great events. Schlegel, another strong advocate, indorses and insists on the same view, and even Cantri, a conservative liberal, appeals less frequently to divine intervention. Dr. Parsons cannot very well discard these philosophies of history when speaking of the church, to be sure; yet in his retrospective view, far from claiming originality, he deals principally with what others have written, vindicates and substantiates their testimony or rejects them entirely as careless or incompetent judges, resting his decision finally on documentary evi-

dence. In the language of Cardinal Newman, he finds the foundation from which pure doctrine comes is itself pure, and as a consequence he is intolerant of doubtful or arbitrary statements. Nor has he time to discuss wearisome questions. With incessant diligence and indomitable courage this champion of truth, honesty and efficiency has labored all his life along these particular lines and pours out the great treasury of facts and evidence of his studies without stint or hesitancy.

Students of history should feel specially grateful to Dr. Parsons for the great and permanent service which he has rendered them. He has consulted their comfort and convenience, and many a weary and fruitless hour is therefore saved by being conversant with his works. Quite unlike Flaubert, "who was tormented with the love of magnificent expression," Dr. Parsons still writes well in an easy and graceful style, and critics and reviewers in the main commend his workmanship. Some ask for the relations of Innocence III. to the Magna Charta and some for a complete index which the Hon. John Morley called a damning sin of omission; others again clamor for the original authorities to be placed at the head of each study and others for a smoother translation here and there, keeping in mind Dr. Hugh Blair's maxim, "Into this hole thrust themselves three Roman senators." In a work of so extensive a range as Dr. Parsons' we frankly acknowledge that these are some of the "frills and fripperies" that may easily be remedied in later editions. The general character and body of his work remains intact, sound and judicious. There is little doubt that Dr. Parsons is severe, as he ought to be, on those who advocate Gallican propensities, on those who perversely refuse to understand Papal Infallibility, and on Lamnais, to whom he grossly applies the epithet "jaundiced."

Following are a few salient points of Dr. Parsons' biography: It will be remembered that some of his ancestors helped to found the city of Springfield, Mass., though he was born in Paterson, N. J., in 1841. In the spring of the present year Miss Minerva Parsons died in Northampton at the age of ninety-one. She was a cousin of his father's, and loved to recount stories of the French and Indian wars which were told her in her youth. Having made his preliminary course in New York city, when the American College at Rome was founded and opened in 1859 Dr. Parsons was admitted to the new institution, and was ordained a priest in 1865 by Cardinal Patrizzi. He wrote much of his work at Rosendale, N. Y., and in later years at St. Joseph's Hospital, Yonkers, N. Y., where he is at present chaplain.

Temperate and candid in his work, Dr. Parsons is incomparably the greatest figure to-day in the historico-polemical field. All his life long he has evinced a great capacity for hard and continuous work, has read and studied history with the aim of setting forth the truth, and writes with the skill and familiarity of one well versed in his themes. His "Lies and Errors of History," first published in 1892, has been considered a classic in its own especial field. It is a priceless volume of information and argument on topics of universal and permanent value, and in concrete form dispels prejudice and misunderstanding. It strikes at the perpetuation of mischievous and vicious elements of current methods of history, is forceful and eloquent, and yet Dr. Parsons has not received any encouraging recompense other than the good wishes and warm approval which all his work pre-eminently deserves. A pioneer in the field of history, he expects soon to publish the fourth volume of his "Studies," and doubtless it will be welcomed and applauded, for his reputation is growing daily in popularity and public favor.

A STRANGE RIOT.

By S. M. M. X.

(Founded on fact.)

It was at the time of Buchanan's election, 1856. I must have been ten years old, for I was born in 1846. I was living in a little New England village with my father and mother, who kept the hotel there.

One would hardly expect the little New England village would be the scene of a riot, and yet there was a big one, as many of the villagers will tell you if you ever care to visit the little town of Bristol to-day.

The railroad was just being built through there, and in consequence there was a large squad of men employed in the building. Irishmen mostly, respectable men as a rule, but whose hot Celtic temperament blazed out suddenly when provoked.

I think it was early in the month of August that there came to Bristol one of the great circus companies. Not that the town was large enough to pay the company for an entertainment, but the neighboring State, only across the river from Bristol, forbade circuses by law and, in consequence, the people from the larger towns on the other side of the river came to Bristol for those occasions.

There were but few Catholics in Bristol, and there was no church. Father Daly, an itinerant missionary, came along in his travels from time to time, and then they would have mass in a hall at the top of a public building. He was the only man who had much control over the men who were building the railroad, but his control was supreme, and no one of them dreamed of disputing his word, so strong was the faith in those days.

Circus day passed off quietly enough; there was but little drinking. Father would not sell to men when he saw they had had enough and would have no noise or disputing about the place. I heard something about a little girl belonging to the troupe having been miraculously cured by taking her to the hall where the Catholics heard mass and making her pray before a statue of the Blessed Virgin. But as I was a Protestant in those days I did not pay much attention to the story.

I slept in a little room off the bar with Enos Prouty, a man employed by my father, and a great favorite with all the people in Bristol, especially with the boys.

I was sent to bed, as usual, sorely against my will, on the night of the circus, about eight o'clock, while it was still light. I do not know how long I had slept when I suddenly found myself on my feet, with my

head out the window in the cool night air.

There was still audible a most horrible sound which must have waked me. Far away down the street was a shout of anger, followed by a "Keening." Never was there such another, for it seemed to fill the quiet air with a long-drawn lament until my brain rang with it.

In an instant Enos was out of bed by my side at the window.

"In God's name, John," cried he, "what was that?"

Before I could answer a stone came smashing through the window where we stood, and in less time than I can write the words the house was surrounded by angry men, the stones flying, the windows smashing, while the air was full of angry cries.

From the upper story father shouted out from an open window and demanded the reason for the riot.

There were confused cries in answer, in which the calls for the circus men and for our Blessed Lady's statue were distinguishable in the turmoil, and I found out that the circus people had stolen the statue that the Catholics thought so much of.

Father shouted at the top of his lungs, but it was a long time before he could make the rioters understand that the troupe had left Bristol and were already on the road, and that there were none of them in the house. When they understood this they started as one man on the road to the circus grounds; but as Enos and I had our heads well out the window, a parting stone came hurtling in between us, and we drew in very quickly and stooped down under the window seat.

When, however, we found they had left, Enos began to dress himself quickly.

"I am going too, Enos," cried I.

"Indeed you are not," said he, and catching me up, he threw me back into bed, sternly forbidding me to leave it again that night, and adjuring me to be a good boy and go right to sleep.

Truth to tell, I was quivering all over with excitement and fear, and was even in my own mind, divided between the fear of being left alone and the fear of falling in with the rioters again.

I soon found out by the different exclamations and noises in the house that every one was awake and stirring, and so speedily half dressed myself and joined them. I found the whole family assembled in the lower hall and in a great state of excitement discussing the affair, and in consequence taking no notice of me.

"John," whispered Pruneau, our stable boy, "let's cut cross lots and see it out."

I glanced at him with admiration and approval. In our trousers and night shirts, bare-footed and hatless, we ran for our lives across the meadows to the high road, where we knew the circus would pass on its way to the next town. The great tracts of newly-mown grass pierced my bare feet most cruelly and the night air chilled me through, but there was no time to breathe, much less to complain, and I was bound to keep up with Pruneau or die in the attempt.

We reached the road just in time. The circus procession was slowly wending its way in silence down the hill at the head of our village when:

"Hoort; oort; oort."

Down the hill came a great hay-cart drawn by four horses and filled to overflowing with the railroad men. They dashed by the procession and turned across the road at the foot of the hill, completely barring the road.

It seemed to me but a second when the mill hollow, as it was called, was filled with shouting, struggling, furious men.

Horrified at the sound of the blows and frightened out of my life, I turned and ran, but seeing that Pruneau kept his post behind a tree upon the bank and out of danger, I gradually stole back, fascinated, yet shivering all over with fear. I noticed as I looked down

upon the combatants that another man had joined Pruneau at his station on the bank.

I was fairly jumping with fear and excitement, and the newcomer seemed equally excited and anxious from some cause, I knew not what, while Pruneau was quite as cool and stolid as he usually was.

One of the circus wagons had been overturned and the horses cut from the traces. It was round this cart that the struggle seemed to centre.

After a little I saw a tall man on his hands and knees carefully drawing a plaster image, one of those frightful colored things, out from the overturned cart. He was, as I have said, on his hands and knees, and kept the statue under him to protect it, while the struggling, fighting mass about him did not seem to notice.

Not so with the strange little man at our side. He fairly danced with excitement and anxiety. The man with the statue had just succeeded in putting it up in the haycart when one of the circus men, seeing it, lifted an immense club to shatter both man and statue. Then the little man at our side with one great spring jumped into the melee, and by skilfully inserting his cane between the circus man's legs laid him flat on his back.

Springing up into the cart himself, he pounded vigorously with his cane and shouted:

"Go; go and do penance for your sins!"

In an instant a hush fell on the crowd as if he had cast some mysterious spell over the whole.

"What do you mean by this fighting and brawling? Drive on, Mike. You are a disgrace to all good Catholics. Drive on, you idiot. A scandal to Protestants, and——"

Here the horses started off on the gallop, the reverend father keeping his arm round the statue to keep it from harm, the crowd hooting, cheering and who could clinging on, while the rest followed running on behind.

Thus they returned in triumph, leaving the circus men to pick up their scattered forces and make the best of their way onward.

LOVE'S FASTNESS.

There are some walks in life by reason sought
To which the feelings only can aspire,
But that the mind afar must needs admire,
Yet cannot touch; they are too high for thought.

Clarence Hawkes.

MORNING HYMN.

Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. Jesse G. McMurphy.

On this new day's advent
All thanks to Thee we give,
O God omnipotent,
The Lord in Whom we live.

Thy clemency divine
Has deigned to affright
The terrors of the night
By Thy serene sunshine.

Replenished with Thy love,
Is vast encircling land,
And all that moves thereon,
Are creatures of thy hand.

For Thee the flowers grow
And verdure decks the fields,
The trees their fruits bestow,
The sun his influence yields.

Rejoicing in the trees,
The birds of sweetest fame,
And fishes of the seas
Exalt thy Holy Name.

Direct, great Deity,
And hedge about our ways,
So that eternally
Thy holy laws we praise.

Then this new day's advent
All thanks to Thee we give,
O God Omnipotent,
The Lord by Whom we live?

AT TWILIGHT.

By Walter M. Eggleston.

It is the witching hour of twilight, the link that connects day and night. The noise, the glare, the heat of the long summer day have given way to the coolness and the restful quiet of evening. Westward from the town, where houses are not crowded and fields and grass abound, one can hear the soft breeze whispering to the listening trees. Even the birds have finished their vesper chirpings, and only an occasional note from some restless warbler breaks the stillness. The western sky glows faintly with hues of heaven, softly bright and full of the vague beauties of dreamland; and against this, in sharp outline, rise the black-green tops of sombre pines. The dark green of the fields and bushes is fast changing to black in the gathering gloom, and the ever-varying colors of the western sky have now become merged into a pink that is not of this earth.

A few swallows with gentle chipperings sweep across the sky and are swallowed up in the gloom. Faintly from somewhere in the distance come the sounds of children at play. And somewhere else drowsy tinklings are "lulling distant folds."

Two young people, with slow footsteps that echo audibly, and faces close together, move, arm in arm, up the street just as the last pink glimmer fades from the sky and a hundred stars of silver twinkle in the purple dome.

Night has come.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.

Rt. Rev. John Ambrose Watterson, Bishop of the diocese of Columbus, Ohio, has been making some very favorable impressions throughout the East. His Grace's presence at the Catholic Summer School, Lake Champlain, was the occasion of adding greatly to the Bishop's already distinguished popularity. He was the companion of Archbishop Martinelli, and both prelates took a prominent part at the opening of the Summer School.

Bishop Watterson presides over a very influential see in the middle West, where his well known eloquence and his earnest work in the cause of temperance have won for him the love and esteem of all classes. He is one of the youngest members of the American hierarchy, and this youth and zeal of his seem to destine him for high honors in the Church.

The well-conducted Catholic Columbian is Bishop Watterson's official organ.

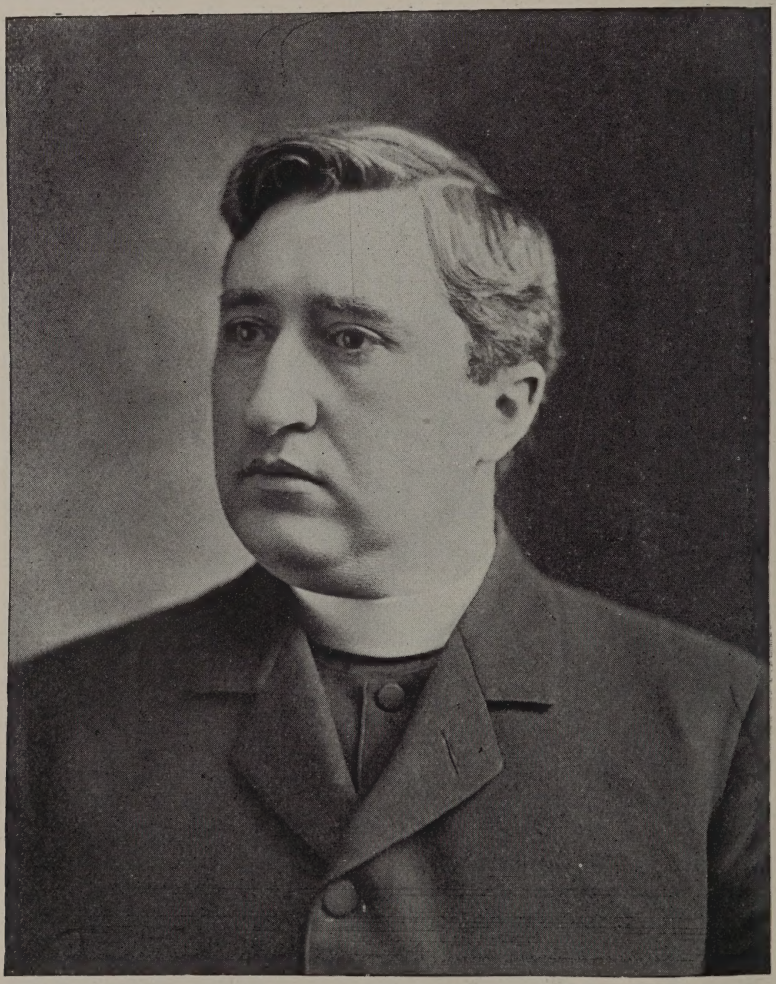
Rt. Rev. John A. Watterson.
Bishop of Columbus, Ohio.

The success of the congress of the Young Men's Catholic Clubs in Boston was chiefly due to Rev. William T. McGuirl, president of the national union. The eloquent pastor from Brooklyn was untiring in his efforts on behalf of the young men. Their cause is close to his heart. He made many voyages from his home to various parts of the country arranging the preliminaries for the convention.

At the last of these mass meetings held at the rooms of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, there was unusual interest manifested. The meeting was attended by members of the Boston College Society, augmented by the representatives of the various Young Men's Catholic societies of the archdiocese.

The gathering was large and enthusiastic and thoroughly representative of the Catholic young men of New England.

Rev. Fr. McGuirl came on from New York for the especial purpose of addressing those concerned in the preparations for the convention, and he received a magnificent ovation upon being introduced by Mr. Thomas M. Magiff, who presided as chairman of the committee of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College,



Rev. Wm. T. McGuirl.
President of Catholic Young Men's National Union.

which had the arrangements for the convention in charge.

The reverend president of the Catholic Young Men's National Union spoke at some length, and his eloquence greatly aroused his audience. He told of the obligations devolving upon the Catholic young men of the present time and argued for the closer affiliation of the Catholic societies of the United States. He also dwelt upon the advantages of the national union, and told of the splendid results which had followed previous conventions held in various parts of the country.

In closing, he strongly advocated the idea of having a grand rally of all the delegates and members of the societies of the archdiocese at the close of the convention.

The speakers who followed, enthusiastically complimented Fr. McGuirl on the eloquence of his address. Among those who spoke of the desirability of joining the national union were P. J. Flatley, Charles H. Slattery, Rev. J. J. Murphy of Peabody, Edmund Reardon of Cambridge, John D. Berran, Daniel P. Toomey and Chairman Magiff. Representatives of the different societies also spoke, many pledging their organizations to join the national union.

Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan, D. D.
Catholic University, Washington.

Dr. Shanahan, the popular and scholarly young professor of the Catholic University of America, has won the heart of Philadelphia, where he has just delivered ten lectures on scholastic philosophy before the University of Pennsylvania. The course covered two weeks and excited widespread

interest in the intellectual world. Dr. Shanahan is well known in the literary and lecture fields, and Boston feels proud of the honors already won by her distinguished son.

The New York Sun, in speaking of Dr. Shanahan's latest achievement, says:

"A remarkably eloquent and searching dissertation of the theistic as compared with the pantheistic conception of God appears in the Catholic University Bulletin. The author, who finds his text, but not his conclusions, in John Fiske's "Idea of God," is Rev. Dr. Edmund T. Shanahan, one of the professors of philosophy in the Catholic University at Washington. It may be read with intellectual pleasure and moral profit by Christians of every creed, and likewise by philosophers of every shade of theological opinion; for Dr. Shanahan's literary style is as clear and direct as his reasoning powers, and in him extensive learning has not stifled the faculty of using it to the best advantage."

Dr. Shanahan is from Jamaica Plain. He was educated at Boston College, being graduated in 1888. He began his theological studies in St. John's Seminary, Brighton, but afterwards went to Rome, where he had a brilliant career, receiving the degree S. T. D. without being obliged to pass an examination. He made such a favorable impression by his work at a public disputation in theology at which Pope Leo was present that the pontiff conferred the doctorate upon him there and then in rec-

Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey.

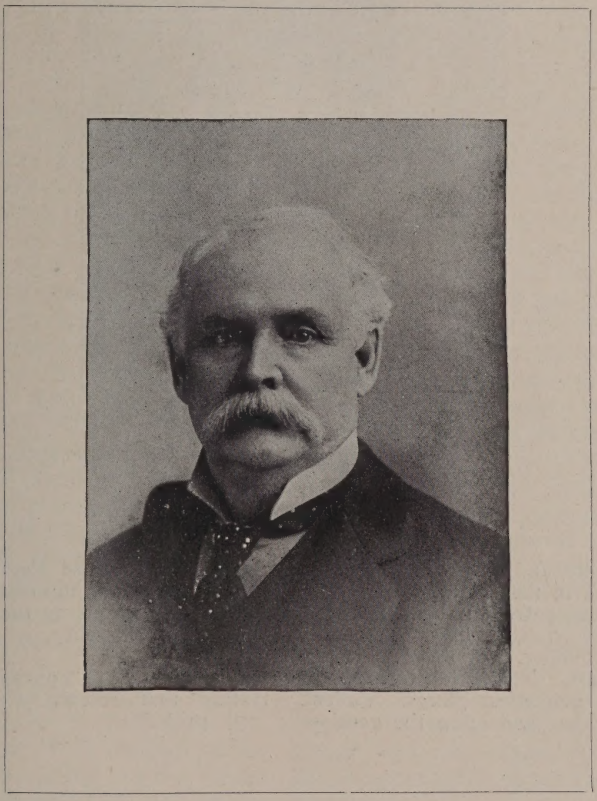
the various other Catholic clubs of the country assembled in Boston for their annual convention.

The Governor of Massachusetts selected Judge Burke to sit upon the municipal bench of the city of Boston because he knew human nature as well as law.

Judge Burke was born a lawyer. Before he was sixteen years of age he had read and re-read Blackstone and Kent, proving his natural bent for the law. One of his greatest pleasures, even now, is reading law, and much of his time off from the bench is spent in this occupation. His previous legal business had taken him into the courts of every state east of the Mississippi river, and this travel has acquired for him a wealth of anecdote, to which his friends are ever eager to listen. His personal popularity is great, and his circle of intimate friends is a large one.

The new tariff measure finds an energetic opponent in United States Senator Murphy of New York. The honorable gentleman took a prominent part in the recent economic discussion regarding the new national policy, and he always acquitted himself with considerable force.

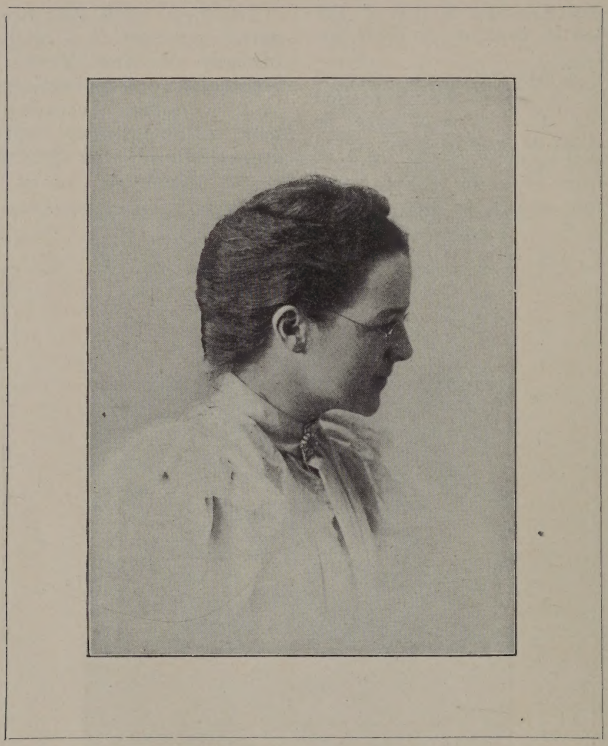
Mr. Murphy is one of the most distinguished Catholic members of the Senate.



SENATOR MURPHY.

Louise Imogen Guiney has again captured the literary world. Wielding a pen which is always attractive, this time she has won distinction along patriotic lines. In her new book, "Patrins," she paints the Irish character in historic colors.

"Time," she says, "which was expected to bring about no Ireland, has in reality engendered a national life more intense than ever. The physical strength, the patience and passion of the common people;



LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, AUTHOR OF "PATRINS."

the grace, loyalty and play of thought of gentlemen, have in that national life come together. Unique patrician wit, delicacy of feeling, knightly courtesy, have run out of their alloted conduits, and they color the speech of beggars. Distinction of all sorts sprouts in the unlikeliest places. Violent Erin produces ever and anon the gentlest philosopher; recluse Erin sends forth the consummate cosmopolitan; hunted and jealous Erin holds up on its top stalk the open lily of liberality,

"courteous, facile, sweet.
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride."

SAINT PATRICK:

HIS LIFE, LEGENDS, AND MIRACLES.

By P. J. Lynch.

Continued.

Among the most quaint and curious legends connected with St. Patrick, which have been preserved among the Irish peasantry, are those which tell of his dialogues with Ossian, the warrior-poet of the Fenians. Ossian was the son of the celebrated Finn McCool, captain general of the Fenian forces at that period, and he was the father of the no less celebrated Osgur, the Hector of the Fenian forces.

The Fenians were the National Militia of Ancient Ireland. It seems probable that at first they were simply mercenaries and soldiers of fortune, but they grew in power and influence until in the days of Finn McCool they were the actual rulers of the land. They then numbered seven legions each of three thousand men, and each province had its own commander, all owing allegiance to the commander-in-chief. The Fenian regime lasted several centuries, as is shown by the fact that no less than twenty-seven kings or chiefs ruled over them. They became possessed of vast privileges, and finally their exactions became so oppressive that public discontent resulted in a popular uprising against them. The popular forces were led by the Monarch Cairbre, son of Cormac MacArt, and in the Battle of Gabra, fought in 283, the most sanguinary conflict that ancient Ireland had ever known, the Fenian forces were annihilated.

If half the stories told by the poets and chroniclers are true the Fenians were the bravest, the strongest and most accomplished warriors that the world had ever known. The popular conception among the peasantry of Ireland of such warriors as Finn McCool, Ossian, Osgur and Goll is that they were giants. But while it does not necessarily follow that they were the giants of popular tales and legends it seems certain that they were men of enormous stature, and possessed of extraordinary strength compared with the standard of the present day. The athletic training, the constant practice in deeds of arms, the continual rivalry in feats of strength and skill, the great incentive to acts of daring, and the natural selection and survival of those possessed of the greatest strength and skill, all carried on for many successive generations among the Fenian legions, must of necessity have produced that type of warrior which in the old Irish tales is presented under the title of "Gasgeagh"—a personage who combines all the attributes of warrior, hero and champion.

For sheer physical strength probably the most renowned warrior among the Fenians was Goll McMorna. He was the Ajax of the Fenian legions, and "as strong as Goll" is a common proverb in the Irish language. Osgur has been already alluded to. He was probably the bravest champion of them all, and one of his characteristics was that though like a lion in combat he was in peace as gentle as a woman. The great Cuchulain, who in Irish folk-lore is represented as a giant of

monstrous size, was one of the commanders of the Ulster legion of the Fenian forces, known as the "Knights of the Red Branch," but he flourished some years previous to the time of Finn and Goll, and Ossian and Osgur.

One of the most accomplished of Finn's warriors was the famous Dermat O'Dyna, whose elopement with Grania, daughter of King Cormac MacArt, has proved one of the most popular themes with the ancient bards and poets. She was espoused to Finn McCool, but even as the wedding feast was in progress she fell in love with Dermat, who was the Fenian Adonis, and whose charms and accomplishments made him so irresistible among the fair sex that his companions called him "Dermat-na-man," which meant "Dermat of the women." The two fled from the banquet hall at Tara, and as soon as their flight was discovered Finn and his followers set out in pursuit. The thrilling adventures of the eloping pair as they fled from one province of Ireland to another to escape the vengeance of Finn have been immortalized by bard and poet, and the "Pursuit of Dermat and Graine" has become one of the most famous of ancient Irish romances.

There is another of the Fenians who deserves special mention, especially as he will be referred to in the dialogues. This is Conan (the word is pronounced like "Kunnawn" in the Irish), who is probably the most distinctly marked and best sustained character in the Ossianic romances. His characteristics were that he was large-bodied, a great coward, a great boaster and a great glutton. He had a venomous tongue and he hardly ever spoke a good word of any one. The Fenians liked to taunt him with his unenviable qualities, but they dreaded his sharp tongue, which they were in the habit of saying, "was worse than a blow;" but the old chroniclers had no such scruples, for they take every opportunity of ridiculing him. He was generally known as "Conan Mael," meaning Conan the Bald, and sometimes "Conan-Mael-Mallacht," meaning Conan of the Maledictions or Curses.

In considering the dialogues between Ossian and St. Patrick a chronological difficulty has presented itself in the fact that Ossian flourished in the third century, while St. Patrick flourished in the fifth. This seeming discrepancy is, however, very ingeniously explained by another very interesting Irish romance known as "The Lay of Ossian in Tir-an-oge."

Tir-an-oge literally means "Land of the young," but in the Irish idiom it is rendered "Land of perpetual youth." Among the Pagan Irish it was one of the chief of the happy abodes which they believed existed for souls after death. It has been remarked as a curious fact that all Eastern nations locate their Elysium, or future abode of souls, in the West, following the path of the setting sun, and the Pagan Irish, with the traditions derived from their Eastern origin, followed the same idea. Tir-an-oge was supposed to be located somewhere in the Western Sea, and there, too, were several other happy abodes, such as "Tir-na-M-Beo" (the land of the living), "Tir-fa-Tonn" (the land beneath the wave), "O Brazil" (the Isle of the Blest), and "Flaith-Innis," which is still a common name for Heaven.

The beauty and richness of imagery which characterized the traditions and beliefs of the ancient Irish invested these happy abodes with the most delightful attributes, so that they exercised a wonderful fascination on the popular mind. Each was a veritable paradise of never-ending pleasure and delight, but in order to reach them it was necessary to pass over a certain bridge, known as "Drohead an aen ribe" (the bridge of one hair). The good found the bridge wide and easy to pass, but for the wicked it contracted until it was only the width of

a single hair, and they were cast into the world again to assume other shapes until they were qualified to pass.

Tir-an-oge was probably the best known of these elysiums. No one ever grew old there, and the presence of Ossian on earth two hundred years after his time is explained by the tradition already referred to, which is to the effect that he was carried to Tir-an-oge immediately after the battle of Gabra and that he remained there until St. Patrick's time. According to the account of the event which he himself is represented as giving to the Saint, he was hunting near the Lakes of Killarney, when he saw coming towards him a beautiful maiden on a milk-white steed. She told him she was Niam of the Golden Hair, the daughter of the King of Tir-an-oge, and that she had heard so much of his bravery and acomplishments that she wanted to see him. Ossian fell in love with her on the spot, and it required no great persuasion to induce him to leave his land and kindred and return with her to Tir-an-oge. He mounted behind her on the white steed, which, when he came to the strand, shook himself and neighed three times. Then, in the quaint words of the ancient narrative, "he plunged into the ocean, moving over the face of the sea with the speed of a cloud-shadow on a March day."

"The wind overtook the waves and we overtook the wind, and we saw nothing but billows tumbling before us and billows tumbling behind us."

At last they reached the beautiful land of perpetual youth and Ossian married the golden-haired Niam. There he lived over two hundred years, so full of happiness that they seemed not more than two years, but at the end of that time he began to have a longing to see his home and kindred again. Niam was grieved to hear of his desire, but she told him that if he faithfully followed her instructions he would find no difficulty in returning. The white steed would carry him safely to Erin and back, but if he once allowed his feet to touch the soil of Erin he could never return.

Ossian promised to obey this injunction and he reached his old home in safety. He found the Fenians all gone and the people whom he found in their place seemed like dwarfs in his eyes. As he journeyed sadly along he came upon a crowd of men who were trying to raise a large flagstone from a hole in the ground. There were many of them, but the stone was heavy and those under it were in danger of being crushed to death. When they saw the gigantic rider on the white steed come by they implored him to assist them; and seeing their danger, he leaned forward, seized the flag with one hand and "flung it seven perches from the place." But alas, with the mighty effort the saddle girth gave way and Ossian slipped to the ground. The moment his feet touched the earth he became a withered old man, his sight began to fade and his strength passed away, while the white steed shook himself, neighed, and disappeared like a phantom. And this is the man who is represented as relating to St. Patrick the wonderful exploits of the Fenians.

The old chroniclers seem to delight in relating the dialogues between St. Patrick and Ossian. It was a meeting of the past and future, and they reveled in the opportunities it presented. Ossian represented the past, and he pined for its faded glories as the caged eagle pines for the freedom of its native hills; the Saint's eyes were continually turned to the future, with its glorious promise of immortality. Thus were joined and brought into effective contrast the heroic and the religious epochs of ancient Ireland. Love, charity and peace were the principles inculcated by the new faith. Ossian, on the

other hand, was the representative of an age when men found their highest aspiration in the glories of war and the chase, when men delighted in the carnage of battle, when the sweetest sound which could fall on the warrior's ears was the clashing of weapons as he met his enemy in mortal combat, and when, in short, men were so addicted to strife that a peaceful death in one's bed was so rare that it was known by a special designation.

Ossian was a fit type of all this. An amusing story, intended to fittingly describe his character, has come down among the Irish peasantry, though it is to be feared that the old chroniclers have embellished it with some of their native humor. It is told that after St. Patrick had succeeded in converting Ossian he granted him a vision of hell, and there the old warrior saw the Fenian hosts, led by Goll McMorna, engaged in fierce conflict with a legion of devils. Goll was armed with a big flail, with which he did tremendous execution among the fiends. The flail is an instrument much used in Ireland for threshing grain. It consists of two sticks, one of which swings from the other by means of a "tug" or hinge, usually consisting of a piece of rawhide which runs in a groove cut in the end of one of the sticks. Ossian saw that the Fenians were always able to beat back the devils into a corner, but ever when victory seemed assured the "tug" of Goll's flail would break, and then the Fenians would be driven back until the flail was mended again.

"Now, Ossian," said the Saint, "any one request you will make I will grant," expecting of course that he would ask for the release of his friends. But the old warrior was filled with the spirit of battle. This was as glorious a fight as he had seen the Fenians make on earth, and he promptly answered: "O, Patrick, all I ask of God is that he will give Goll a tug of iron for his flail, so that it will never break again."

The old tales represent Ossian as living at St. Patrick's house, and as might be expected he found his environments most uncongenial. The fierce old pagan in whom old age could not quench the love of war and combat which had been the ruling passion of his life, felt decidedly out of place in an atmosphere where all was peace and love. The "ringing of the bells" continually jarred on him, and this became a matter of chronic complaint with him. His enormous appetite seems to have remained unimpaired to the last, and he could never appreciate the beauty and holiness of fasting as practised by "the Clerics," as he was wont to contemptuously refer to St. Patrick and his followers.

He was continually referring to the glories and exploits of the Fenians and comparing their character and deeds with those of "the Clerics," much to the disadvantage of the latter, and sometimes he carried this so far that St. Patrick is represented as getting provoked at his gibes and sneers. Then the next moment the Saint would soften in pity, as he remembered the circumstances of the old man, and he would ask Ossian to tell him about such a battle that the Fenians fought, or such a combat waged by Finn or Osgur or some other warrior. Then Ossian would be filled with joy, for his supreme happiness lay in relating the exploits of the Fenian champions.

At the same time the Saint lost no opportunity of seeking to convert the old man to the Christian faith. This was a difficult task, because for a long time Ossian could not be brought to believe that there could be any God more powerful than Finn, Goll or Osgur, or any heaven more full of delight than Finn's palace had been. Some of the dialogues on this point are extremely quaint and amusing.

Going back to first principles the Saint explained how mankind fell, through the disobedience of Adam in eating the apple, when Ossian promptly interrupted him thus:

Ossian: "Indeed, Patrick, if I knew that your God was so very particular about one little apple I would send nine asses and nine mules with as many loads of apples to your God's heaven."

The Saint explained that it was not the eating of the apple in itself, but the breaking of His command which had given such offense to God.

Ossian: "Your God must be very proud then. Anyone could eat what he chose at Finn's palace."

Patrick: "Do not compare Finn with God, old man. God is all-powerful and rules over heaven and earth."

Ossian: "You say, Patrick, that your God is strong. Now, if Goll and your God were wrestling, hand to hand, on Knoc-na-Fiann, and if I saw that Goll was the under man, then I would say that God was a strong man indeed."

Patrick: "Silly old man, God is more powerful than Finn and all the Fenians who ever lived."

Ossian: "Revile not the Fenians, thou man of the golden vestments. It is well for thee that Conan Mael does not hear thee, lest his clenched hand might touch thee. Oh, man of the crooked staff, thy staff would be crushed to atoms and thy bell shattered against the pillar stones were Osgur present. If Finn or Goll were now living there would be no howling of Clerics."

At this point the Saint would calm the rising tempest by asking Ossian to tell the story of some great Fenian exploit, and the old man's anger would be dispelled in a moment. Then, after describing some great battle in which as usual the mighty deeds of the Fenian heroes brought swift destruction on their enemies, Ossian would revert to the old story.

Ossian: "Now, Patrick, inquire of God if he recollects when the Fenians were alive, or if he ever saw in the East or the West their equal in time of fight. Inquire if He ever knew a champion the equal of Finn, Goll, or my son Osgur."

Patrick: "God was before the Fenians and after the Fenians. He is from the beginning of the world and He will live forever."

Ossian: "O, Patrick, where was thy God then when the mighty Dearg came across the sea, when Lochlin of the ships came, or when Maghnus the great landed, or when Talc Mac-Treoin came, or Meargach of the Sharp Blades. Many a battle, victory and contest were celebrated by the Fenians, but I never heard of any feat performed by God, or that He ever reddened His hand. Could he fight, O Patrick?"

Patrick: "Foolish old man, have I not told thee that God is all-powerful —that Finn and Goll and Osgur are not to be compared to Him for a moment?"

Ossian: "Ah, Patrick, you should have seen Goll or Osgur fight. There never was, East or West, a champion who could give them battle and escape getting a man his match. You should have seen the Fenian champions fight at Knoc-an-air, the fiercest and mightiest hand-to-hand conflict that was fought since the beginning of the world. Six hundred and ten of the valiant heroes of the Fenians fell, but only three of the foe survived the slaughter. For ten whole days Osgur and the mighty Meargach of the Sharp Blades engaged in hand-to-hand combat. No such combat was seen before or since, but finally Osgur cut of Meargach's head. Ah, that was a fight worth seeing. Where was God at that time?"

Patrick: "Cease such comparisons, foolish old man. Understand that God dwells in glory, while Finn and his hosts are in pain."

Ossian: "O, Patrick, speak not thus. Great would be the shame of God to leave Finn in the shackles of pain, for if God himself were in bonds Finn would fight in his behalf. Finn never saw anyone in pain or difficulty without redeeming him by gold or silver, by battle or fight."

Patrick: "The Fenians had their day and they made bad use of it. They thought only of pleasures, eating and drinking and following the chase, unheeding the Lord's day and unmindful of the future. And for that they are now in bondage and pain."

Ossian: "I cannot believe it. Neither in the place thou callest hell, nor in heaven either, do I believe that any power could keep Finn and his hosts if they wanted to get out. Nor do I believe that if there was in the world a better place than heaven, Finn and his champions could be kept out of it."

Patrick: "O foolish man, God could do as he wished with the Fenians, powerful as they were."

Ossian: "Thou man of the crooked staff, thou dost not mean to boast that it was God that overcame them?"

Patrick: "It is indeed so, O Ossian."

Ossian: "How many legions did God have when he overcame the Fenians? Where did he find hosts their match? He must have had more warriors than could be quartered in all Erin."

Patrick: "God needed no legions. He could Himself crush all the Fenians in the hollow of His hand."

Ossian: "If God told thee such a story as that, do not believe another word that He tells thee during all thy days. If God spread such a report as that about the Fenians—that he obtained victory over them without the aid of hosts, or no help but Himself, believe nothing that He saith forever again."

Patrick: "O Ossian, every word I tell thee is truth. God is all truth. He obtained sway over all the world from the beginning, including the mighty Fenians. He is mightier than all who came on earth or all who will come hereafter."

Ossian: "Ah, if thou hadst seen the Fenians mustered for battle thou wouldst not say so. Their music was not the humming of psalms or the clanging of bells. I tell thee that if God is boasting that He overcame the Fenians single-handed, do not believe Him. How could a man without battalions or hosts perform mighty deeds? I never heard of any great feat by Him until thou and the Clerics began to spread reports about Him."

Patrick: "The Clerics or I have not told thee one-third of His good deeds. Goodness without end is His goodness."

Ossian: "I cannot think so. If He was good and hospitable, and if thou art His servant, the bread and meat would be better divided. I don't believe He sees how small my share is."

Patrick: "Ossian, this is abuse and scandal of God. Thou gettest thy share like the rest of us. Thou gettest seven cakes of bread and a large roll of butter and a quarter of beef every day."

Ossian: "I saw in Finn's time a berry of the rowan tree twice larger than thy roll; I saw an ivy leaf larger and wider than thy cake of bread; I saw a quarter of a blackbird larger than thy quarter of beef. Oh, woe is me," continued Ossian, breaking into his famous "lamentation" consisting of over two hundred stanzas, most of them beginning with the word "alas." "Alas that I am left alone among the Clerics. The food that most abounds with Patrick is the bells screeching and howling, his crozier and his book

of offices and the continual genuflexions of the Clerics. I see but long fasting and scantiness of food at mealtime. They say the Lord deals bounteously with them; I cannot see it. I see with them no young maiden, no married or single woman to cheer them—nothing but the ever-going bells. Patrick of the moaning asks me whether the voice of the Clerics is sweet, and I answer truly that it is not sweet or worthy of men. I never saw a tribe like them, people of less sense or wisdom, ever droning psalms, without food, with their bells furiously screeching. Scantily doled are their meals. They have no discourse but of God and heaven. Sweeter to me the sound of battle of the Fenians. If God were generous he would distribute the food more fairly. Certain it is, if God had the food and I were near Him, He would need to be strong or I would have my share. Could I but get a sight of the food, I trow that without leave of God I would take my sufficiency of it. Then would I grant that God was strong if he could, by the victorious strength of His hands, keep me from getting my share."

After a time the Saint ordered that Ossian should be given a greater allowance of food, and then he became far happier and more contented with his lot. He also became far more disposed to listen to the truths of the gospel, and in time to have some appreciation of the glories of heaven, though he candidly told Patrick that he did not think he could fully enjoy himself there unless Finn and Osgur and the other great Fenian warriors were there to share its delights with him. Patrick replied:

"O Ossian, better see the face of the Son of Mary for a day than all the Fenians who ever lived, or all the gold in the universe."

Ossian: "But can't I bring even my dog with me?"

Patrick: "No, the great King would not permit it."

Ossian: "But I could steal the dog in so that God would not see it."

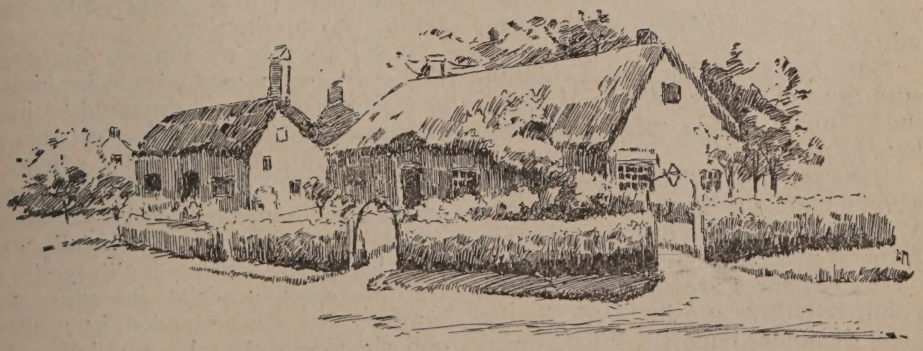
Patrick: "Not the busy gnat, nor even the sunbeam, can enter heaven unknown to the heavenly King."

Ossian: "It was not thus with Finn. All the world could enter his mansion."

Patrick: "Once more, O Ossian, I entreat thee to cease to think of the Fenians. Give thy heart to God and thy wants will be satisfied both here and hereafter."

Ossian: "But Patrick, if I were to speak of Finn and the Fenians only between us two, and not speak out loud, God would not hear me mention them."

And so it went on for many a day, but at length Ossian was converted and he died humble and penitent.



AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

By Frank H. Sweet.

Among the relics of my pioneer days is an old note-book, ragged with age, and with many pages almost illegible. Its original covers disappeared in the early days of its existence, and were replaced by part of an old bootleg. The book-binding is not a work of art, but undoubtedly the over-lapping, clumsily-stitched covers have preserved the contents from the perils of shipwreck, climate and much promiscuous handling. The leaves are mapped with strange discolorations caused by long immersions in water and subsequent dryings, and the edges and covers still bear the scars of the great Sacramento fire.

I have had little to say about the book. Outside of my own family, not half a dozen persons know of its existence. I even doubt if a single one of my parishioners ever heard of it.

The first page is inscribed with "Property of the Sacramento Vigilants, 1852." But it is more particularly with two short items in the first half of the book that I have to deal. The last half was written by myself after I became secretary of the committee.

"Jan. 9, 1852: Richard Leighton, suspicious character. Warned to leave the country inside of twenty-four hours."

"Jan. 15, 1852: Richard Leighton caught removing horse from Colonel Willett's stable. No question of guilt. Hanged to a beam in barn."

The sentences are short and to the point, but there are hundreds in the book of similar import. What is particularly interesting, to me, at least, about these, is that I am Richard Leighton, and was hanged near Fair Play, Jan. 15, 1852.

I was a freshman at college when the gold fever first struck our section, and among its early victims. But it was clearly impossible for me to leave. I had won a scholarship and was generally supposed to have a career before me. There was little money in the family. I was expected to be the prop which was to help the younger boys to an education. Clearly I must stick to the college, and I returned to my books with such feverish determination that I soon earned the approbation of the faculty.

But the end was inevitable, and the beginning of '52 saw me clad in top boots and red shirt, and garnished with revolvers and bowie in truly pioneer magnificence. There was plenty of work at 'Frisco at fabulous wages, but that was not what I was after. In less than twenty-four hours I had expended the last of my money in an outfit and passage to the mines, and was on my way up the river.

It did not take me long to discover that every man must look out for himself, and that a free fight could be inaugurated by the slightest provocation. I had a sample of this when I went into a 'Frisco restaurant and called for a dinner. I had to pay two dollars in advance, and wait half an hour before the waiter filled my order. As I was about to drink the coffee, a brawny arm was extended from the opposite side of the table, and before I

was aware of its intention, the coffee disappeared down the capacious throat of its owner.

"Greenhorns must wait until—"

But here the voice ended in a broken oath and gasp, and miner, table and myself went to the floor in a heap. I had spent many hours in the college gymnasium, and my temper was about as quick as my movements. The action of the miner had been so unexpected that I was unable to prevent it; and then for a moment I lost control of myself. It was only when I saw him drawing a revolver that I became conscious of my folly. My being on top gave me an advantage, and by a quick exertion of strength I possessed myself of his weapon. Then, threatening him with its muzzle, I slowly made my way to the door and passed into the street. Before I had gone a dozen paces a bullet sang over my shoulder, and I heard a muttered curse behind me. But the man evidently thought better of the matter or was out of ammunition, for he slunk into the crowd and I saw him no more.

Before we reached Grizzly Flats I found it was customary to "chum" in with some one. Two can work a claim to much better advantage than one. But it was Hobson's choice; most of the company were provided with "pards," and in sheer desperation I cast in my lot with a red-headed fellow from Oregon. I did not like the man's looks, and soon discovered that others shared my aversion. Indeed, I sometimes fancied I came in for a share of the suspicion from the curious glances cast at us.

I would dissolve the partnership, I thought, as soon as I could find a reasonable pretext for doing so, and until then try to make the best of it. As my pard professed himself best able to select a claim, and said he would "look round a little," I walked through the diggings and tried to make friends with some of the miners. But they were surly, and only answered in monosyllables.

"Horse Thief Bill's pard," I heard one miner say to another, as I stood watching them put together a cradle.

It was not until later that I discovered Bill Turnat, my partner, was better known as Horse Thief Bill. But I did not anticipate any personal danger, for I had told Bill on the first day of our partnership that all my money had been put into the outfit.

On the second night we went to bed in an ill humor. Bill had found no claim, and I declared my intention of locating one myself on the morrow.

About midnight I woke with a strange feeling. Bill was gone, and I could hear shouts and several shots in the distance. Then the shouting seemed to come nearer. Hastily crawling out of the bunk, I began dressing, but before I had finished I became aware that a crowd was gathering outside. Even yet I did not fully comprehend the situation; but when I threw open the door and saw the gleam of many revolvers and the stern faces of their owners half revealed by the moonlight, I felt a sudden sinking of the heart.

"Where is the rope?" asked one of the men.

"Here!" was the quick answer, and a man stepped to the front and began to make a noose. "But I think we'd better string him up on the same limb with his pard."

At this point I recovered the use of my voice, which had failed me, and began to make a hurried explanation. I could see the incredulous smiles on some of their faces, and began to falter in my story.

"Ye needn't yarn any!" said one who appeared to be leader, "'cos we know you're lying. But ye wa'n't caught in the act; so we'll let up this time. We'll give ye jest one day to slide, and after that we'll hang ye on sight!"

I sank down on a box with a great revulsion of feeling, and hardly noticed when they glided away. For the first time in my life I was completely unnerved. Awakening from a sound sleep to look into the pitiless tubes of twenty revolvers had been too much for me. But toward morning I gathered up such of my belongings as I could carry and made my way up into the mountains for quite a distance. I had decided to keep out of sight of the Flats for several days until the excitement was over, and then return and try to set the matter right. I selected a camping ground in a wild, lonely place, with great piles of rocks towering on all sides. A small cave was found, concealed by bushes, and large enough to hold my outfit and give accommodation for the night.

I remained here several days, prospecting a little, but spending most of the time lying on my back in the mouth of the cave, studying the situation. I found some indication of gold, but was not miner enough to know how to work to the best advantage, and after a few half-hearted attempts gave it up.

On the fifth day, as I was lying in my accustomed place, the sound of voices coming up the valley suddenly brought me to my feet. Parting the bushes, I saw a couple of men approaching the cave. Fearing they might know of its existence and would discover me, I gathered up my few belongings and hid them in the densest part of the thicket. I then crawled in myself and drew the limbs and foliage about me in such a way that I could not be seen except on close inspection. If anyone should attempt to enter the cave they would be apt to do so from the other side, where the growth was comparatively light.

I can hardly tell why I was so careful to seek concealment. Perhaps it was because the men had none of the tools or signs of the miner about them, and looked suspicious; perhaps it was because I had been suspected myself that I suspected others. Be that as it may, I have no doubt that a week before I would have gone forward and met the men with friendly greetings. I soon had reason to congratulate myself that my presence was unknown.

"Reckon this 'ere's the place," said one, a tall, swarthy man, with a long scar across his left cheek. "S'pose we'll have to squat here until the cap'n gets the swag to the hive. S'pec' it'll be a purty yaller pile."

His companion, a wicked-looking Mexican, made no reply, but I fancied I could see his eyes gleam through the bushes.

"Blamed mean o' the cap'n to roost us up here to guard his retreat while he'n the boys have the fun. Lord! wouldn't I like to see the old stage driver topple off an' the pass'ngers throw up the sponge. Reck'n the miners down t' Flats'll feel like cussin' 'bout to-morrer," and he gave vent to a prolonged chuckle.

For some time I could not understand the drift of his remarks, but at last by connecting his broken sentences and the Mexican's occasional comments, I learned that they belonged to one of the numerous gangs of robbers that infested the country, and that the main body was to attack the night stage between the Flats and Sacramento. It had been learned that an unusually large amount of gold was to be sent by it, and also that several of the miners who had made lucky strikes were going to 'Frisco to spend their piles. The ambush was to be made at Lonely Pass, where the stage was due about midnight.

I was acquainted with the location, and knew it was one of the wildest and most inaccessible places on the entire route. It was nearly six miles away, and I determined to stop the stage before it reached the pass if possible.

But I could not leave while the men sat there within six feet of me. Several times I almost decided to make

the attempt, desperate as it was. At length, as it was growing dark, the Mexican muttered something, and rising slowly, went into the cave. Soon after his heavy breathing assured me he was asleep.

For some time longer his companion sat on the ground smoking; then he, too, arose and went into the cave.

For half an hour or so I remained quiet; then slowly crawled away from the thicket. After I had reached what I thought was a safe distance I arose to my feet and hurried on at as rapid a pace as the nature of the ground would permit. I knew there was no time to lose. By the circuitous route I would have to follow, in order to avoid the robbers, I knew the distance could be no less than ten miles. There were several hours yet to midnight, and if I had a horse there would be no difficulty; but on foot, over a rough and only half familiar road, I felt the chances about equal. Occasionally as I stumbled on I struck a match to look at my watch. At ten o'clock I had made barely one-third the distance.

I began to feel a little discouraged. Soon afterward I came to a large shed, which I knew belonged to a Colonel Willett. The house was several rods away, and from the sounds of merriment I thought there was some kind of party going on. Occasionally the strains of a violin were borne to me through the air.

If I could have gone to the house everything would have been all right. But I was under sentence of being shot or hanged on sight, and I knew the miners too well to take chances. They were prone to execute first and take evidence afterwards. There was small chance of my not being recognized. At a party so near the Flats were sure to be more or less of the Vigilants.

As I approached I saw a long line of horses hitched in the shed. Could I do it? A few hours would be sufficient for the purpose, and I might return to the house before it was missed. It was a risky business, but it was to save life. Besides, if I saved the stage there would be no difficulty in righting the misunderstanding. I had papers that would prove I had but just arrived in the country—if I could only just get them to look at my proofs.

The incidents of the next few minutes happened so rapidly I hardly realized them. I had led a horse from the shed, and was preparing to mount, when I was startled by a sharp whistle and a rough grasp upon my shoulder. Almost in less time than I can relate it, I was surrounded by an excited crowd from the house, my arms bound and a rope fastened to my neck. The other end was thrown over a convenient beam and grasped by a dozen eager hands. As the leader was about to give the signal, the moon came from behind a cloud and cast a weird light over the scene.

The man who was addressed as Colonel Willett seemed to recognize me for the first time, while in him I saw my visitor of the previous week, the leader of the Vigilants.

"No mistake here, boys!" he said in a sharp voice. "Pull him up! The quicker he's out of the country the better for it!"

I happened to have on a coat with a high, stiff collar, such as is worn by teamsters and those exposed to the weather. In the semi-darkness and excitement of the moment the noose had been adjusted outside of this, so when I was lifted from the ground my presence of mind did not altogether forsake me, although the strain was terrible, and I felt could not be sustained many minutes. But now another fortunate thing happened. Almost at the moment my feet left the ground a cry of "Fire!" was heard from the house. Hastily winding their end of the rope around the projecting end of a board, so that I should be secure, the men hurried away to the new scene of excitement. But the

fastening could not have been very secure, for as they left I could feel the rope begin to give, inch by inch.

It seemed almost an eternity before I could touch the ground and release the rope from my neck. Another five minutes were consumed in regaining my breath. The horse was still feeding near the shed where I had left him. I felt no compunction now in mounting, and was making my way toward the road, keeping in the shadow as much as possible, when a shout and several bullets announced that I was discovered. I had a good start, however, and was soon dashing recklessly along the trail in the direction of the stage road.

My watch showed it lacked three-quarters of an hour to midnight. I determined to make the point if nerve and horseflesh would do it.

My neck still felt as though there was an iron band around it, and I wondered curiously what my schoolfellows of a few months before would say if they could see me as a horse-thief, already hung, but still fleeing from justice.

It was a wild ride, and by the time I drew rein in a lonely glen, a mile or more beyond where the robbers were in ambush, I had almost regained my ordinary composure. It still lacked a few minutes of twelve, and I rode slowly forward to meet the stage. I had perhaps ridden half a mile, when its rapid approach caused me to draw up on one side of the road.

"Hello!" I shouted, as I saw the form of the driver loom up in the gloom.

There was a sudden halt and sharp click of revolvers. As I approached the stage I saw that all were prepared for a sudden attack.

While telling the story I was careful to keep my hat well over my face and to stand in the shade. Probably some of the passengers had seen me at the Flats. There was a quick consultation among the men, and then it was decided that I or one of the passengers should ride to Colonel Willett's for help while the rest awaited their return.

I suggested that I was pretty well used up, and that some one who was well acquainted with the Colonel should go, while I took his place in the stage. All the passengers had alighted, and I dismounted with some trepidation as I thought of the probability of the horse being recognized. Owing to the partial darkness, however, no one seemed to notice the horse, and in the general excitement I slipped into the stage and appropriated the darkest corner.

In about an hour and a half the man returned with some thirty horsemen. They fell behind a few hundred yards, while the stage dashed ahead as though to make up lost time.

I began to breathe easier. I had almost expected to be dragged from the stage on the return of the men, for surely the horse must have been recognized before this. But now, if we met the robbers, I should certainly be allowed an explanation. And I was right.

Two hours later, when Colonel Willett shook my hand for the third time and thanked me for saving the stage, which contained several thousands of his savings, he added in a grave tone:

"If we had not found the robbers I am afraid the rope would have held the second time."

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

I Must Work.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day." Even our Lord had to work, and no matter how great His weariness, He did his work cheerfully. He felt the necessity of labor and honored it by working at the carpenter's trade and choosing for His helpers, humble workingmen. He felt also the divine command to work for others. 'I must work the works of Him that sent me," He said, and we must acknowledge the same obedience to duty as His.

"O Master, let me walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service free.
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care."

The Greatest of These.

"If ever human love was tender and self-sacrificing and devoted; if ever it could bear and forbear; if ever it could suffer gladly for its loved ones, then infinitely more is Divine love tender and self-sacrificing and devoted, glad to bear and forbear and to suffer.

"Put together all the tenderest love you know of, the deepest you have ever felt, and the strongest that has ever been poured out upon you and then multiply it by infinity, and you will begin, perhaps, to have some faint glimpse of what the love of God is."

Most of us realize in a greater or less degree what God's love for us is, and this brings with it the memory of our own ingratitude and imperfections. "Domine non sum dignus!" we cry. Alas! we have no precious alabaster box of ointment to break at His feet. We would say with Saint Augustine, "Oh! Truth who art Eternity! Oh! Love who art Truth! Oh! Eternity who art Love! Thou art my God! When first I knew Thee, Thou liftedst me up that I might see there was something for me to see, and that I was not yet such as to see. I trembled with love and awe, and I perceived myself to be far off from Thee in the region of unlikeness." But God does not mean us to grow discouraged when thinking of His perfect love for us.

"No star is ever lost we once have seen. We always may be what we might have been," and made in the image of God we must follow after just desire.

Lovely Saint Bernard writes, "Man, if thou desirest a noble and a holy life and unceasingly prayest to God for it, if thou continue constant in this thy desire it will be granted unto thee even if only at the hour of thy death.

"Whoever shall discern true ends here shall grow pure enough to long for them, brave enough to strive for them, and strong enough to reach them though the way be rough."

But the only thing God requires of us in recognition of His mighty love for us is that we love Him.

Sensitive souls often torment themselves with the fear not that God does not love them, but that they do not love God, and they fail to realize that the test of affection is in the wish to please.

"My child," wrote a holy man to a penitent, "you say that you wish to love our Lord. Then I take for granted that you do."

If we wish to be good we surely love Him whose whole being is the very essence of goodness.

A writer says, "To love God is to love His character. For instance, God is Purity. To be pure in every thought, word or action, to turn away from unhallowed books or conversation is to love God. God is love and to love men until private attachments have expanded into a philanthropy which embraces all—at last even the evil and enemies—with compassion, that is to love God.

God is Truth. To be true, to hate every form of falsehood, to lead a brave, true, real life, that is to love God.

God is Infinite, and to love the boundless, reaching on from grace to grace, adding charity to faith and rising upward ever to see the Ideal still above us and to die with it still unattained, aiming insatiably to be perfect, even as the Father is perfect,—that is to love God.

We do love Him then, for nearly every human soul has these aspirations after holiness which are so strong a proof of affection for their author. Realizing God's love for us and loving Him—however poorly—our love for Him will make our hearts go out to all about us until "These restless hearts in Thy deep love are still." We must go on loving since "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Not that we may be loved in return will we bestow one largesse of affection.

"Love that asketh love again
Finds the barter naught but pain.
Love that giveth in full store
Aye receives as much and more."

But we must love as He loved, freely, fully, unselfishly.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

If we love "As I have loved you," as Our Lord commanded, it will soon be felt and realized by all about us. "The Spirit of Love must work the works and speak the tones of Love. It cannot be a Spirit of Love and mantle into irritable and selfish impatience. It cannot be a Spirit of Love and at the same time make self the great object." In short it must be a perfect reflex of the love of Him whose every thought and breath was for others—for us. "Whom having not seen you love; in whom also now though you see him not, you believe; and believing shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and glorified; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

—MARY F. NIXON.

The Woman Who Samples.

She belongs to all months and seasons, but more particularly to those weeks of transition known in dry goods parlance as "between seasons." These are the days of armistice, when to use an idiom characteristic of the "Woman's Page" belles and prospective debutantes prepare for the campaign of the season proper. In their interest the modiste's sample seeker is abroad—in the less complicated interest of the school girl's wardrobe or the baby's "short clothes" outfit the little house mother is astir and equally persistent.

Both belong to the "genus sampler," and if there has been of late a voice lifted in behalf of their right to such occupation it has been too prudently modulated to command attention. I cannot remember the echo of any such, and have often wondered if the sample seekers belong indeed to the long-enduring who cannot be moved to retort. Always with the "warm wave" the tongue (or to be more accurate the pen) of the accuser is wielded most energetically; amongst the grievances of the sales people the sample seeker's exactions are given first place, ranking even ahead of the out-of-town shopper, who disregards the printed notice that "We close at 5," and "shops" on with studied indifference to all exhibitions of weariness and righteous indignation. For this selfish travesty of womankind no word of excuse or palliation can be written.

I do not know that I have ever noticed one of her ilk take the seat of the belated in any conveyance bound shoreward or suburbanward without a wicked desire that she suffer full share of the inconvenience which, in our days of rapid transit, is the portion of the great army of daily toilers at the home-going hour.

For the occasional seeker of samples I am conscious of a kindly feeling, and her treatment (in print) appeals to my sense of fair play. Even from the most unfavorable point of view she must be classed as a necessary evil from which good is certain to accrue.

In this connection we exclude from consideration, of course, the hapless few indigenous to all towns and cities (one wonders if they exist also in the village where their field is limited to the "general store") with whom sample seeking has grown to a chronic dissipation. And yet who would not pause en passant to compassionate them?

Fancy the emptiness of a life where such lack of occupation exists! Imagine its isolation from the spirit of the age! In justice to the sex it must be put on record that the testimony of the "aggrieved party" even goes to prove the number of "chronic cases" small indeed,—so small that they become well (if not favorably) known, and the intended victim—to wit: the sales person—can always minimize the attention demanded without feeling fidelity to business principles transgressed.

But to return to the majority—all homemakers know that samples are a positive necessity to the system of small economies enforced today by existing conditions. We must also admit that the "thinking out" process is carried on much more successfully in one's own sewing sanctum, within easy access of trimming, lining and combination "left overs" dear to the heart of the home economist.

Counter calculations are apt to be sadly disturbed by the evident haste of the attendant, and the impatience of the waiting customer whose deliberations are "done," and who longs for the occupancy of the bench that is to the undecided one about as comfortable as the stool of repentance.

My own thought about the matter is this: Were samples altogether eliminated from the possibilities of the business day's demands would not a diminution of the force behind the counter be more of-

ten practicable? And why should not this be the view taken by the individual desirous of retaining such a position? I have never seen the matter figured out according to the knack we have now acquired of proving or disproving all assertions by the powerful rule of average. The problem would run somewhat in this fashion: "Were it possible to systematize so that the time of particular attendants was given exclusively to this branch of custom what average of the combined salary fund of a permanent force would be chargeable to the patrons known as samplers?"

Another interesting query is, "How many sales are strictly due to the same system?" Their volume I believe to be largely governed by the manners—good or ill—enforced or permitted—by the rules of the establishment—a sum in politeness instead of simple proportion.

In the solitude of the home nook before mentioned what weary shopper has not felt at times willing to sacrifice a little in tone or shade—nay even equal to the extravagance of purchasing an additional half yard of "narrower goods" — because the sample was given cheerfully and with an interested air! Few of us have entirely outgrown this touch of sentiment, if so it may be called. So, out of the "evil" of the sampler, whom we find arraigned in capitalized headings in the daily column of the woman editor, there is evolved this amount of positive good. Her demand for attention that may not be gainsaid increases the number of employees indispensable to the running of a department—a consummation to be devoutly wished for in the present dearth of permanent employment.

Moreover, the certainty that "to the civil belongs the sale" is a much needed incentive for the cultivation of politeness, usually so much more conspicuous through frequent breaches of its code than in the observance thereof.

No, dear sceptical reader, the writer is not, and never has been, a "seeker of samples." She is one of the much to be pitied class whose moral cowardice is most conspicuous within sound of the familiar query so frequently propounded with an injured air "What is it you wish to see?"

To her has not been given the assurance that can calmly express in response a desire for samples.

—M. M. H.

Summer Grievances Paragraphed.

One of the arguments recently advanced in favor of debating societies, and in proof of their desirability was that our opinions need occasional airing precisely as do our living rooms and personal belongings and for precisely the same reasons.

Housewives will appreciate this line of reasoning knowing from experience how naturally mustiness and cobwebs follow disuse, and how necessary thorough ventilation is to general well being.

Let us by all means set individual opinions in the new light of conversational discussion or the stronger one of social debate. A pet theory so shown may disclose unworthy warp or woof, but better the timely discovery of a flaw than unfounded pride of possession in an object or an opinapplicable to grievances which flourish ion that is sure some day to be proven valueless. The argument seems peculiarly like cobwebs, best under cover, where the broom of reform fails to reach, not at all because of its incapacity, but because of the favoring element of secrecy. Like summer foliage, summer grievances grow to umbrageous proportions under the same atmospheric conditions. As misery loves and seeks company, one's own troubles, real or imaginary, help to the discovery of those appropriated by other mortals. So, a few days since, with the weight of mine heavy upon me (and atmospheric conditions tending to emphasize them) I found grim satisfaction in making out a list of what might be called in a general way "summer grievances" each peculiar to a class or condition. The wisdom of "airing" these will be questioned by the placid individual, who believes with the poet that "this sad, old earth must borrow its mirth. But has trouble enough of its own." The justification of the infliction rests in the belief that remedy in most cases is simply a matter of consideration, which brings us back to the starting point and the assertion that for grievances as for opinions, occasional "airing" is beneficial.

* * * * * * *

Of all mortals I believe the average summer baby is most heavily weighted literally as well as figuratively. With the one accidentally encountered in my tour of investigation the burden was composed of lace and fine linen, but none the less overwhelming for its daintiness. Such a frail, pretty baby it was! Even in the crowded trolley car its advent in the arms of a perspiring maid was greeted as a welcome diversion from the outlook of hot streets or the alternative of contemplating an uncomfortable "vis-a-vis." "Outward bound," apparently, were babe and mother and maid, and one wished that better impressions of city possibilities could have been given the embryo citizen than those early ones of frills and foibles. Such voluminous

draperies as these, that submerged the small maid, and caused even the sleeves of the fashionable mother to look insignificant, were never beloved of babyhood. One longed for the chance to crumple and crease them,—to snatch them as one might fetters from the tiny limbs, and replace them with something soft and seemly, long enough to lend protection to the pink flesh and short enough to display its dimpled perfection. Science has taught us the perils of microbe and germ and deputed us to guard highway and byway where such are supposed to endanger young humanity, but we have not yet learned at the bidding of science to antagonize the decrees of foolish fashion that invade even the nursery.

Here might dress reform consistently begin; the field is not entirely new. To meet the demands of common sense mothers more than one effort has been made, and made successfully within limits, but the pity of it is that the limits are comparatively narrow, while fashion's domain is wide as femininity. Until the shackles of the greedy dame have been removed permanently, and the sense of fitness rules the nursery, regulating garb as well as diet, the baby's grievance must remain very real, although the sufferer makes no translatable moan.

* * * * * * * *

"Keeping one's ears open" is the only effort necessary to secure a complete list of the ills peculiar to the summer exodus. The crowded condition of this hotel, where a stay is desirable, the isolation of that where accomodation is procurable, the drawbacks of cottage and boarding house life, the insufficiency and inefficiency of help, the discomforts of train and trolley rides, the "strain" of packing and preparation—all are discussed as seasonable, and very much as we have heard them discussed for many seasons.

Their "grievousness" is not so apparent to second thought for experience does not seem to have taught the lesson of "forehandedness," which is all the cure needed. So, a little scepticism may be permitted on the subject and a modicum of doubt as to whether removal of the difficulties would not mean also a depletion of the "small talk" necessary to the perfect enjoyment of porch and piazza.

* * * * * * * *

The plaint of a stay at home housekeeper had more of the genuine ring, when commenting on the changed prospect from the "front steps" which in common with most stay at homes, she expects to utilize as vantage-ground for the reception of such evening breezes as stray cityward.

Not a distinctively fashionable location is hers — not distinctively unfashionable either, for of the householders there but few now remain except the pater familias in solitary state. Therefore the outlook for the little housekeeper, unfortunate enough to stay home and original enough to expect some pleasure there, consists for the present of an array of windows plentifully banked with discarded newspapers or glaring sheets of wrapping paper, upon the bewrinkled surfaces of which she longs to trace the legend their presence is meant to suggest—"Folks have gone away because they can afford to."

What she questions is, "Can any one afford to leave such spectacle behind to torture the sensitive neighbor, who cannot look above or beyond but straight into the blank ugliness, that each passing day makes more unbearable?"

Remembering her case I could not fail to notice on an adjacent street one house standing as if for sake of the good example so sadly needed. This house the departing housewife has had fitted with outer shutters neatly slatted and painted a grateful green for door and lower windows, with pretty awnings of green and yellow stripes drawn tightly against the upper ones. It suggests the season of pleasant siesta, and one hopes for its beauty loving mistress that when she stands again within its walls, it may be to find no ravage of moth or rust, or aught to trouble her housewifely spirit. Let us hope, too, that the example may be copied, for as citizens we owe better to our city than to garb her thus in wrapping paper and ashes — an eyesore to the possible sight seer—and a place of torment to the many who share the right to the enjoyment of her pleasant streets.

— MARGARET M. HALVEY.

Fair Bachelors.

The following clipping from an exchange will be read with interest by all who sympathize in the cause of higher education for women. The convent spoken of is directed by the ladies of the Congregation de Notre Dame of Montreal, a branch of the far famed Villa Maria order, founded by Margaret Bourgeois, and which has the honor of being the first religious order founded on American soil. St. Francis Xavier's College of Antigonish, with which the convent is now connected, has the advantage of having its professorial chairs filled by very distinguished scholars, lay and clerical, many of whom obtained degrees and carried off highest honors from the propaganda in Rome. Its faculty have been selected from the bright men of Canada and the United States:

"The closing exercises of St. Bernard's Convent have always been an event of special interest in Antigonish. No other occasion of the whole year equals this in attractive grace. This year, however, two circumstances contributed to give the event a more than usual interest. It was the first commencement held in the magnificent new Assembly Hall, recently erected. But there was a still more interesting departure —a memorable innovation. For the first time, so far as we know, in the history of Catholic education in America, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred by a Catholic college upon a class of young women. Four graduates having followed with marked success the course of St. Francis Xavier's, whose professors give regular lectures at St. Bernard's, and having passed the required examinations with great credit, were awarded degrees by that college. It is of interest to note that since that evening, June 17, it has been announced that in Washington is to be established a college for women which will stand in the same relation to the Catholic University of America that St. Bernard's Convent now does to St. Francis Xavier's College. The names of the successful young ladies are Miss Florence McDonald, B. A.; Miss Mary E. Bissett, B. A.; Miss Margaret F. McDougall, B. A.; Miss Lillian E. McDonald, B. A. His Lordship, Bishop Cameron, to whose zeal and intelligent self-sacrifice the diocese owes this splendid institution, presided and addressed some words of warm encouragement to teachers and graduates. The spacious hall was filled with a delighted audience. An interesting and very choice program was carried out in the manner for which St. Bernard's is justly famed. Several prizes were distributed to happy winners. The handsome medal for proficiency in Greek, donated by the Governor General of the Dominion, was awarded to one of the fortunate winners of the title B. A."

A Rare Privilege.

On Sunday, September 12, it is hoped that the new Carmelite church and monastery on Mt. Pleasant avenue, Roxbury, will for some days be opened for inspection to the general public. The Carmelite nuns now possess convents in Baltimore, St. Louis, New Orleans and Montreal, and they are bound by the rule of strict enclosure. After the few days that our Boston Carmel will cordially admit those who desire to visit it, the same stringent law will be enforced here, and only the church and "speak-rooms" can then be seen. It will, therefore, be readily understood how rare a privilege is offered to our community, Protestant and Catholic alike, to see how St. Teresa's daughters really live. The architect has visited the convents of the order in Spain, Italy and Belgium, and followed, as far as possible, the original models. One of the cells will be arranged and furnished as in ordinary use by the nuns, who have also a small book in course of preparation, to be sold at the small cost of twenty-five cents, in which they themselves give information concerning the history and the spirit of the order. It will throw light on much that is mysterious to ordinary men in our materialistic day.

It may not be generally known that the Carmelite Order was the first religious organization of women to find permanent footholds in the United States; for, although the Ursulines arrived earlier in Louisiana, that State then belonged to France. Before the teaching sisters and before the hospital sisters came here, Archbishop Carroll brought the Carmelites across the Atlantic to our republic, in order that they should pray for the new missions here, and bring down upon them the blessing of heaven. It was a great act of faith in God and in the power of prayer.

The monastery is to be dedicated under the title of Our Lady and St. Joseph; the church under that of the Infant Jesus. It will be the authorized centre of that sweet and endearing devotion to Our Blessed Lord, which is becoming so well known and loved among us and which draws us near to Jesus, Mary and Joseph in their earthly home.

SUSAN L. EMERA.

The election of Mr. George W. Chadwick, the well-known American composer, as Musical Director of the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, is an event of much importance, for it places the foremost American musician where he belongs, i. e., at the head of America's leading musical institution. Mr. Chadwick's recognized ability as a composer, will ensure the development and maintenance of a strong school of composition, while his breadth as a musician and his consequent intimate knowledge of the requirements of each department, will build up the Conservatory on symmetrical lines to a still higher level than it now occupies.

More than twice as much ENAMELINE is used than any other kind of stove polish made in the world.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Boy's Remedy.

In thinkin over different ways a boy can
get relief
To lighten up his load o' cares an over-
stock o' grief,
It 'pears to me there's only one that fills
the bill at all,
An that's to scamper to his ma an let her
hear him bawl.

It don't need much hard thinkin to call
sometimes to mind
When I had bitter grievances against the
humankind
An how they use to lighten up an kind o'
float away
When I'd sit down and bellow near my ma
for half a day.

If you get licked at fightin or get hit with
a ball,
Or if your climbin in a tree and have a
real bad fall,
You don't want patent medicines to sooth
your throbbin breast,
But what you need's to find your ma an
bawl your level best.

And if your ma's away from home don't
waste a single tear,
For not a grain o' comfort comes unless
she's round to hear.
Just tuck your grief away till night, when
she comes home again,
Then run an jump right in her lap an bawl
with might an main.

Ev'n now it of'en seems to me, when
busy cares perplex
An things all work out crisscross, my
peaceful soul to vex,
If I could only bellow like I used to when
a boy
The noise would scare my grief away and
fill its place with joy.

—Youth's Companion.

An Old Man's Story.

A half dozen boys were gathered about an old barn under which a defenceless dog had taken refuge from their tormenting attentions.

Some were lying flat on the ground peering under; some were hurling small missiles as far as they could reach, while two others, more enterprising still, were trying to pull up a board in the floor.

Amid their excited shouts of "There he is; I see him!" "Hold on, there, I'll fix him!" and kindred exclamations, they did not hear carriage wheels in the soft, dusty road or see the occupant until a quiet voice said:

"What is it, boys?"

One or two slunk away in a shamefaced manner, but two or three others began all together to tell him what their victim was.

"He hain't nobody's dog," said one.

"And we think he's got hydrophoby," said another, while a third added: "He's a no 'count dog anyhow, 'nd if we can git him out we're going to tie a stone to his neck 'nd drowned him over in Simmonds' pond."

"Has he bitten any of you?" the quiet voice inquired again.

"He sort o' snapped at Wallie's hand, 'nd he'd a bit me if I hadn't been too smart for him," said the largest boy, while "Wallie" examined his dirty fingers with a martyr-like air.

"I suppose you boys were quietly playing somewhere and the dog pitched into you?"

There was profound silence for a few moments, when one bright-eyed little fellow said manfully:

"No, mister, he didn't. He was lyin' down by the brew'ry with a bone—just gnawin' it, ye know—'nd we sort a got to pleggin' 'nd pesterin' him, 'nd 'twas when Wallie snatched the bone that he snapped."

"Have you time to listen to an old man's story?"

Instantly sticks and stones were dropped, though two of the lads tried to put on an indifferent front.

Driving his horse into the shade of the building, the stranger began.

"You boys do not realize it any more than I did when I was a boy, but, nevertheless, it is true that every day of our lives we write out a page in the Book of Life: and when one is old he has a great deal of time in which he must look back and read over these pages; and when I saw you tormenting that helpless dog, it seemed as if some unseen finger swiftly turned the leaves of my life back to a page—a page which I wish to God could be

blotted out forever, but it never can. No, boys, we may be sorry for things, may get forgiveness for them, may even forget them for a time; but if we do a wrong, it is somehow bound to rise up before us at times when we least expect it. I hold that in this world we never get entirely away from our wrong doing. But I did not intend to preach a sermon, but to tell you a story.

"As a boy I was naturally cruel; I delighted to rob birds' nests, torment cats and dogs, and smaller children. As I grew older and helped my father on the farm, I was frequently rebuked for my abuse of the animals, and my mother used to say that if she had her way I would never get a horse to go anywhere. Also, as I grew older, I became fond of hunting, and spent many days with my noble dog Stanley in the woods. I professed to be very good to him, but of a truth the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, and when I think of the whippings and kicks the noble fellow received from me while, as I called it, I was 'training him,' I am amazed to think of the affection he gave me in return; but the worst is yet to come.

"He had never been a good retriever. You know what that is, of course—a dog that will go anywhere, after you have shot your game, and bring it to you without mussing or tearing it in the least. I had repeatedly beaten Stanley for his failure in this line, though I knew it came from the fact that his former master had whipped him for carrying home dead chickens, or anything like that that he found in the neighborhood during his puppy days, true to his retrieving instinct. One day while shooting ducks, I said to him: 'Now, sir, you'll bring me that bird out there on that island or I'll kill you; do you understand it?' I shall always think he did, from the troubled look he gave me and the pleading way in which he crept to my side and attempted to caress my hand. Roughly I shook him off and bade him go fetch that bird. Obediently he plunged into the ice-cold water, swam to the island, and then stood in an irresolute, troubled manner beside the duck. Angrily I shouted my orders, but he only put his nose on it, then swam back toward me. I sent him back three times; then he attempted to land. I knew he was too chilled to make it possible for him to return to the island, but my passion mastered me, and again and again I struck him back into the water with my gun butt, fiercely declaring that he would bring me that bird or never land alive. Oh, the look in those brown eyes as he turned them upon me at each new effort to land! Boys, I'll never, no never, forget it, and I expect to meet it when I stand before God's bar of justice."

The stranger paused here for a little ere he found voice to go on.

"Presently he grew so helpless from cold, struggles and blows that he let himself drift beyond my reach; but, frenzied with rage, I dropped my gun and, snatching up a long pole, I leaned over the water's edge to strike him. As the pole came down some sod or root under my foot gave way, and I found myself struggling in the coldest water I was ever in; but it was only for a few brief moments, for, with the icy hands of death already tightening about his faithful heart, that noble dog roused himself at sight of my peril, worked toward me as best he could, and with a last desperate effort, born of love and fidelity, he dragged me to shore, sank down, and, with a few short gasps, was dead.

"Chilled and stupefied, yet perfectly conscious of the enormity of my sin, I watched by his side, gazing into the still open eyes, and alternately blaming myself and calling him names of endearment that he never heard in life.

"How long it was before another hunter's voice recalled me to myself and condition I do not know, but I know that during that time my sufferings of mind made me unconscious of bodily suffering. I was helped home, but for many weeks I lay between life and death, and they said all my unconscious ravings were of Stanley, and that awful transaction by the lakeside. I have been a different person since, but I can never in life get away from that page in the book.

"You understand what I mean now, and all I have to say further is, boys, be kind to every living creature, and if you can do any good by repeating an old man's story, tell it again and again."

There was silence in the little group as once more the carriage wheels rolled noiselessly away; but presently the largest boy took some pennies from his pocket and bade two of the smaller ones "run to the market and get a good, meaty bone." On their return it was laid where the stray dog could smell it, and then the company quietly dispersed, each to tell to some one else the old man's story, and put in practice, we trust, his admonition, "Be kind to every living creature."—Practical Farmer.

A Riddle In Rhyme.

There is a pretty story told in rhyme of the days when England and France were at war, and a Norman lad had been carried away captive to an English castle.

The little daughter of his jailer one day tossed the captive boy a bunch of flowers, and later, begged his ransom from her stern father. Old Sir Guy of Atheldare promised to release the boy if he could give a riddle that no one could guess, and the Norman succeeded in doing so and won his freedom. Here is the riddle; who can guess it?

"Fourteen letters am I made of,
Over countries fair and bright,
Under many different heavens
Rise we flags both red and white.
Living with my many brothers
Ever in the long, sweet grass,
As we play, the happy zephyrs
Fan us gently as they pass.
Chanced you e'er to find me out,
Luck I'd ever bring to you,
Often of me have you heard,
Very often seen me, too;
Ere you turn away from me
Read me well, my name you'll see."

—M. F. N.

Some Bright Books.

When I was a little girl (not so very, very long ago) I was allowed to read only one story-book a month, and this seemed very hard to me. However, I could read all the history I wished and historical stories, too, and very soon I grew to care for very little else, and thus I formed a taste for solid reading that I never could have had otherwise.

Few things are more important than to know the history of this world of ours, and there is no way better to learn it than through historical stories. Here is a list of charming books which will give you a perfect picture of the people who lived in other lands and times than your own:

1. "Cameos from English History," by Charlotte M. Yonge. (Sketches of English history, charmingly written.)
2. "Old English Life." (Stories of different periods of history to the present day.)
3. "The Scottish Chiefs," Jane Porter. (Story of Scotland under Bruce and Wallace.)
4. "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," by Charlotte M. Yonge. (Story of Germany in the Middle Ages.)
5. "A Will and a Way," by Lady Fullerton. (Story of French Revolution.)
6. "White Aprons," by M. Wilder. (Story of Colonial America.)
7. "The Spy," by Cooper. (Story of the American Revolution.)
8. "The Last of the Mohicans," by Cooper. (Story of the French and Indian War in America.)
9. "The Seats of the Mighty," by Parker. (Story of English and French in Canada.)
10. "The Talisman," by Scott. (Story of the Crusades.)

Read these books and you will not only have enjoyed yourself extremely, but will have a very good idea of old times in all the countries mentioned.

—M. F. N.

Cinderella the Favorite.

The Sun has been extracting some information from Mr. Regney, the editor for McLoughlin Bros., the publishers of cheap books for little children. According to Mr. Regney, the most popular book of all, the one that has always been the most popular and will probably continue to be so until the end of time is "Cinderella." About a hundred different editions of this are made. "Mother Goose," and "Little Red Riding Hood" follow closely after, although few high-grade "Mother Goose" books are made, because by the time the child is old enough to appreciate a fine book he has passed beyond his "Mother Goose" days. Stories of the "Three Bears," the "Three Crows," and the "Three Pigs" are always popular. These animals always appeal to the child, and countless numbers of variations on those themes are put on the market each year. Santa Claus is a never-failing favorite, and the poem "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" goes out in twenty or thirty different costumes. Speaking of the tastes of children Mr. Regney said that experience has taught that children today want about the same things they did twenty-five years ago. Nor has their taste in pictures changed materially. The child is full of barbaric instinct and he wants bright colors. Anything with plenty of red in it catches his eye. He doesn't care for the pale, washed-out colors of modern art.

Why a Pearl Seems Colored.

The second source of natural colors is seen in a simple form in the play of color on a pearl. There is no pigment in a pearl, and yet beams of light, reflected from its surface, display the most varied hues. Seen with a microscope, the surface of the pearl appears wrinkled and puckered with innumerable tiny ridges and hollows. Light, striking on the edges of these, is broken up, the rays of different colors coming off at different angles, as, when a beam passes through a prism, the colored rays emerge separately. These are interference or structure colors, their appearance depending upon the mode in which

the structure of the colored object interferes with the natural reflection of light. Many of the most gorgeous hues of feathers are of this kind.

Pretty and Precious Eggs.

Among the most beautiful eggs are those laid by a bird in South America, called the tinamous, which is distantly related to our own domestic fowl. These eggs have a very high polish and are often beautifully colored. The remarkably brilliant polish is their most striking peculiarity.

The gray-crested flycatchers of North America lay eggs of wonderful colors and marking. The whole surface is marked with fine lines running lengthwise, looking as though the shell had been marked with pen and ink.

The eggs of orioles and blackbirds often have markings which resemble Chinese characters and other grotesque figures.

Cuckoos of a certain kind lay eggs which appear on casual examination to be of dull white color. But upon the surface of the shell there is a chalky substance which may be removed; underneath the shell is found to be very deep blue in color. Another kind of cuckoo, which lives in South America, has the chalky substance distributed unevenly, so that the blue color shows as though through the spaces in a net.

A single egg of the extinct great auk has sold for as much as $1500.

The largest of all eggs was that of the extinct giant ostrich of Madagascar. It could hold two gallons and its bulk was equal to 148 hen's eggs.

Children of the Congo.

Professor Drummond, after his visit to Africa, said he would like to get inside an African for an afternoon, and see how he looked at different things. Wouldn't we like to know just how these boys and girls feel, and what they think, when they are suddenly landed, fresh from the depths of a savage land, in the streets of Paris, Brussels, or Berlin, and see more things in a day they never heard of than we do in a year? They learn many things, as a baby does, by stern experience. When Von Francois brought an eight-year-old boy from inner Africa to the sea, the youngster chased along the beach in high glee, and before any one could stop him, tried to refresh himself with a big swallow of ocean water. The same boy, Pitti, thought the snow he saw falling in Berlin was a swarm of butterflies. The first horse he saw terrified him, and the Berlin newspapers told of his unbounded astonishment at the strange dishes and viands on his master's table. What a marvelous change in the condition of these children! Many of them were slaves, and some of them had been brutally treated and even wounded by cruel slave-dealers. To-day they have good homes, and the world is doing all it can to make them intelligent and honorable men and women.

There are "street arabs," or homeless boys, in the Congo villages, just as there are in New York city. They live on what they can pick up, and it sharpens their wits to have to hustle for a living. It would take a smart Yankee boy to beat some of these Congo youngsters in a trade. Even a five-year-old will sometimes amass a little capital. Somehow, he will get hold of a string of beads. He may trade it for a small chicken, which thrives under his nuturing care, and in a few months he can sell the fowl for four strings of beads, quadrupling his capital. Pretty soon he is able to buy a pig, which follows him like a dog, and when piggy grows up his owner gets a good price for him in the market.

—HARPER'S ROUND TABLE.

Gold and Its Uses.

If the average reader or thinker will devote a few minutes to the subject of gold and its uses, and how much of it annually disappears by wear, leaving no possible trace, he will find himself involved in some extremely interesting calculations. If some genius would only invent a power strong enough to attract to it the millions of invisible particles that have and are constantly being worn off the various articles composed of that metal, what an immense amount would be recovered!

Where do these particles go? Here, there, everywhere: in your house, on the streets, in the banks, business houses, stores, and wherever man goes. As an instance of this the following is cited: There is at present a veritable gold-mine being worked in an old watch-case factory in Brooklyn. It occurred to the new purchasers of this property that during the long years of manufacturing of gold watch-cases that took place there, a quantity of gold particles must have been absorbed by the flooring, walls, furnace, chimney, etc. So they went carefully to work and tore the old building down bit by bit, and burnt and crushed the material, afterwards assaying the ashes. So far something like $50,000 has been recovered. Say an ounce of this lost gold were recovered. If we melted it down and gilded a fine silver wire, it would extend more than thirteen hundred miles; or if nineteen ounces were recovered (which in the form of a cube would be about one inch and a quarter square), it

would gild a wire long enough to compass the whole earth like a hoop.

Large quantities of gold are used in gilding portions of exteriors of public and private buildings. For instance, if we take the Church of St. Isaac at St. Petersburg, we find that it required the use of two hundred and forty-seven pounds of gold to gild five crosses. They can be seen glittering at a distance of twenty-seven miles.

—HARPER'S ROUND TABLE.

Home First.

"Jenny," said a very tired mother to her daughter one afternoon, "will you help me sew the braid on Nettie's dress?"

"Oh, mother, how can you ask me to help you when you know that it takes all my time to make those pictures?"

"What pictures?" inquired her mother.

"Why, a lot of us girls met yesterday at Katie Easton's house and formed a club—we call it the 'Busy Workers,' because we will be always helping the poor. We are making pictures for the poor sick children in the hospital now. Do you not think it a good plan?"

"Perhaps it is," answered her mother, absently.

So Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on the braid, started upstairs to make pictures. She had not been up there very long when Katie Easton came in.

"Well, Kate, I thought you were never coming," said Jenny.

"I would have been here sooner, but we had company for dinner, and Rose had so many dishes to wash that I stayed to help her with them."

"Why, Kate Easton, you shock me! The very idea of you helping your servant," said Jenny, much surprised.

"Now, look here, Jenny, didn't we girls form a club, and each promise that we would do all we could to help others?"

"Well, that hasn't anything to do with helping servants to wash dishes," said Jenny.

"Yes, it has, too," answered Kate. "I couldn't go out helping other people, all the time knowing that mother or some of the servants would be glad of my help. Do you think you could?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jenny.

After a pleasant afternoon Kate went home. As soon as she was gone Jenny went to her mother.

"Mother, have you the braid sewed on Nettie's dress yet?" she asked.

"No; I have not been able to get it done," replied her mother.

"Then I will help you, mother; and after this I mean always to help you first, and then work for any others I can help," And after that Jenny always helped the people inside her home first, and then helped outsiders all she could.—Busy Bee.

Learning the Best.

A tired little worm went to sleep one day
In a soft little cradle of silken gray,
And he said, as he snugly curled up in his nest,
"Oh, crawling was pleasant, but rest is best."

He slept through the winter, long and cold,
All tightly up in his blanket rolled,
And at last awoke on a warm spring day
To find that the winter had gone away.

He awoke to find he had golden wings
And no longer need crawl over sticks and things.
"Oh, the earth was nice," said the glad butterfly,
"But heaven is best when we learn to fly."

—The Teacher.

Errors of Speech.

It is strange how many educated people say "Between you and I" for "Between you and me." "The book lays there," instead of "The book lies there." "Who do you mean?" for "Whom do you mean?" "It is awful cold" for "It is very cold," etc.

Among other errors may be named the following:

Guess, for suppose or think.

Fix, for arrange or prepare.

Ride and drive, interchangeably. (Americanism.)

Real, as an adverb, in expressions real good, for really or very good, etc.

Some or any, in an adverbial sense—e. g., I "have studied some," for somewhat; "I have not studied any," for at all.

Some ten days, for about ten days.

Not as I know, for not that I know.

Storms, for it rains or snows moderately.

Try an experiment, for make an experiment.

Singular subject with contracted plural verb—e. g., "She don't skate well."

Plural pronoun with singular antecedent, "Every man or woman should do their duty;" or, "If you look any one straight in the face they will flinch."

Be Useful.

"Be useful where thou livest that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still:
Find out men's wants and will
And meet them there. All worldly joys grow less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

AT HOME.

Our daughters like to give their personal care to the dainty things of the house—the pretty china, glass, and bric-a-brac. With Ivory Soap, this is not only possible, but pleasant. It leaves the tenderest skin, just as it does the exquisitely polished or enamelled surface, smooth, brilliant, refreshed, and absolutely unharmed. It is alkali that hurts; Ivory Soap is wholly free from it.

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Any person wishing an enlarged copy of this picture may mail to us 10 Ivory Soap Wrappers, on receipt of which, we will send a copy (without printing) on enamel plate paper, 14 x 17 inches, a suitable size for framing. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI, O.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

Matrimonial Inquirer writes:

1. I have a Protestant friend who claims that he is not bound by the promises made to the priest when he was married. His wife, you understand, is a Catholic. She wishes to have the children baptized, and reminds him of his promise. He says that the priest knew well enough he never meant to be in earnest when he made the promise, and that now he is not bound to do any more than let the children choose for themselves when they are old enough.

2. Why does the church require any such promises? And do many keep them?

3. Wouldn't it have been better if the Pope had granted a divorce to Henry VIII., as then he might have saved all England to the church?

4. What is the attitude of the Church toward civil marriages?

5. How shall I know whether there is any need of a dispensation if I wish to be married?

1. Your Protestant friend is bound to his promise. He made it freely, and knowing its meaning. His conduct is as contemptible as his word is false. No priest would have married him, excepting the promise had been made to interfere in no way with his wife's practice of her Catholic religion, and to have the children of their union baptized, and, furthermore, brought up in the Catholic faith. A man is supposed to respect his own word, and your friend is even below contempt in his silly prevarication. It is most likely that at the time of the marriage he meant to abide by his promise. But with the coming of the children he revived his prejudices and his hatred of his wife's religion.

In opposition to such a one, we know of a woman who lost her husband some dozen years ago when her children were all small. They had been baptized at the husband's will. He was the Catholic party, she, the Protestant. After his death she continued to send the children to the Catholic Church and to religious instruction. And one by one, as they grew up, she had them prepared for Holy Communion and for Confirmation. The youngest was confirmed a few months ago. During all this time she herself has not gone to the Catholic Church. Being questioned as to the reason of her conduct, she simply said: "I promised to do that, and I had to keep my promise." Contrast the character of that upright soul with the unprincipled and degraded spirit of your friend. The promise binds in conscience.

As regards the freedom he would accord to the children when they are old enough to choose or reject baptism, this sounds well. But he has bound himself to the law of the Catholic Church, and that Church requires infant baptism. The children, meanwhile, are deprived of the grace of the Sacrament, and will, in all probability, as he knows, join the great army of unbelievers. The mother's influence may save them, but against the powerfully evil example of such a husband, the virtue and the prayers of even a Monica might be afraid. Poor woman! And her number is legion.

2. The Church requires these promises because she must. She has found it necessary for the salvation of her children to prohibit their marriages with those of any other faith, or of no faith. At times, she is persuaded for sufficient reason to remove the prohibition and permit the marriage. Yet she would safeguard the Catholic in the exercise of his or her religion, and impose, moreover, on him or her, the duty of striving to win over the Protestant to Catholic truth. When the marriage is entered into with her sanction, and in the presence of her priest, she, as a good mother, is solicitious for the future offspring and claims them already as her own, that she may make them the children of God and heirs to life eternal. In her position, she can do no less. It is bounden duty to her to whom Christ has entrusted the care of immortal souls redeemed by His Precious Blood. Alas! very many keep not the promises. Unless there is honor and principle to appeal to, promises are as lightly broken as they are lightly made. It is owing to her intimate knowledge of the deplorable and almost inconceivable and appalling effects of so many mixed marriages that the Church greatly discountenances them.

3. There is no question of better in regard to the divorce asked by Henry VIII. from Catharine of Arragon. The Church simply could not grant a divorce. She had no power in the matter other than to declare that "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder." They were married; death, and death only, could dissolve the marriage. This is God's law. As well might Henry have asked for permission to murder his wife. The Church would simply point to God's commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." We would abhor the idea that such a permission could be asked, but the Church equally abhors the idea of divorce. Each is a grievous sin. The same God who has forbidden murder has forbidden divorce. It speaks ill for the Christian training of those among us who look lightly on divorce that permits and is followed by a new marriage. The subject is treated flippantly. Soon, at the increase of murders and of suicides, we may look as lightly upon the taking of human life. And, sometimes, wouldn't it injure a woman less to take her life than to have her divorced from one who had promised to be true to her till death?

4. The Church has laws for her own children only. Regarding unbaptized persons, she has nothing to say. She requires her children to be married in her presence, that is, before a priest and two witnesses. She tells her children that for them matrimony is not only a contract, but also a sacrament, and that she alone has the right to administer or declare how a sacrament shall be administered. She tells them also that they cannot be married twice, that is that they cannot be married before the priest and also before a Protestant minister or a civil official. In some countries civil marriage is required by the civil law. The Church then instructs her children to look upon this as being for them no more than a public proclaiming of their intention to be married. After presenting themselves before the civil magistrate, they are to know they have only promised that they will marry, and must go before the priest to really contract the marriage. The Church has right both over her children and over her sacraments. The Church is desirous to promote the requirements of the civil law such as we have here in the United States regarding the marriage of minors and the necessity of a license.

5. Consult your pastor. If you have any reason for doubt, tell him, and he will solve your doubt. If there be need of a dispensation, and it be such as can be obtained, and is better to obtain, he will procure it for you.

Sacristan asks: What is the origin and explanation of the vestments worn by the priest at the altar?

We shall answer this question by giving to our readers one of the beautiful chapters of Chateaubriand's great work, "Genius of Christianity." And not to mar his writing, we shall include what he says in that chapter concerning the ornaments of the Church. The chapter we transcribe is the second of part the fourth:

"People are incessantly extolling the institutions of antiquity, and they will not perceive that the Christian worship is the only relic of that antiquity which has been transmitted to us. Everything in the Church retraces those remote ages which men have left so far behind them, and on which they still love to expatiate in idea. Fix your eyes on the Christian priest and you are instantly transported to the country of Numa, Lycurgus or Zoroaster. The tiara shows us the Medi roving among the ruins of Susa and Ecbatana. The alb, the Latin name of which reminds us of the dawn of day and of original whiteness, presents charming conformities with religious ideas. A sublime recollection or an agreeable harmony is invariably attached to the decorations of our altars. Is there anything offensive to the eye or repugnant to good taste in those altars formed after the model of an ancient tomb, or in those images of the Living Son which are enclosed in our tabernacles? Our chalices sought their name among the plants, and the lily lent them her shape. Charming concordance between the Lamb and flowers!

"The cross, as the most direct mark of faith, is, also, in the eyes of certain persons, the most ridiculous of objects. The Romans scoffed at it, like the new enemies of Christianity; but Tertullian showed them that they themselves employed this sign in their fasces. The attitude in which the cross exhibits the Son of Man is sublime. The sinking body and the inclined head form a divine contrast with the arms outstretched toward heaven. Nature, however, has not been so fastidious as unbelievers. She has not scrupled to introduce the form of a cross into a multitude of her works. There is a whole family of flowers which partakes of this form, and this family is distinguished by an inclination to solitude. The hand of the Most High has also placed the standard of our salvation among the stars of heaven.

"The urn which contained the perfumes, resembled a boat in shape. Flames and odoriferous vapor floated in a censer at the extremity of a long chain. Here were seen candelabra of gilded bronze—the work of a Cafieni or a Vasse—and images of the

mystic chandeliers of the royal poet. Here the cardinal virtues in a sitting posture, supported the triangular music desk. Its sides were adorned with lyres; it was crowned with a terrestrial globe; and an eagle of brass, hovering over these beautiful allegories, seemed to be wafting our prayers on his expanded wings toward heaven. On every side were seen pulpits of an airy construction, vases surmounted with flames, balconies, lofty stands, marble balustrades, stalls, sculptured by the Charpentiers and Dugoulons, brackets manufactured by the Ballins, and remonstrances designed by the Bertrands and the Cottes. Sometimes the relics of heathen temples served to decorate the temples of the living God. The holy-water vases of the Church of St. Sulpice were two sepuchral urns brought from Alexandria. The basins, the patens, the lustral water, called to your mind every moment the ancient sacrifices, and incessantly mingled without, confounding the resemblance of whatever Greece possessed most beautiful with the sublime recollections of Israel.

"Finally, the lamps and the flowers which decorated our churches, served to perpetuate the memory of those times of persecution when the faithful assembled in tombs for the purpose of prayer. You might almost imagine that you beheld those primitive Christians secretly lighting their torch beneath the sepulchral arches, and young virgins bringing flowers to deck the altar of the catacombs, where a pastor, distinguished only by poverty and good works, consecrated offerings to the Lord. This was truly the reign of Jesus Christ, the God of the humble and the afflicted. His altar was as poor as His servants; but if the chalices in those days were made of wood, says St. Boniface, the priests were of gold; and never were such exalted virtues seen among Christians as in those ages, when in order to worship the Lord of Light and Life, they were obliged to secrete themselves in the bosom of darkness and of death."

IDEAL RECREATION.

It Is to Be Found on Shores of Picturesque Lake Champlain.

That Champlain is one of the most beautiful lakes of the world is a statement that goes unchallenged. Of it Mr. W. H. H. Murray, the true sportsman and lover of nature, has said in his "Lake Champlain and Its Shores:"

"Having seen most of the localities of the continent noted for their beauty, I can but declare that I know no other spot which for loveliness of appearance, majesty of scenery and varied resources of entertainment, can compare with Lake Champlain. Nature has signalized and history has emphasized it with such charms and attractions that it challenges the attention and invites the presence of all who love the one or are impressed with the other. To the yachtsman it affords opportunities for pleasure, navigation and amateur seamanship as ample as sound or ocean coast supply, while to the canoeist and campist it extends in its bays and rivers, its islands and shores, its golden beaches and bold promontories, ideal conditions of recreation and enjoyment and the health which comes to those who love the out-door life and world."

President McKinley's selection of Champlain's shores as the place to spend his summer holiday is the result of the intimate friendship existing between himself and the Vice-President. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hobart are greatly attached to Lake Champlain. Like every other person who has ever visited it, they fell under the influence of its many fascinations and were so full of enthusiasm in speaking of its charms and advantages that they inspired the President and his Cabinet with a lively desire to participate in its delights.

Boston and New England people who may be attracted to Champlain's islands or shores should know that the Central Vermont "Green Mountain Route" is the direct route to all points on the lake and that Mr. T. H. Hanley, the New England passenger agent, 194 Washington street, Boston, will gladly furnish inquirers with information about the region, its summer settlements and hotels, and the best way of reaching them.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The series of charming and instructive essays written by Richard Malcolm Johnston under the generic title of "Lectures on Literature," is the latest addition to the "Catholic Summer and Winter School Library Series." The author, who has given signal proof of his ability to treat literary topics, considers his subject under three grand divisions in which he traces the beginning and development of English, French and Spanish literature. We are compelled to admire the complete mastery of his subject which the author displays in these pithy, instructive essays, his treatment of the different epochs in the literary life of England, France and Spain displaying a wide and varied range of reading and research. These short sketches, brimful of information, giving a clear and concise view of the history of literature in these countries, must prove invaluable to the student who has not the time to read exhaustive treatises on this subject, while to the student of larger opportunities they should prove equally valuable, as they cannot fail to stimulate his desire to look further into a subject which possesses such unbounded interest. All the lectures are written with that grace of style and literary polish which distinguish the productions of this well-known author.

Akron, O.: W. H. McBride Co. 50 cts.

Whether F. Marion Crawford was influenced or not by the adverse criticisms which the appearance of his novel "Casa Braccio" provoked from Catholic sources, he has, at last, given us a novel worthy of the author of "Saricenesca." "A Rose of Yesterday" is a novel with a purpose, in which the author takes high ground on the burning question of divorce and defends in his own inimitable way the Catholic side of that important issue. The heroine, married to a man of brutish instincts, which finally dethrone his reason, is placed by the author in exceptional and distressing circumstances which severely try her loyalty to the vow made before the altar, constantly in the society of the man whom she feels she ought to have married, and whom she would have espoused but for the deception of the man whom she now calls husband, is, nevertheless, true to her plighted troth and comes out of the furnace unscathed. It is a true heroine which Mr. Crawford gives us in this latest novel. The story is full of action, with scenes of rare dramatic power, drawn with that indescribable skill for which Mr. Crawford has become famous.

New York: McMillan & Co. $1.25.

The re-opening of the schools is an event of much importance, and with it come many changes, and increased demands for efficient teachers to replace those who for various reasons drop out of the ranks. There are always schools needing teachers and teachers needing schools, and to make one need supply the other is part of the work undertaken by the Home Teachers' Agency and Library, No. 304 Washington street, Boston, Mass., an institution that may always be depended upon to recommend efficient teachers for public, private, and also for parochial schools where lay teachers are employed.

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Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

By the Editor, Henry Austin Adams, M. A.

Self-pity and sensitiveness are dangerous foes of healthy growth. To them I attribute in a great measure that complaining and whimpering mood which seems to characterize so much of our literary effort.

Quite naturally I have been thinking and talking much recently about so-called "Catholic Literature." Many more are doing so now than at any previous time.

The writer or teacher who is a Catholic may expect a recognition and a public, from now on, vastly larger than that which greeted the brave laborers in letters of an earlier day. The causes for this broadening of opportunity are not far to seek. The Reading Circles, the Summer Schools, the educational impulse, and the growing number of those whose life is not now a struggle for existence merely, — all tend to increase the size and enhance the character of what is called the Catholic reading public. A better day is certainly coming, but it must come slowly. In the mean time, I think, it behooves those of us who interest ourselves in all things literary, no less than those who write, to do our little all to create among our Catholic literary men and women a healthier and happier tone.

Self-pity and that damnable spirit of feeling one's self misunderstood or undervalued is at this moment enervating many an otherwise brave and believing heart.

No people are more prone to this spiritual and mental disease than authors, except, it may be, artists.

And I steadfastly maintain that no man can give much to the world so long as in the bottom of his soul he hugs the lean and hungry notion that his genius is ignored in a cruel and swinish world, filling its dull and sordid self with the husks of pushing mediocrity.

At the Summer School one of the ablest and most helpful friends of Catholic literature poured into my ears a tale of woe whose lament was the lack of "support" which the luckless author gets who happens to be a known Catholic.

With all due respect, I take this to be not only stupendous nonsense, but mischievous and dangerous ethically and intellectually.

My reasons: First of all, what do we mean by "Catholic authors," "Catholic literature"?

Is a Catholic writer a man who writes of Catholic things, or merely one who writes of *anything*, his Catholicism being his soul's life, and naturally safe-guarding his point of view? Is Catholic literature merely writing whose subject matter is the religion of Christ, or is it any and all literary product of men and women whose that religion is? It makes a great difference, I can tell you. If a writer claims that his book ought to be bought because he is a Catholic, or asserts that his little booklet is Catholic literature because he wrote it, then, I submit, he is making himself ridiculous, and deserves to be left moping and mooning in his corner. But if, on the contrary, a book be called "Catholic" because it has to do with religious things, and an author because he treats of Catholic matter, then I agree that it would seem that our people are deficient in their duty, and I feel sure that a new and better day is dawning with this regard.

But what nonsense for us to whine that much truly great writing fails of proper recognition simply because its authors chance to be Catholics! I know, of course, that

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

but I deny emphatically that this is true of Catholic writers alone. Literary history is full of instances of gems being trampled in the mire of editorial witlessness, to be picked up later on by accident.

Who knows but that many a precious scintillation of genius, which I daily decline with thanks, will prove itself immortal and me a dullard?

I am aware that many of our choicest writings await even yet the sluggard recognition of manufacturers calling themselves "Publishers," and of paid promoters calling themselves "Critics." But is it fair and wise to say that this is due to the fact that the writings are those of Catholics?

Is the "*Apologia*" of Newman tabooed? Is Marion Crawford ignored? Do the poems of Louise Imogen Guiney and the critiques of Agnes Repplier fail to get a hearing?

Are Aubrey de Vere, Boyle O'Reilly, and Coventry Patmore knocking in vain at the portals of fame?

Do Dante and Cervantes, Dryden and Adelaide Procter, whimper for the world's attention? Then why these vaporings of unrecognized genius?

How much grander, it seems to me, for a man to believe that his faith is his supremest resource, and not a handicap, and that hard work, unconquerable pluck — and so much talent as the good God sends — will fetch him at last to his highest and happiest niche!

Should I write as these, I shall be known as they — so should I bring myself to think of the successful. But to sulk in my tent and to nurse

dark thoughts must bring me at length to the bottomless pit.

This talk about the persecution of Catholic writers and public contempt for all Catholic literature is extremely pernicious. And, moreover, it sets every tyro who takes up his pen (I dare not say *her* pen) to fancying that the reason why the *Century* or the *Atlantic Monthly* declined "Nellie's Vocation" was because they guessed that the author of that exquisite idyl was a "Romanist?" If that were the reason, why did they accept John à Becket's story and Maurice Egan's article?

No! I fancy that we are rated in the long run rather nearer our true value than we ourselves and that mysterious "friend who has read my manuscript" would be disposed to admit.

There is good work to be done in the way of forcing bigots in charge of public libraries to admit our authors to their shelves, and by converting publishers, — but a truce, friends, in this "persecution of genius" nonsense. "I am a Catholic; I write a flat article; a great magazine rejects it; conclusion, — it was my faith killed my chances."

"*Hinc illae lachrymæ.*"

MEN WERE AT A PREMIUM at the Summer Schools, but those that were there were worth hundreds of those who had not mind enough to care to be there.

THERE ARE SIGNS of very much needed improvement in the manufacture of books by those publishing houses which, as a rule, bring out works by Catholic writers. The wretched paper, worn-out type, and cheap, gaudy binding, too common formerly, are fast disappearing.

AS THE WEEKS ROLL by, it does seem as though times were picking up a bit. God send us the blessings of peace and confidence and work.

THE MISSIONARY, the little paper which the Paulist Fathers edit as the organ of the new society for work among non-Catholics, is deeply interesting. If ever the Church was confronted by a glorious opportunity, it is so in this land of ours, and in these last days of the nineteenth century. Subscribe to *The Missionary*, and give the cockles of your money-making, anxious heart a chance to glow with that warmth which is the joy above all joys, — a love as wide and as deep as man.

SHORT STORIES — can nobody write them? Not one in ten of the manuscripts sent to me is a story. With our abounding human life surging and beating around us; with our fascinating local colorings; with our restless, varied, and buoyant American types on every hand, — one would fancy that the short story would be most often essayed by the writer ambitious for more than a check for ten or twenty dollars. As it is, the mail brings to me a dreary account of somebody's visit to the Lakes of Killarney, or a threadbare resurrection of some "incident" that never had any interest, or (most frequently) "Lines on Buncombe," by somebody

who modestly desires to hide behind the mystifying *nom de plume* of "X."

All hail to the man who shall send me a living story of actual human nature, with a plain man for a hero, and any American village or parish for scene!

MRS. JOHN DREW'S DEATH makes us feel how far the stage has drifted from tradition.

AT A FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE recently a young lady (herself divorced and re-married) met the divorced wife of her first husband's father, who had just become the wife of her second husband's father (himself divorced). And at the same hotel were spending their honeymoon — save the mark! — the second husband's mother, who had just become the second wife of the young lady's own papa! The question naturally arising is, What relation is the young lady to herself? At the present writing, as far as I have figured it out, she is her own sister-in-law, her husband's sister, and her own father's step-daughter-in-law — and the disreputable daughter of disreputable parents.

Society will return to God yet, even though it be through the Malebolge of ruin and riot. Our present condition must prove its own end.

VERY EAGERLY AND ANXIOUSLY shall we all watch the new departure at the University at Washington. The Sisters of Notre Dame have founded close to the gates of the University a college for the higher education of women, and, of course, the selection of the site means that there is to be some sort of affiliation of Trinity College with the other Schools of the University. I understand that there is to be no formal connection, that Trinity is to be quite independent; but it is inconceivable that such a location could have been hit upon by chance.

It was determined on, no doubt, with the hope that (in mind at least) the new women's college would be associated with the idea not only of the higher, but the highest education, to that which is "post-graduate," and of the university properly, and for which the Catholic University stands.

The ladies of Notre Dame will command at the outset the fullest confidence in their ability, and hope for their success.

It remains to be seen whether we have reached sufficiently into the future to make that "success" immediately apparent, or, in other words, whether enough young women already "through with their education," can be found who are anxious to "begin to learn," which is what Trinity College (as a part of the University in spirit) would have them do. But whether to-morrow or next day they be few, many shall come from the East and the West, the North and the South, in the blessed good times coming.

What an opportunity for men of great means — this one of endowing Trinity College, so that the good nuns may give all their hearts and heads to lifting, lifting, lifting the plane and the scope of learning for the women of America.

THE SHADOWY THIRD.

FROM MARGARET STONE TO GERARD VAN TUYL.

By May Belleville Brown.

Dear Friend—I have not been lost, nor ill, nor in trouble. You need not have wasted time, money and nerve-force in sending frenzied letters and telegrams, merely because I had been here five days without writing to you. A woman cannot begin housekeeping, if she would have her household gods set in their proper niches, and have time for lovers and love letters.

I am settled in my new home, and very charming and quiet I find it, too, after so many years spent in a busy Western city. The house is an old-fashioned, white-painted cottage that is ugly, to be sure, but still, compared with some of the offenses against the laws of architecture that are committed in the West, is beautiful. I remember how you, with architect's eye and artist's soul, shuddered over some of the "palatial residences" of Missouri.

My house, however, is redeemed by its situation. It is on the top of a long and low hill, quite at the end of the village street—the street being a wide, smooth road, bordered with ribbons of grass, wild flowers, tall trees, and green hedges. Below me the houses are in neighborly juxtaposition, but this place stands alone, with fields at the back that slope down in beauty to the banks of the river, a half-mile away, and fields in front, too, across the white road and beyond the hedge.

The grounds are large, grassy, not spoiled by insane attempts at landscape gardening, and shaded by many trees —for the most part slender young ash, though several aged oaks stand solemnly within the whispering throng, like staid chaperones in a crowd of frivolous youngsters. There is an honest board fence inclosing the place, with never a gingerbread picket about it. Back of the house is a grape arbor, heavy with promise, and an old well curb—a picture curb—the inside of it cool, with the coolness known to mossy boards.

But I can imagine that you are grumbling because I have not asked you into the house. Come with me, across the broad platform at the front door (where the trees touch the house with their fingers, a piazza is a superfluity) through the wide doors, the tops and sides of which are surrounded by long, narrow panes of glass. You will find a few high, airy rooms, carpeted in gray-green matting, walls tinted to harmonize, and frieze stencilled with reds of autumn. Thin curtains sway in the breeze; there are bright rugs, draperies, wicker chairs, and—comfort.

All this is very charming to me, but as you are a man, and, according to tradition, more addicted to things material than woman, I will tell you that I have found and employed a young woman who possesses a nasal voice and a genius for cooking. She is from across the line in Hoosierdom, and so much like one of Edward Eggleston's characters that I doubt if she ever heard of him. I shall always love her. She has introduced me to corn bread "on its native heath," corn bread apotheosized, glorified.

Then, remembering your prejudice, brought from the "Effete East," against even one of the new women setting up a household alone, I made another pilgrimage into Hoosierdom and brought back a distant cousin of my mother's. She is the widow of a Methodist minister, ponderous and spectacled, who dates everything from

that date of all dates in her chronology, "when I was paralyzed;" that being an illness that lifted her into a sort of a neighborhood oracle.

For, whereas other people must be satisfied with "ma-lay-ry" (twang on the penultimate), she eclipsed them all with an attack of paralysis, from which she has long since recovered.

For the rest, I will spend my year here, doing my weekly syndicate work, finishing that play Domesky offered to try for me, writing a series of Western stories, and such miscellaneous work, and then take my place on the Kansas City Tribune, or—go back to the "Effete East" with you.

And for this summer you are to continue to be my good friend. I think I could love you, and came here to make sure of myself. The reason I chose this place I will leave for my next letter. Yours, as a friend,

MARGARET STONE.

Dear Friend—Most certainly I shall continue to call you friend, and further scolding on that point will be thrown away. You may never be more than that; you will, I hope, never be less.

I have been thinking to-day of a phase of the growing financial independence of women that has never occurred to me before. When women are self-supporting, they will not feel compelled to marry for pecuniary reasons, whether the man in question be the right one or not.

The self-supporting woman does not slight her work in her eagerness to look for the coming man, nor look upon it as a raft to tide her over to the shore of matrimony, but she does her work as well, day by day, as though she never expected to marry. If her lover comes she gladly gives it up for him. If not, she does not marry to escape the withering name of "old maid," or to be provided with a home.

If I had lived fifty years earlier, I should have been a clinging, delicate vine, without a thought of my own beyond crewels and curls—lackadaisical, sloping shouldered, shrinking. Had you lived then, and been a wooer, my nearest male relative would have said:

"Arabella" (my name, of course, would not have been Margaret), "this young man wants to marry you. He is a rising business man, and will support you well. His family is better than yours, and some day he will be rich. Marry him!"

I should have married you, of course, as being a financial (and mental) dependent, I should think only of obeying.

As it is, I, Margaret Stone, aged twenty-eight, on the staff of the Kansas City Tribune, making a good living, and more, meet you, Gerard Van Tuyl, of New York, an architect, sojourning in Kansas City during the building of the Lyceum Opera House, and other structures, and you love me. I do not need to marry for home or position, so, unbiassed by temporal conditions, I am free to decide.

And now, what I promised to tell you before, why I chose as my retreat this little town in Eastern Illinois, on the banks of the unpoetic, prosaic Wabash.

Because here, eleven years ago, I lived a very brief romance. Eleven years ago—you would not have recognized the business woman of to-day in that soft-eyed, eager, unsophisticated girl. I love her, the girl who died long since, with her shining brown eyes, her brown curls, her chivalric views of life and men—

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet."

Yes, I know that the quotation is hackneyed, and that the editor of the Tribune would blue pencil it if I put it in copy, but it just applies to this girl, save that her feet were not so reluctant as they would be now, could she but stand once more at the meet-

ing of the brook and river. I wish I could meet that girl again and tell her that her ideals were not too high, nor her mistakes foolish, that the world should have more of her like, and should keep her longer.

This girl and her mother came a-visiting to this very town; yes, and the relative they visited lived in this very house. My mother was rather strict in her views of the liberty that should be accorded to young girls. I had been brought up as her companion, and could have counted on the fingers of one hand the men who had visited our house. My life had been almost that of a nun in its seclusion.

One night while here I attended a party in the village— a countrified affair to me, even then. There were bright young men and women present, to whom neither the descriptive words "genteel" nor "poverty" could be applied, and with my quiet tastes I could not join in the merriment. Our hostess was one of the great ladies of the village, a jolly, portly, not over-refined woman, who took to her heart all youth, though middle-aged herself. Among the young men who were presented to me was one—The One—a nephew of my hostess, visiting her, a student in some city—Chicago, I believe. I did not hear his name when he was presented and was too shy to make my lack of knowledge known; so I never knew it. He was not at home in the company, any more than I; so, by degrees, we ingenuously retreated to the cool, vine-shaded veranda.

That was the happiest evening of my life. Do not smile, for it was no flirtation. It was the meeting on one plane of two enthusiastic young souls. There was not one word said that my mother would have wished unsaid, for it was but the interchange of ideals, of ambitions, of hopes. His gray eyes were luminous as he talked and listened. The poor old world needed so many things done, had been waiting for some one to interpret her sorrow and pain, and we would be the interpreters, for could we not see cause, effect and cure? In that hour we recognized affinity, and we loved—loved, without knowing the presence and meaning of love.

When it was late, but much too soon for us, my chaperone, a severe maiden of somewhat advanced years, came for me. My companion wished to come with us, but she appeared shocked at the idea, and he was too shy to insist; so, with a lingering handshake, a long look into each other's eyes in the moonlight, and the assurance that we should meet again, we parted.

And, with my story unfinished, I shall close this letter. You are too manly to laugh or sneer at my foolish story. It seems a breach of confidence to show the tender heart of a girl in so bold a light, but this woman of the world begs her pardon, and feels sure that you will not abuse the confidence.

Do not judge me, my friend, from this brief fragment. Wait until all is told. MARGARET.

Dear Friend—I am sorry that you find Kansas City uncomfortably warm. Here it is perfect. Our house is cool and shady, and Mattie, our cook, is an adept at hot weather dishes. If you could draw the "Old Oaken Bucket" from our well, and, as it rests on the curb's inner shelf, listen to the drops falling to the water below, you would feel that summer is bearable.

Aunt Hephzibah has brought with her a "Life of Wesley" and a file of Methodist papers, and she reads and rocks and fans, declaring repeatedly that she hasn't enjoyed a summer so much since she was paralyzed!

Yes, you may come to see us, but not now. Wait until we have canvassed the situation and brought in the official report. See how the jargon of a political newspaper sticks to me. Beside this important question, the weather will be more overpowering

after a while, and then a vacation will be more of a treat to you.

I am glad, dear friend, that you think kindly of the woman you know, but more than glad to have you deal so tenderly with the girl she used to be. I think few men would be capable of writing so manly, and, withal, so tender a letter as your last one was.

But I must finish my poor little love tale. I dropped my story where we parted in the moonlight. I walked home dreamily, scarce knowing what my companion said, and the account I gave of the evening must have been vague. I lay awake half the night, my pulses throbbing as I reviewed the evening.

The rest of my story teems with the conventional novel and stage accessories to the fair heroine. He called and found me absent; a telegram summoned him home; my mother's ideas of what a young man owes a girl, and what a girl owes herself, prevented his aunt from securing my address, as that voluble woman told us he had asked, in confidence. Our visit ended soon after; his aunt was even then preparing to leave the place, and, to shatter the last chance of our ever knowing of each other, my uncle was killed that year in an explosion that demolished his factory, and my aunt went to her New England home.

You see how slight my love affair is. I do not know his name, had but one meeting with him, never saw him by daylight, and not a word of tenderness passed between us, and yet, deep in my heart, I have ever felt his influence.

Do not think it merely the fancy of a romantic girl, ready to canonize the first man who approaches her, for on that same visit I found an irreproachable lover—faultless, so far as I know—with the most melting dark eyes, the most drooping black moustache, and the most persuasive of voices, but his love-making moved me not a whit, while my gray-eyed stranger really touched my heart.

As to the real "why" of my coming here, I told the Tribune editor that I needed a rest, which was very true, and that I wanted to study types of life in the middle states, which was also true, but that was not all. It was Browning who said,

"When two lives join, there is oft a scar.
They are one and one, with a shadowy third.
One near one is too far."

So, what I told no one was that I am on the verge of loving you, and yet a "Shadowy Third" stands between us. Here, where I met him, will I settle the matter, and find if this shadow that has walked by me for years is but a vapor of girlhood's imagination. If our two lives are to join there must be no scar, and we must be more than "one and one."

If I go to you it must be wholly. No woman will give up a life work such as mine, with the promise before her that I see, unless her heart is given without reservation.

But a dissertation on free silver awaits me half completed, and I must forsake the alluring topic of love to set foot on the shifting sands of finance.

M. S.

My Friend, Gerard—It is impossible for me to write more frequently. You forget that I am a bee, and not a butterfly.

My weekly letter must go to the Silver City Syndicate, my work for the Tribune must not be delayed, and there's the column of bosh for the woman's page of the Sunday edition. Why must we write down to the level of woman's intellect? Why will women read such trash? A hodge podge of furbelows, cosmetics, polemics and dynamics. But it puts money into my pocket, and love letters must not interfere with my bread and butter.

I have been thinking how like a conventional novel this is. The lovely heroine, being closely pursued by the persistent hero, withdraws to her

country villa to examine her heart. (This suggests to the wicked and irreverent that the heroine keeps that article stored in the family vault, with laces and jewels, and refers to it only when she has a microscope at hand.) The letters which pass between the pair form the story.

Only I am not the cultured "daughter of a hundred earls." I am a middle class woman, with a fair education, gained chiefly in the school of experience. The flippant young men of the Tribune aver that I am a "hustler," and that I have "cut my eye teeth." I couldn't write a polished letter, such as a perfumed belle should write.

The public does not demand polish of its newspaper writers. I can write funny paragraphs, obituaries, editorials, accounts of cattle shows, fires, cable car accidents, weddings, receptions, political meetings, and what the editors term "strong" short stories, but I know my limitations.

Yet I have the wish to be the born patrician, and here is another reason why I question if "love be love." You, with your courtesy, the flavor of a quieter, better-bred existence than I have known, have brought a new element into my life. You represent the life into which I fain would have been born, and move in an atmosphere for which I have moments of longing.

Not that I have the faintest desire for society, even the highest, but the literary and artistic circles of Gotham, the cultured Bohemia of which you are a part, appeal to me.

You foolish boy, I believe you are positively jealous of that "Shadow Third," else why do you accuse me of waiting for him to hunt me up, and of hoping that he will come back to the village? You should stop to think that, to youth in general, eleven years is an eternity, and that young men are more hot-blooded and impatient than young women. Had he intended to hunt for me he would have begun soon. Where a young girl broods in secret, a young man settles the matter to his desire or forgets it.

I am not in love with the man he is now, and while I cannot forget him, I fully realize that he may have been married these ten years He may be fat and bibulous, and quarrel with his wife. But nothing can take from me the memory of a slender figure, of enthusiastic eyes, and a mouth irreproachable in lines of tender firmness and forcefulness. Wherever he is now he would be surprised to know what an influence for strength of purpose he has been to one person. He may have forgotten his high ideals and his desire to help with the world's work, but he has helped one woman to remember many times to say the brave, the right, the true word when financial and ambitious reasons argued in favor of policy.

I have been looking at your picture, and you are certainly like him, especially your eyes. That last evening I saw you they drew me, as his did that night in the moonlight. Your handsome brown beard, that you keep so carefully trimmed to a point, conceals what likeness there may be in the lower part of your face, but it is as well, for I do not want to love you because you are like him, but because you are you.

Do not call my letters cold. Did you expect me to make declarations that I cannot redeem?

No man has ever had a love letter from me. No man has ever known the touch of my lips. No man has ever held my hand, save in friendship. I shall give my husband an unsullied love and clean lips—providing he comes. I wish he might come in the person of Gerard Van Tuyl, but—let us be honest. MARGARET.

——Do not ask why I have not written, as usual. I am thinking, thinking. Let me work out my own heart problem.

I hope I have not done wrong in

keeping you waiting so long. I wanted to love you, to be your wife, and yet to be honest with myself and you.

I will soon give you your answer.

M.

Dear Friend—Will you always be my friend, even if I must wound you now? I would not have you go entirely from me.

The Shadowy Third stands between us, and constrains me to say no.

Good bye. It may be best that we do not meet again. I shall go back to the Tribune in the fall, and take up my old work. Just now, it seemeth that the salt hath lost its savor.

Still, honesty, honesty.

MARGARET.

Dearest, you must teach me where I fail, for I find myself sadly lacking in lover's speech.

You left me twenty-four hours ago, and in that time I have lived over and over the two days that you spent here.

Can I ever forget our meeting? My heart thrills yet, as I think it over. I see myself, standing forlornly at the front gate, the falling twilight gradually blotting out the landscape. I felt forlorn, indeed, thinking that perhaps I had wronged both of us in so jealously cherishing a shadow.

As I gazed down the long hill, where the road stood out so whitely, I saw a stranger coming rapidly up the slope. I trembled and shivered, for the gray-clad figure brought back a night eleven years ago. Closer he came, and through the shadows I saw the eager face, last seen in the moonlight. Was it a wraith, or had time turned back a decade and more?

Yet this man breathed, and it was not rapid walking alone that caused that hurried breath. No shadow's eyes ever looked so hungrily, so tenderly, as those well-remembered gray eyes now looked at me. The face was as shapely as ever, but it showed that maturity had fulfilled the promise of young manhood. The lips trembled, though the eyes were steadfast. A warm, throbbing hand was laid on mine as they rested on the gate.

So we looked, and yet no word. I still trembled, though not with fear now. I was hot and cold by turns. It was my lover of eleven years ago come back to woo me; yet that was not all. There was more to know, and I must find it out for myself, for he would not answer the question in my eyes.

At last I was caught in a wave of comprehension that swept over me with an irrepressible gladness. Then we were both inside the gate, I was held closely within arms that seemed to want to hold me forever; and in that moment I knew that the lover of my girlhood and Gerard Van Tuyl were the same, and the joy of that moment swept away all the bitterness of years of waiting, of struggling, of lonely work.

How long did we stand so? I only know that when I withdrew to look again in your eyes the dusk had deepened until we were wrapped in it, alone in a world of our own.

So you knew all the time, but waited until I was sure of myself. I thank you for keeping the knowledge from me. And I do not think it strange that I did not know you at any time, for, meeting you years ago, just once, I had only a general impression of you, not remembering details of externals. I remembered a youthful figure clad in gray, teeming with the impulses of youth, with smooth-shaven face, curling dark hair, gray eyes ("so like the eyes of" Gerard Van Tuyl), firm, well-moulded lips, cleft chin, and a jaw "curved like a steel sled runner," as some erotic novelist says of her hero. So why, remembering but this, when I met you again and saw a man past his first youth, but young still, clothed always in sombre colors, tall, to be sure, but with a suggestion in his movements of well-rounded muscles, with closely-cropped waving hair threaded with gray on the temples, with half his face covered by a

silky brown beard; when only in the eyes, that could challenge and appeal so irresistibly, could a likeness be traced, why, I repeat, should I throw myself into your arms and cry "At last!" in thrilling accents?

It was wisdom that you changed your appearance. If you had come as my later lover and had said "I am that Shadowy Third, I would have been dissatisfied, and words, words, would have been necessary, but you came in the garb of the young man I first knew, and, without a word, my heart was filled with you.

What a happiness your stay was! When we had parted for the night, once again I kept the vigil that I kept eleven years ago. Then I was unknown to myself, and the happiness I felt was vague and unsatisfied. This time I knew—knew myself, the world, and you, and that we loved each other, and that nothing need part us again. So I watched the curtains sway, and the moonlight make patterns on my pillow, and thought of you under my roof, with a kiss of welcome for me in the morning, with a day of happy companionship before us, with a future to plan and spend together!

But, dearest, let me advise you to consider well the responsibility you are so anxious to assume. You might have taken to yourself that brown-eyed girl of long ago, and have molded her character and future to suit yourself, but now you are eager to become the husband of a woman whose disposition is formed—has been formed by surroundings that you, man though you are, cannot know. It was easy for you to shape your life, with wealthy parents. School first, then college, then your chosen profession, always with money and an honored name to smooth your way to success.

It was the opposite with me. I am successful now, and could make my way anywhere, but my path to success was smeared many times with blood and tears. I have fought for every step, and proven, I think, that a woman can conquer the world without losing her womanliness, and just as the way is clear before me here comes a man who has not suffered a tithe of what I have, who asks to sweep my future off the slate with one stroke.

Oh, sweetheart, don't think I am finding fault with you or belittling you! Just now I am so happy, so happy, that the old life I once thought so grand seems poor and meagre. I want to give up my work; I want to be taken to your heart, to become a part of you.

But I know that the fever for work, for my own success as an individual, will return to me many times, and that then I will be difficult and unhappy, and then I want you to know and realize all that I feel, so that you may help me.

Let us have no talk of marrying just yet. When your work in the West is done I will go home with you, but for the rest of the year I will still be Margaret Stone, newspaper woman. I want for a few months to live my old life, but with the feeling of unrest that I have always carried in my heart changed to this delightful sense of security, of satisfaction and knowledge which is now possessing me. I want time to realize that I have always had a lover, to bridge the space between our parting so long ago and our meeting a few hours since, and to link with them the time since the editor of the Tribune sent me, one busy day, to interview Mr. Van Tuyl, the New York architect, who had just arrived in the city. To think that in me you recognized the brown-eyed girl who had been your inspiration, as the gray-eyed boy was mine! That explains what I never before could understand—why you were such an easy prey for the interviewer, and were so anxious to give the reporter other interviews.

And all the time that we are waiting and working I will love you, love you, love you! Ah, sweetheart! Did any woman ever know such happy happiness before? MARGARET STONE.

CHURCH MUSIC: ITS DEFECTS.

By M. S. McGuirk.

Is the music in our Catholic churches in keeping with the solemnity and dignity of the service? If this were made an open question through the columns of Donahoe's Magazine, I feel that much good, both spiritually and musically, would result. No organization in the universe has such opportunities to cultivate a high standard of music as the Catholic church, yet these opportunities are neglected and abused to an extent, apparent to the most indifferent.

Every true Catholic has for his religion a veneration and respect that no one may question, and will readily admit that no edifice is too grand, no vestments too costly and no altar too elaborate for the holy sacrifice of the mass. But will any one explain why it is that the music which is so essential to a proper service is so often overlooked to such a degree that in many cases it is a little less than ridicule to the ceremonies at the altar. The amount of good that appropriate music, rendered with true devotional spirit, could accomplish cannot be easily estimated. Such a service is bound to affect the simplest mind, to inspire the lukewarm Catholic and to impress the most skeptical Protestant.

I have heard it argued that it is not necessary that the church should appropriate much money for music, as Catholics do not attend their church to listen to beautiful music, but to assist at the holy sacrifice of the mass. I know that most Catholics will make every effort to attend their church, but we must also admit that there are some indifferent members of our faith to whom attractive and impressive music would most surely appeal, awakening the latent devotional instinct of their nature, and exercising an influence more potent than that of other ecclesiastical ceremonials, no matter how beautiful and elaborate in themselves, or of the most logical and convincing sermons.

So, too, with our Protestant friends. If they be attracted to the church by excellent music the opportunity presents itself to our clergy to advance the sound doctrines of the Church, to bring forth in a lucid manner the many indisputable facts of our religion that our separated brethren know nothing about, and to dispel the many erroneous ideas of the faith which they have been taught, or have heard from unreliable sources.

To illustrate this we have only to single out the few churches in New York, Boston, Baltimore and other large cities that are noted for their music and we will find that they are also noted for their many converts.

The amount of music that is published in this country alone for the Catholic Church is astonishing, but it would be better if a large portion of it was left unpublished. Much of it is far from being consistent with the text or the majesty of the service, and the sooner all such music is obliterated from the catalogue of Catholic music the better for our services. If bad and cheap literature be considered pernicious by the Church, and as such naturally condemned, why not music, which, however specious the arguments in its favor may be, in reality makes ridicule of the ceremonies of the altar?

I know of a prominent church in New England where Tantum Ergo, a hymn of praise to the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar, is sung to the music of the famous sextet from "Lucia." No matter how predisposed to veneration and prayer one may be, the tranquillity of the mind is disturbed by hearing the choir sing the music from "Lucia," particularly if you are familiar with the opera.

Such desecration of the service should not be tolerated under any consideration.

I will not attempt to go into detail in reference to the many modern light compositions that have been and are being published for mass and vesper services. Suffice it to say that the standard of our music is certainly not improving if we judge by the class of music that is in greatest demand. Time and space will not permit me to point out the unfortunate influence which such music has, not only upon the beauty of the service, but upon the minds and hearts of the congregation, particularly the young, tending as it does especially to cultivate a low standard of taste which, like cheap literature, should be condemned, because anything that does not elevate must cause deterioration.

In my humble opinion the "ideal" music for our services is the Gregorian, but it must be perfectly rendered with a well-balanced choir of male voices, every attention given to the pronunciation of the Latin and the interpretation of the music. We would then have altar and choir more closely allied, something which present methods leave much to be desired.

I know that many organists and some of our clergy will not look favorably upon the suggestion of Gregorian music. In fact, I have heard it said, by those who ought to know better, that such music is fit only for "small churches up country." I feel that these modern enthusiasts must have listened to Gregorian under very unfavorable circumstances, or have not given so deep and serious a subject sufficient thought. The Gregorian music is the property of the Church, advocated by Pope Gregory, from whom it has taken its name, and coming from such a mind gifted with divine inspiration its melodies are athrill with the very soul of Catholicity. It possesses the necessary dignity, devotion and pathos for the service, but it requires voice, religious fervor and intelligence to interpret it in the manner it deserves.

I fully realize that there is a dearth not only of good male voices, but also of average voices with a fair knowledge of music, and that in most cases it is not possible to have a successful chorus, and in consequence our choirs consist of a chorus of mixed voices. While from these facts it may not be always feasible to have a complete Gregorian service, still much solemnity might be added by the judicious introduction of certain Gregorian elements; for instance, the introit, gradual, offertory and communion of the Sunday at the mass, and the antiphons, commemorations and hymn of the Sunday at the vesper service; also when the "Ordo" calls for special psalms of the feast that are not published in modern music they should be chanted in Gregorian. This would give the services a semblance of Catholicity and would require but a little more energy and patience on the part of an organist.

We have numerous masses for mixed voices composed by Gounod, Saint-Saens, Riga, Kallievoda and other authors, beautifully written, deep, bright and melodious, capable of vocal and instrumental effects, nevertheless church music throughout, always in strict conformity with the spirit of the text. These masses, when intelligently rendered, are very impressive and effective, consequently most desirable, but we also have very many masses written by authors of high standard that musically reflect credit on the talent and genius of the composer, but unfortunately the text has been distorted and sacrificed for the sake of musical effect. Nor does the music itself help to convey the character of the written word. For instance, the "Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison," should be a beautiful, quiet implorando prayer, and no Catholic, I am sure, would ever attempt to ask the mercy of our Saviour in the strain that Haydn has written in his Second

Mass, yet this mass is sung in almost every choir in the country. As we sing the music over and keep the words in mind the ridicule of the prayer is most apparent. This is only one of the innumerable instances that could be cited where the music is not in sympathy with the text, and although such music can be appreciated on its merits at concert performances it is by no means the proper medium through which the spirit of the Divine service should be interpreted. To remedy this the organist can, of course, do much. A proper appreciation of the resources under his control, with due regard to the selection of his music and the capabilities of his choir must, it seems to me, lead not alone to a harmonious service but one which is at once well balanced and devotional.

While I concede that it is impracticable under existing circumstances to have a complete Gregorian service at the mass and vespers, I firmly believe that at a funeral mass none other than the Gregorian Requiem should be attempted. The music is perfect throughout. What more appealing, what more sublime than that ideal funeral chant the "Dies Irae"? Who will deny that it is expressive of all those varied emotions which we link with the "Day of Wrath"? And yet we hear it said that this is too mediaeval to be in touch with modern tastes. When we kneel by the coffin of our dead we do not wish to have our feelings jarred upon by music expressive of mirth and gladness. Personally I have attended many funeral services, and have always found it difficult to realize that I was really assisting at a requiem mass. The music rendered by the choir, although of a good standard, conveyed more the spirit of opera and concert than the sorrow and pathos of a requiem. I certainly would not want such music at the funeral service of any relative of mine. I feel it does not even convey a sufficient spirit of respect for the dead.

When we consider the amount of attention that Mother Church in Europe has deemed it advisable to devote to sacred music, surely we in this country ought to feel it incumbent upon us to strive after an equally admirable standard here. Of course we must not forget that we are a young country, that heretofore the Church has been struggling under many untold difficulties to establish herself, and naturally the first consideration under such circumstances was directed towards the advancement of religion and education, through the erection of churches, colléges and elementary schools. Now, however, that this has been mainly accomplished by the zealous industry of our clergy and their people, it is to be hoped that the energies which have been so successfully brought to play in this great work will hereafter, in some measure, at least, be wisely devoted to the cultivation of a higher and more ennobling standard of church music.

It is just possible that the organist, centred as his attention is upon the rendition of his programme, may forget for a moment the character of the service in which he plays so important a part, and overlook the spiritual aspect of the sacrifice. If we consider the true nature of the mass, which, to quote Cardinal Newman, "is not the invocation merely, but the evocation of the Eternal," the organist cannot fail to realize the enormous responsibility which devolves upon him in being called upon to interpret the music on such an occasion. This will readily convince him that the majesty and religious fervor of the mass must not be sacrificed for brilliant musical effect, and that while exerting every effort to make the service as complete as possible he should see that the selections before, during and after the mass are of such a nature as to add to the solemnity, rather than detracting therefrom. It is very hard to change confirmed customs, no matter how questionable or ill-advised they

may be, and here let me remark that the custom of playing a brilliant march immediately after mass is, in my humble opinion, highly reprehensible. I have always felt that a serious "Postlude" is the proper ending for this, the highest and holiest act of worship. Marches, even those of a slow character, help to bring people back suddenly from most fervent prayers to things secular. Why not let the congregation leave the church with the feeling of reverent devotion instead of sacrificing such sentiments for others less in keeping with the place and events? People, as a rule, have not yet learned to give to sacred music its true character as a component part of religious worship. It is not too much to say that they are inclined to view it rather in the light of a recreation than a solemnity. Let priest and organist once find a common ground of perfect accord in this matter, and the unhealthy tendencies which so often now-a-days mark the character of our church music will soon cease to be an obstacle to our devotion and a reproach to our taste.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE YEAR.

The robin sits
Upon the mossy gateway, singing clear
A requiem to the glory of the woods —
The bright umbrageousness which, like a dream,
Hath perished and forever passed away;
And when the breeze awakes, a frequent shower
Of withered leaves bestrews the weeded paths,
Or from the branches of the willow whirl
With rustling sound upon the turbid stream.
Yet still there is a brightness in the sky —
A most refulgent and translucent blue;
Still, from the ruined tower the wall-flower tells
Mournfully of what the summer's pride hath been;
And still the mountains heave their ridgy sides
In pastoral greenness. Everything around
Is placid, if not joyful as in spring,
When Hope was young and with an eagle eye
Pryed forward to the glories yet to come.
There cannot be a sweeter hour than this,
Even now, although encompassed with decay;
There is not in the heavens a single cloud;
There is not in the air a mournful wind;
There is not in the earth a sound of grief,
Nor in the bosom a repining thought —
Quiet and contemplation mantle all.

Edward Wilbur Mason.

A ROSARY OF ROSES.

There's a gleam on the leaves of the yellow roses:
A message of peace in each shining fold,
And a mystical thought of the joys accomplished
In the land of Juda promised of old.

There's a gleam on the leaves of the yellow roses:
Through a midnight of glory the angels sing;
While all safe in the arms of Mary His Mother,
We haste to adore Him our Lord and our King.

There's a tinge on the leaves of the crimson roses:
A deepening hue of the cruel stain,
Of the suffering sweat of the garden's shadows,
Of the crown of thorns and the scourge's pain.

There's a tinge on the leaves of the crimson roses:
The piercing of nails and the dripping flood
Of the sacred wound in the quivering Heart,
The redeeming tide of the precious blood.

There's a light on the leaves of the sunny roses:
The reign of sorrow and sin is o'er;
In the strength and the triumph of love eternal
Our Saviour is risen and gone before.

There's a light on the leaves of the sunny roses:
The bright Queen of Heaven is ever our own;
She pleadeth our cause as we number the decades
And kneel with our roses close to her throne.

Marie J. Downing.

San Francisco, Guadalajara.

IMPRESSIONS OF MEXICO.

By Adele Bassford.

For nature's student and philosopher there is no country in all the world can be compared with Mexico. "A tropical Venice, a new Holy Land." Clothed with the prehistoric forest and richest verdure, adorned with feathery palms and rarest flowers, jeweled with glistening lakes and sparkling rivers, and crowned with the snow-capped peaks of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. To speak of the vegetation of Mexico is to remember Byron's lines: "It is a goodly sight to see what heaven hath done for this delicious land." Capable of yielding every fruit found between the equator and polar circle, including all the vegetables of central and southern Europe. Her tobacco, coffee and sugar plantations are only outrivaled in number by the agave plant, from which the national drink, "pulque," is extracted. It grows all along the sandy soil by the sea to the table-lands and mountain altitudes. The branches are symmetrical, the leaves long and pointed with prickles along the edge. It blossoms only once, in a cluster of yellow flowers, and then dies, sometimes reaching the height of forty feet. "Its lofty candelabra are an ornament to Andalusian roadsides, and a barrier for wandering cattle. This invaluable gift from God is also used for food, thread, paper and cloth. Not only does vegetation burst forth with irrepressible exuberance, but this favored child of nature produces one-third of the silver now existing in the world. For three hundred and fifty years it has yielded millions annually, but at no previous time so much as at present. Beside

gold, lead and copper, the silver production in 1894 was forty million dollars, the greatest amount in her history. In this Eden of America during a few hours travel you may experience every gradation of climate, embracing torrid heat and glacial cold. Distinguished as the "Tierra caliente," or hot lands of the coast; the "tierra templada," or temperate region; and the "tierra fria," the cold regions of the mountain tops, more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea.

SAGRARIO AND ONE CORNER OF THE PLAZA.

The question arises, who are the children who inhabit this wonderland of America? If I am to answer this question, then erase from your mind any impression it may have had of a "greaser" as the typical Mexican. Mexico of to-day is inhabited by nine million people, of which one million two hundred thousand are descendants of Spaniards, and called Castilians. The other part consists of Indians, descendants of Montezuma, and called peons. The Castilian, although forming but a seventh part of the population, controls the other element by his wealth and education, although in Mexico the law happily knows no distinction. The constitution has placed all the citizens of the country, whatever their color, on an equal footing. All privileges of birth are annihilated, and slavery was long since eradicated. By special statute peons are compelled to work for their employers, provided they are in debt to the latter, until the debt is paid.

The Castilian also constitutes the chief part of the population of the

cities. They are the government officials, physicians, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, mining proprietors, the owners of the hacienda, also the Roman Catholic clergy, who, ever since the old Aztec days, have zealously struggled with the Indian tribes and made almost from barbarism a devout and godly people, a people, says F. Hopkinson Smith, "distinct and peculiar, an unselfish, patient, tender-hearted people, of great personal beauty, courage and refinement, maintaining in their everyday life an etiquette phenomenal in a down trodden race; offering instantly to the stranger and wayfarer on the very threshold of their adobe huts a hospitality so generous, accompanied by courtesy so exquisite, that one stops at the next doorway to re-enjoy the luxury."

ZACATECAS IN A SNOW STORM.

Now let us turn to the political and social relations of Mexico. The form of government is a federal republic, with General Porfirio Diaz as president. First elected in 1877, when the country was in great disorder, he was re-elected in 1884 and 1892, and he has distinguished himself by ruling out justice with a strong hand and securing the general stability of Mexico. His retirement from his office after his first term shows that his heart was not set on arbitrary power. By his heroic honesty he has placed Mexico on good terms with all the financial world. One great instance of this is the resolution with which he met the great debt of 1884. With the full concurrence of Congress, he consolidated the public debt and effected an agreement with the British bondhold-

INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL, GUADALAJARA.

ers whereby the payment of interest was resumed on the securities held by them, amounting to about sixty-five million dollars. In consequence, everywhere abroad, are the ministers of Mexico received with distinction. The constitution of the several states closely resembles our own. Perhaps the most marked difference is that in all districts called in Mexico "Partidos," where is an office representing the person of the governor called "Jefe Politico," sometimes "Prefecto," who holds a position combining some of the functions of a mayor with those of a chief of police in an American city.

The courts are organized on the American plan, although the law is more the Roman than the English Common law.

When President Diaz first entered office the only railroad was a line of two hundred and sixty-three miles between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz. How different is now the condition! Two trunk railroads connect the capital with the Rio Grande, where they meet the American system, rendering it possible to make the journey from the City of Mexico to New York in one hundred and fifteen hours. In addition to these trunk lines is another which connects Durango with the Texas frontier at Eagle Pass. Branch lines reach from the Mexican Central to Guadalajara and Tampico.

Socially, President Diaz is as charming in his manners as he is great as a ruler. His never-failing courtesy to Americans is proverbial. Timidly I said to him: "I felt it a great honor to be presented to the President of his glorious land," and met the graceful response: "No, no; Tengo el mas honor de conoser a' senorita Americano," (No, no; it is more honor to meet an American young lady), which was accompanied by a cordial shake of the hand.

His wife, Senora Carmen Rubio de Diaz, is a daughter of the late Romerio Rubio, who, at the time of his death, held the most important post of minister of the interior. She is a most beautiful type of the poetry of Mexico, which is found in her women. With the Castilian "faith in womankind" beats with their blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to them." Brought up in the seclusion of her home, carefully trained from earliest childhood, the daughter of Mexico becomes almost a perfect woman. Their beauty is a certain

ivory-white skin, unfathomable eyes and wistful lips, faces that are shrouded in luxuriant dark hair which have a dreamy expression that make them unuttered prayers. She knows nothing of the vulgar scramble for social distinction. Deeply religious, she finds Paradise in her home, where her king is her husband and her many children loving subjects. They in turn have "a refuge from the storms of life, a sweet resting place after labor, a consolation in misfortune, a pride in prosperity and a joy at all times." Mary Livermore says: "Before all forms of government, all types of civilization, all advance in education, the relation of the husband and wife make the everlasting granite on which the whole world rests." Nothing is more true, and the Mexican mother bids fair to produce the perfected race of the future, just as all nature has reached its highest development in her land. But come, we will find a la Perla del Occidente, the semi-tropical city of Guadalajara, and there you shall study for yourself the manners and customs of the people of our sister republic. Are you ready?

CORRIDOR IN PRIVATE HOUSE.

II.

Entering from the north, after we have crossed the Rio Grande, the first large city reached is Zacatecas, whose mines have yielded over a billion dollars' worth of precious metals, made famous in romance as being the silver "In the bay of Vigo." From its striking similarity to the Holy City it has been called the Jerusalem of Mexico.

Here we are, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a bit of Orient mysteriously dropped from the clouds. You and I, with our duenna, for Mexico is pervaded with an iron-bound etiquette, compelling us, if we would have the gates of the better class opened to us, to be chaperoned by a duenna. She will watch us closely, this dear Spanish senora of perhaps forty summers, who comes from one of the first families of the aristocracy of Guadalajara, whose companionship we have only been able to secure with credentials properly presented through influence. (The exclusiveness of this class of Mexicans may be better understood when it is remembered that it is based on the privileges of an ancient aristocracy, descendants of noble houses which were old at the time of

Our Duenna.

the foundation of the City of Mexico. They have lived on into this era of republicanism with no diminution of family pride, dwelling amid streets that bear the names of their ancestors, and surrounded by places whose history and legends are their own.) Here is a population of seventy-five thousand souls, living in the primitive fashion of the early Bible times. The first evidence of this is a curious old fountain in the centre of the plazas where all the peon natives come in sandaled feet, with water jars perched on their shoulders, to get their supply, closely watched by an official, for it is the only water of Zacatecas, being carried a long distance over a stone aqueduct. There they stand, dust begrimed, each one patiently waiting his turn, the younger ones always ready to give up their place to the old and decrepit.

A Mexican Beauty.

We approach the mining district and would willingly go under but for a superstition prevailing which keeps all women out of the mines. Just then, out from some of the mining works which appear like defensive battlements, coming towards us, is a little peon boy, with a half-starved Mexican dog in his arms. As he sees us he places the dog at his feet and stands with his hat in hand. Looking into his sad eyes and thinking to what a life of poverty he is doomed, I feel my hand in my pockets searching coin. I will try to buy his dog. Taking a shining medio (six and one-quarter cents), I go over and try to make a bargain, but he slowly shakes his head, looking longingly at the money, then at the half-dead animal; I keep adding until my hands are full of coin. The tears trickle down his cheeks,—he takes a last look at the money, then quickly picks up his dog and speeds away like the wind. 'Tis the last I ever see of him.

Realizing that under my feet there are thirty-five thousand people just like these, who daily spend their lives in the mines, while on the other side, in most striking contrast, is the higher class in splendor and luxury, the injustice seems to overcome me, and turning to our duenna I ask her to tell me why are these serving people set apart by this rigid cast? Have they no independence? "My dear," she sweetly replies, "you are an American; it would take volumes to explain this condition, the problem of Mexico. But remember, we have a race seven times our number that we have Christianized,

who in future years we hope to have educated. You have the same problem in the African race, and if you realize that instead of seven times as great that they are not one-third your number, this will help you to understand why our progress is slow. But all peons are not dusky toilers, and are happy in their own way, 'knowing no useless ambition, nursing no foolish pride, assuming no unnecessary burdens, and never striving for high-priced victories.'"

THE UNIVERSITY, GUADALAJARA.

We will take a ride on the tramway to the orphan asylum, conducted under the auspices of the state authorities; there you shall see a different side, some Mexican charity. Down the hill we fly for six miles, the only motive power supplied by gravitation. I hold my breath and cling close to the duenna. After reaching our destination we first enter a magnificent cathedral. Adjoining this edifice is the orphan asylum, where we are met by the director, who courteously shows us through this benevolent institution, the home of several hundred girls and boys who not only receive an ordinary education in letters, but are being taught useful trades of various kinds, one of which is printing. A weekly newspaper is published in this asylum and all the printing and binding for the state is done here. Just before leaving we gather in the court to hear a good brass band, composed of the students, who thoughtfully play for us our own "Star-Spangled Banner."

On our return trip, which was made with four burros attached to the car, we had not gone a great distance, when we came to a deep though narrow ravine, spanned by a short open bridge, over which the careless driver,

by swinging his whip, drove one of the burros, who fell down in the pit below. The car gives a jerk, and I jump for the door, only detained from following the burro by the strong arm of a Mexican senor who had boarded the car a few moments before. Lifting his hat, in a most musical voice he says, "It is nothing, senorita; do not be frightened." In the meantime

On the Hacienda.

the burro, the faithful drudge of Mexico, is not killed, but kicking away in the pit twenty feet below, and almost before we know it, the driver has thrown a lasso over his head and tumbled him into the road, to continue his thraldom, we cannot say until death, for even then he is not permitted to rest, for his hide is used for a water bucket. After recovering from my fright my eyes unconsciously seek those opposite of the Mexican senor, glorious dark eyes that talk to me for the rest of the trip, carrying my thoughts back to the days of Montezuma, for the Aztec blood is visible in his large physique and regal bearing, unlike the typical Mexican, who is of slender build. As we leave the car he lifts his hat, a custom of the country, and we make our way to the station just in time to board the train, and see fading in the distant sunlight, the towers of the cathedral of the quaint old city of Zacatecas.

The next day finds us at Aguas Calientes, the hot springs of Mexico. Now for a refreshing bath. An unlimited amount of hot water boils up from the earth at this place. It supplies innumerable bath tubs and pools and a ditch half a mile long, in which the poorer classes bathe and do their laundry work. A short distance west of the station are the private baths. Put twenty-five cents in your pocket, with some extra centavos for the beggars, and we will take a bath. Soon we are enclosed in four stone walls, the size of our usual bath house, and as we descend the stone steps and are immersed in the warm water, shut in from the outer world, we might almost believe we were in one of the pools of Siloam. The towel is very white and the soap very scarce. Feeling like new creatures, we start back for the station. To the left, along the whole length of the canal, are scattered hundreds of natives in every conceivable state of "deshabille," a bright colored zarape is held up and almost instantly an Indian relieves himself of his only garments, a white shirt and a pair of cotton trousers, to glide into the water. At the station we find a party of Americans. All are busy buying the exquisite drawn work that the natives so excel in. The girl facing me is holding up a gorgeous piece as filmy as the finest lace. She asks more than I can pay for it, and she will take no less. The doctor is beckoning to her;

she goes over to him, and comes back handing me with a courtesy the coveted piece. The bell is ringing, and the Americans all scramble for the train; they will be our companions to Guanajuato. At Leon we are met by Senor Genaro del Olmo, a most courteous son of the aristocracy. Educated in London, he can speak to us in our mother tongue, French or German. This is quite characteristic of the Mexican, to whom the adaptation of languages comes easy, and his etiquette demands that he always address a stranger in his own language. We are also accompanied by Senor Don Enrique Aranda, a brilliant young lawyer (abogado), graduate of the Escuela Nacional de Jurisprudencia de Mexico. In his carriage we ride round the beautiful plaza, visit the usual cathedral, and are specially interested in the magnificent leather work, for which Leon is famous.

We leave there to wake up the next morning at Sialo, where we take special cars for the Rome of Mexico, Guanajuato, which, like Zacatecas, is situated seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and famous for its mines. Entering at Marfil through an old stone bridge, with massive arches, we journey up and down the mountain thoroughfare, with a magnificent panorama constantly before us. In the distance is the little village of Dolores, where the patriotic priest Hidalgo and his small band of loyal followers first raised the standard of freedom for Mexico. We pass many churches and see for the first time in Mexico outside gardens filled with orange and oleander trees and most exquisite beds of flowers. This is new to us, for the Mexican house is usually built straight up from the stone sidewalk, with no sign of adornment. The entrance is an iron gate, and all the tropical plants

STATE HOUSE, GUADALAJARA.

and flowering vines are in the court beyond.

On we glide by the beautiful residences, new opera house, government building and mint, until we come to Palestine Street, where a crowd of peon drivers meet us, each with a burro, which is to carry us up the hill to the ancient Pantheon. We secretly envy our duenna, who mounts hers

THE THEATRE, GUADALAJARA.

with a grace that shames us. The peons follow behind, now and then touching the burro with their sticks, which makes us scream the same as we did at the World's Fair in the streets of Cairo riding the camel. After a great deal of laughter we reach the burial place of the dead, which is entirely unlike our own. It comprises ten acres of land, and is enclosed with a stone wall about twelve feet high. There are no graves and no coffins, except the one which carries the body here, when it is removed and placed in a sepulchre; these are arranged on the three interior sides of the enclosure. After the corpse has been put in, a thin slab of marble is placed over the opening, thoroughly cemented at the edges. This has the usual inscription of our tombstones. After they have rested here for seven years (although they are permanently leased to all those wishing to pay for them), they are deposited in the charnel house below our feet. The guide is now lifting the stone from the opening, which is a sign he is ready. We are almost afraid to descend the fifteen steps, which are blocks of stone with corners projecting. How we shiver in the darkness, holding tightly to the guide's hand! But on reaching the bottom of the chamber it is well lighted and venti-

lated by openings in the west wall. The catacomb has an arched roof and is twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet broad. At each end lie heaped up the bleached white skeletons of over forty thousand people, descendants of Montezuma and Cortez, all jumbled together in the true democratic fashion of Mother Earth. On one side of the wall are forty mummified bodies of women in a good state of preservation. Directly opposite facing these are an equal number of mummified men. One is a soldier, indicated by his uniform, and a pair of false teeth are in the jaws of the woman opposite. We all stand there in impressive silence, when the last of the Americans descends, a true Yankee. He looks from one side of the mummies to the other, then in a shrill voice calls: "Right and left, ladies and gents all cross over." At this juncture the false teeth dropped from the mummy and we all scramble for the stairs, and are glad once more to be out of this solemn place. The burros shake all our ghastly fears away as we descend the steep hill and make our way back to the station.

The next morning we arrive at Irapuato, where we are awakened by the cry of "fresas," — the only place in Mexico where strawberries are for sale the year around. We buy a box apiece and make ready to change cars for Guadalajara. Our American friends try to persuade us to continue our journey with them, telling us of the floating gardens in the city of Mexico, the opals of Queretaro, the great pyramid of Cholula and the wonderful onyx and marble of Pueblo, and the Toltec ruin of Mitla; but our duenna has equal treats in store for us in her native home, so we banish her fears by whispering softly: "We will stay with you, queridisma amiga."

III.

"Oh, if there be an Elysium on earth it is this, it is this," the semi-tropical city of Guadalajara, where our train is just steaming into the depot. The duenna is all smiles, for she sees in the distance her brother, who is directing a street band that begins to play as we alight from the train, a custom of welcome quite common in Mexico. He greets us profusely, and with the band following we make our way through the crowd to his carriage, and soon are driving through the streets of the pearl city, the second of importance in the republic. After a little, we ride for five miles through a gloriously shaded avenue, until we come to the superb San Pedro, where our host lives. From our high carriage, looking towards the south, we see the rich valley of the Lerme, with its many haciendas. Turning to the west we see thirty or more white spires of the churches trying to kiss the dim blue sky beyond, with setting sun glistening on the twin bell towers and Byzantine domes of the magnificent old cathedral. On the east lies the Juan de Dios River, twining itself amid flowering banks, orange groves and stately palms, a beautiful contrast to the plain two-story white adobe houses which look like square blocks of marble. Our beautiful ride comes to a terminus as we reach the great iron gate, the entrance to our host's abode, who tells us, as the porter swings open the gate and we ride into the court: "The house is yours." After we have alighted the "cochero" drives into the court beyond, where the stable and the servants' quarters are. We gaze around enchanted, wondering what fairy land is this we have stepped into. Everywhere we notice the richest perfume of the flowers which fill the court facing us and which are sprinkled from the hands of the bronze Cupids who are throwing the water from the magnificent fountain, crowned with an Undine, in the centre of the court. All around the "patio," or court, is the corridor, which also has flowers growing in large vases and groups of statuary placed in the corners. The beau-

tiful ceiling changes its sun of the day for the moon and stars at night. The walls are exquisitely frescoed with masterpieces of art and the floors are of tinted tiles. An iron railing, around which twine flowering vines, encloses the court, both above and below. Outside, running all around it, is a corridor about seven feet wide, leading into the different rooms. Down the broad stairway, which is supported at the base with two magnificent bronze statues of the lion, trips our hostess, the senora, with her six pretty daughters and two sons. She graciously repeats the welcome of her husband, "the house is ours," adding we must be "muy fatigado," and that she will request (comida) dinner to be served at once. A servant then takes our luggage, and we are shown our rooms, which are in the front part of the house leading off of the court and containing every comfort but the pillows, which are always hard in Mexico. Soon we have had a bath and donned our prettiest gown, for to-night our new friends are to accompany us to the Plaza de Armas. The oldest son offers me his arm, and we march into a plain, well lighted dining-room, containing no other articles of furniture but the sideboard, table and chairs. Three servants are in attendance, one at each end of the table and one who serves only warm tortillas with the different courses, which consist of bouillon, chicken with a dash of garlic, lettuce, the crispiest, waxiest kind, with sprays of red pepper cut exceedingly fine, some little fish baked in corn husks, peppers stuffed with tomatoes, with plenty of chile, stewed figs and a cup of black Uruapam coffee. Everything is served in a separate course by the servants. We find an etiquette pervading this Mexican family dinner as severe as at one of our state affairs. The children are not allowed to speak until the mother gives the signal, which is after the second course, this time being reserved for husband and wife to discuss the affairs of the day. After dinner we assemble to the family living room, containing a piano and various other musical instruments, for almost every Mexican home contains in the family a little orchestra of its own. Lying around are the different pieces of exquisite embroidery work with which the Mexican girl occupies her time.

The carriage is announced and we are once more on the road to Gaudalajara. On the left-hand side, after crossing the river, our host points out to us an old yellow colored building, telling us it was the original site of the city. The governor at that time, Oidora Francisco Parego, had a beautiful daughter who captivated a young Spaniard. Asking for her hand, the request met with a firm refusal; so they planned to elope. It was arranged that she should leave by the rope attached to her balcony window and her lover ready to receive her when she reached the ground. Fleet horses were to do the rest of the work, but a brother who had learned of the proposed plan appeared just in time to stop them. Challenging the lover to mortal combat, the duel was fought which resulted in the death of the brother at the first thrust of his antagonist's sword. The grief-stricken girl sent her lover away, and in her anguish hung herself from the balcony. The father awoke in the morning to find his two dead children, and died soon afterward of grief; and this, says our host, led to the change of its present location. "Pobres amartes," murmurs our sympathetic duenna. As we reach the Plaza the music has not yet commenced; so we decide to enter the cathedral on the north side, whose foundation was laid in 1571 and completed not until 1618. Like all the largest cathedrals in the cities of Mexico, it is a magnificent imposing edifice; the roof supported by exquisite columns of the Doric order of architecture, inside everywhere the most delicate fresco work meets the eye, intermingled with grand old masterpieces of painting, and silver and

gold is seen everywhere, but the sacristy contains the greatest gem of all, Murillo's painting of the Virgin, which no amount of gold can buy. As we gaze on its beauty unconsciously our thoughts leave us and mount on upward, higher, until they rest at the feet of the real Mary.

Only the echoes of Tannhaeuser from the music in the Plaza allow us to tear ourselves away from this wonderful painting. Again we stand out in the full blaze of the moonlight on the cathedral steps. As we proceed by the Sargarario toward the Plaza on the east side is a mighty arcade extending across the sidewalk from the street to the rows of stores. How surprised we are to have our duenna proudly tell us it is called Portales Washington in honor of the father of our country, and the one on the south side Portales Hidalgo, after Mexico's father of independence. But now we enter the inner walk of the Plaza which is reserved for the higher class and walk in the opposite direction to the host and his son, a custom in Mexico for the gentlemen to walk in opposite direction to the ladies. Finally I prevail on you and the duenna to let me rest on a bench facing the handsome Palacio del Estado. You walk away and leave me just as the band bursts forth in a mighty peal of the sweetest, saddest melody; music that reaches your soul as well as your ears and leaves its echoes in your heart forever.

I think Joaquin Miller must have been here, intoxicated with the perfume of the flowers, when he wrote "Mexico is Italy and France and the best part of Spain tied up together in one bunch of rapturous fragrance." My eyes wander from the moon to the bench beside me to a pair of supposed lovers. As the music grows more plaintive the dark-eyed Senor passes his arm unchecked around the graceful figure of the Senorita beside him, and draws her close to him. Just then you return with the duenna, who glances from me to the lover and smilingly says: "The don Senor has a beautiful wife; has he not?" adding softly: "Adela, this is the land of amor." In the meantime the Senor brings up some more friends to be presented to us; the music ceases, and we return home and say "Buenas noches," "Good night."

I have not been in my room very long when my ears are startled by the sweet strains of the Cavalleria Rusticana from the violin of the host's son, who is serenading me. I throw open my window and step out into the balcony and white moonlight. As he plays he brings to mind the lines of Eric MacKay:

"Wood as thou art, my treasure with the strings,
Fair on thy form, as fits thy parentage,
I cannot deem that in a gilded cage,
Thy spirit lives. The bird that in thee sings
Is not a mortal. No! Enthralment flings
Its charms about thee like a poet's rage.

And now he is all mine, for my caress,
And my strong bow, an Ariel, as it seems,
A something sweeter than the sweetest dreams;
A prison'd wizard that has come to bless
And will not curse, though tortured, more or less,
By some remembrance that athwart him streams.

And I was lifted in a minute's space,
As nigh to Heaven as Heaven is nigh to thee,
And in thy wistful glances I could see
Something that seem'd a joy, and in thy face
A splendor fit for angels in the place
Where God has named them all in their degree.

I unfasten the white roses I had worn at my belt and throw them to him and come in to retire and dream of "the charm of this semi-tropical Spanish life! The balconies above the patios trellised with flowers, the slow splash of the fountains, the odor of jasmine wet with dew, the soft moonlight half revealing the muffled figures in lace and cloak, the same old story,

yet told in Spanish lands more delightfully and with more romance, color and mystery than elsewhere on the globe."

In the morning the servant comes to my door with a great bunch of tea roses from the Senora; also a little tray containing a cup of coffee, an omelet, with peppers and some fruit. We dress hurriedly and soon are on our way passing through the gates of the old stone wall which partly encloses the city and pass on into its rectangular streets, en route to the market house, known as Mercado Corona, named from one of the best governors of the state, Ramon Corona, who met his death at the hands of a crazy assassin. The air is heavily perfumed from the many thousand varieties of flowers in the floral booths; for a dollar we can buy more flowers than we could ever carry away. The different gay booths hung with bright zarapes and rebozos contain everything, but our attention is especially attracted to the magnificent display of the fruits and vegetables that can only be raised in a climate like Mexico. As all markets are closed at eleven, our duenna is very anxious to have us now visit the Hospicio, an asylum for the aged, the deaf, dumb and blind, also the orphan and foundling find refuge in this home, which covers twenty-four large blocks all enclosed by a stone wall around the entire outside. As we pass through its gates we are charmed to find a busy little city of its own, a marvel of cleanliness and perfect order. Within this enclosure we find a church, school and a number of buildings devoted to industrial pursuits. There are twenty-four gardens, in which are orange and other tropical fruit trees. The houses in which these poor people are cared for surround these gardens. We see an aged, blind woman sitting near one of the fountains, contentedly inhaling the fragrance of the roses and listening to the splash of the fountain and the many sweet singing birds that fly through the different courts. The manager, who is a superior, accomplished woman, invites us to dine with her. As our train leaves at four o'clock we accept the kind invitation and come away feeling that this beautiful work of charity has spoken volumes to us of the people of Guadalajara who contribute so generously to its support. On our way to the station the duenna's nephew proudly points out to us the Universidad founded by Bishop Alcade, an institution of learning for the young men and women of Guadalajara, affording a very extensive education, which embraces all the higher arts of learning. We also pass the Teatro Deggolando, a magnificent modern theatre; but at last we reach the station. Finding we still have ample time to visit the largest pottery establishment in the republic, that of Senor don Heraclio Farias, which lies directly on the east side of the Mexican Central railway station. We are most courteously received by his son, Juan Farias, the designer of the establishment, who shows us the most exquisite vases, jars and statuary made from the white, gray and soft baked clay, with the high polish that is only found here.

As we come away from this museum our cultured host presents you and me with a water color of his own work that is as delicate as his refined manners. Reluctantly, in tears, we bid our dear duenna and other friends goodbye who stand on the platform until we lose sight of them, waving their pretty hands in a graceful fashion that the Mexicans have for saying "A dios," farewell.

SOME APPRECIATIONS.

By Mary Daly.

[The following extracts are from an address given before the Reading Circle in Cambridge, Massachusetts. We publish them as evidence of the real work which is being done by the Reading Circle movement.—Editor.]

What a quiet smile seems to play around Washington Irving's descriptions in Knickerbocker's History of New York of the sturdy, thrifty Dutch settlers, their scrubbing, portly wives and laughing, moon-faced daughters. The flavor of his humor in this work was so delicate that the gross palate of the readers of his day failed to detect it and took it as an authentic history.

The popularity of his beautiful Sketch Book has not waned through two generations. This work, published and widely read in England before it gained an audience here, was the first American work to be accepted abroad as true literature. A nation, so thought the British public, that could boast such an author as Irving, could not be, after all, a race of Philistines.

A bachelor himself, what a lover of pure love he seems in his picture of life against a Spanish or Moorish background, and it was his charming pen that almost for the first time made history something more than a Gradgrind collection of facts. Honored on both sides of the Atlantic, dispensing an elegant hospitality to the great men who came from far and near to pay tribute to his genius, his latter years were spent in sight of the mountains over whose summits he has forever thrown a halo of romance.

In 1859, at the age of seventy-one, peacefully as the flowing of his beloved Hudson, his beautiful life glided into eternity, but his voice still remains like—

"A noise as of a running brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the quiet woods all night,
Singeth a pleasant tune."

"The dreamer lives forever, but the toiler dies in a day."

The words come into our mind as we think of Nathaniel Hawthorne on that eventful night when he came home despairing over the loss of his clerkship in the old Salem Custom House.

Happily his wife's faith in his powers was greater than his own too modest estimate of them, and before the evening was over she had inspired this hermit thrush with sufficient self-confidence to make his voice heard beyond the home nest, and, from that day, the world shared the strange vivid dreams and thoughts and communings with Nature with which this silent man had amused himself, while others babbled of nothing.

Through the noble partner of his life he learned to respect woman's intuition, to reverence her superior moral worth. What a knightly picture that is of him doing,—in their decent poverty,—his share of the domestic drudgery that his wife might have time to climb to the heights of her being! What a noble contrast to Carlyle, sacrificing the lofty intellect of Jane Welch to his dyspeptic genius!

Hawthorne struck out the fire of romance from the flint-like life of the first New Englanders, and showed the world that human passions will break through the most rigid conventions. Under the repellent, Puritanical exterior of Hebzibah Pynchon dwells a heart that hungers for the sweetness, the gentle human interests that Maiden Phoebe's coming brings into her life. What a contrast she is to her suave kinsman, the judge, valued by men for his sanctimonious exterior, through which the subtle intelligence of woman can see a heart, cold, pulsing not with human pity.

What imagination but Hawthorne's

could have created Pearl, the child in the Scarlet Letter, half elf, half angel! How fiercely the light of his genius beats upon the poor young minister's soul, writhing under the accusing, vengeful eyes of Chillingworth. A light seems to crown the man's head, and we can almost hear the "joy in heaven over the sinner that repenteth" as he mounts to the place of shame by the side of Hester Prynne and proclaims his guilt,—"Stand any here who question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

A strange group he brings together in the "Marble Faun,"—that gem of literature set in an Italian atmosphere,—Hilda, the American art student, "Visible it seems by the sunshine of her own soul"; Miriam, whose young hand is stained with guilt; Hilda's lover, the typical American, healthful in soul and body, chivalrous, looking life squarely in the face; Donatello, so full of joyousness that he must needs leave this prosy world and dance some of it away among the wood nymphs.

How quickly the mirth-giving wine of his fathers turns to gall when for love of Miriam,—

"He joins the confraternity of the guilty ones, all shuddering at each other."

Of Catholicity Hawthorne says: "Were there but angels to work it, the system would soon vindicate the dignity and holiness of its origin." Not hosts of angels, but a handful of ignorant fishermen did Christ choose to launch the faith. What a pity the full significance of this fact did not clear away Hawthorne's doubt!

During the generations since Hawthorne's death, no other American author has as yet been worthy of his mantle. To adapt to himself some of his own words,—

"He was lifted a little way off the earth by the ideality of his own pursuit, and was able to catch the evanescent fragrance that floats in the atmosphere of life, above the heads of ordinary mortals."

Near to his loved Nature's heart, on the wooded shores of Walden Pond, dwelt Thoreau, that gifted essayist. Through Concord's quiet streets walked Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Alcott, and all that school of philosophy of which Ralph Waldo Emerson was the voice. It is the glory of such men that they make us hear, above the din of sordid cares, the beautiful harmonies of high thoughts and aims and hopes; make us see through the mist of life's tears the broad sunshine of the Eternal Goodness.

At a ripe old age Emerson passed away in the town that his memory has hallowed, leaving to the world, in his poems and essays, a heritage of the noblest ideals.

No other American has contributed so largely to general literature as Oliver Wendell Holmes. His collection of essays, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is the very cream of his thoughts, and fairly brims with keen wit, genial humor, sound common sense and poetry.

The powerful weird story of Elsie Venner would alone place him among our great novelists. His medical works are of the highest value, and, as a poet, he is so versatile that one volume of his poems seems to be the work of several men. His wit and humor, that never degenerate into buffoonery, will long continue to make the world forget its carking cares and laugh a while.

James Jeffrey Roche says: "Occasional poems are only occasionally poetry"; but it is not so with Holmes'. They have always been drawn directly from Helicon. Sometimes, as in "The Last Leaf," he awakens that laughter that is akin to tears,—

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer."

With him we become tenderly reminiscent, grieving that—

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he longed to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Can it be possible that the same hand that penned "The One Hoss Shay" and "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," wrote the "Chambered Nautilus"?

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

It seems almost incredible that a mind could remain as vigorous, wit as keen, or an imagination as young as they remained with Holmes, when at the age of eighty-one he again set the world in roars with his "Broomstick Train."

Two years ago death plucked from our midst,—

"This tropic blossom, warm with sun and scent,
Set in New England's chill environment."

James Russell Lowell was, like Holmes, a native of Cambridge, a son of Harvard, and a many-sided genius, who could at will turn loose all the wit and humor that had been pent up in his Puritan ancestors, or make us look upon the serious or poetical side of existence.

He has used the Yankee dialect, what we call its "horse sense" and its peculiar dry humor, with telling effect in the Bigelow Papers, a series of poems that hold up to ridicule the abuses of the times, especially the agitation in favor of the Mexican War and the false reasoning of the pro-slavery party.

How grandly American are his "Ode to Freedom," his "Heritage," and his lines upon Lincoln, in which he, the man of culture, a culture that has been accumulating through generations, bends before,—

"The kindly, earnest, brave foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Of his serious poems the most beautiful is the "Vision of Sir Launfal," in which occur those matchless descriptions of winter and of summer, when,—

"Every clod feels a stir of night,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers.
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Have we anything finer in their way than his literary criticisms? And how quickly and well we have to think to keep pace with his high thoughts succeeding each other so rapidly! His "rarer, better, truer self" remains with us still in his books, while he sleeps near to his friend, Longfellow, the shadows of the trees above them reaching out and receding as if bearing to and fro silent messages of comradeship.

We come now to a consideration of the poets proper. William Cullen Bryant, the Nestor of our poets, first saw the light in 1794 in the little village of Cummington, Massachusetts.

"One of those vales, stretching in pensive quietness
Between hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun."

His father's well-chosen library filled his mind with the greatest thoughts of the ages. He had early gained a power of thinking for himself, and he loved to listen to Nature's various languages, to feel her sweet and healing sympathy.

Is it to be wondered at that almost before he had reached his teens he felt his soul "baptized and set apart to poetry," and that, while others of his age had thought of nothing higher than dress, sport, the reigning belle of the village, he had embodied his ponderings upon death in the immortal measures of "Thanatopsis."

Sunburst and darkness, the mysterious changing of the seasons, the breath of the hurricane, the vast solitude of the prairies, old ocean's gray and solitary waste, mighty groves, "God's first temples," — before all those visions of Nature in sublime aspect his soul dilates and,—

"Swells vast to Heaven."

He beholds God's wondrous power and watchfulness in the mere flight of a bird,—

"There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast:
The desert, the illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost,
He who from zone to zone guides
Through the boundless depths thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Monument mountain looks to-day exactly as it did when he sang of the love-lorn Indian maiden who hurled herself from its summit,—

"It is a fearful thing to stand upon the
beetling verge,
And see where storm and lightning from
that huge gray pile
Have tumbled down vast blocks,
And at the base dashed them into fragments."

Among these fragments, every June, thousands of pink azaleas open their spicy buds. The upsloping, breeze-swept wheat fields on one side look like a golden sea. The Housatonic, "his river," twists and shimmers and darkles past. Why is not such a scene the decoration of his tomb? It is but fitting that Bryant should slumber on the bosom of the hills from which his genius drew its first aliment.

Why comment upon Longfellow's poems! The beauty of the universe stole through his every sense. Peace was in his thoughts, and his verse attuned to some celestial harmony.

The breath of old ocean which he inhaled in the city of his childhood, the breeze of the hills amid which he wooed the bride of his youth, the sunset calm of the Charles, fill his choicest poems.

Touched by the wand of poetry, a simple love tale becomes his "Evangeline," in which he shows to us the broad fields of sweet smelling grass, the fragrant orchards, the lowing herds, and the bee hives of Acadie.

Upon the scene appear the thrifty farmer; his daughter Evangeline, whose tragic life teaches so well "the beauty and strength of a woman's devotion"; Basil, the blacksmith, splendidly human in his noble rage; Father Felician, Christ-like in his submission, —fruits all of the great tree of Catholicity.

In his "Michael Angelo" we have glimpses of the magnificent development of art when the Church was in her glory. Before our eyes move Titian, Raphael, Benvenuto Cellini, Michael Angelo in his grand old age, —reverencing each the other's genius, while the pigmies of art scratch and tear among themselves, or unite in common effort to revile the masters.

What a noble conception is his of Vittona Collona, the faithful wife, "Upon whose hand death only closer pressed the marriage ring"! He sees her "All transfused with light, from realms that, though unseen, exist"; worthy to supply the energy of love to Angelo, which, with his sublime faith, made him an artist of all time.

This gentle poet, refined to the full limit of his nature, endowed with saint-like self control, throws the mantle of his charity over the poor publican, Burns, as he stands beating

his breast in the Temple of Life. Again, like the Master, he bids the children come to him. And tells them,—

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said:
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

He teaches us lessons of gentleness and gratitude towards the poor dumb wards of humanity; his heart bleeds as he hears the enslaved negro singing songs of triumph, and he foresees and warns the nation of the "earthquake arm of might that shall break his dungeon gloom."

What lessons of goodness has Longfellow neglected to teach? What theme has he touched and failed to adorn? His works are to literature what the Taj of Agra is to architecture, and his memory—more than her noble university, more than the combined fame of all her other great men,—has made Cambridge the Mecca of all who love the life beautiful,—

"For he was worthy, full of power,
As gentle, generous-minded, great, consistent,
Wearing all the state of learning
Lightly, like a flower."

The master cords of Whittier's poems are faith in God and man, righteous wrath against oppression, and an intense love of Nature. Unlike our other great poets his education was limited, his means narrow, and he had scarcely travelled beyond his own State. But to one who found "books in the running brooks," who felt that he "was rich in flowers and trees, humming birds and honey-bees," whose Pegasus could transport him over the infinite kingdom of Nature, what need of books, wealth, travel?

Though of Quaker extraction his was the high courage that dared to shout the slogan of the anti-slavery party when to breathe a protest against the nation's sin meant social ostracism and physical outrage. His was the devotion to principle that prompted him through twenty-five of the best years of his life to sacrifice his very fame for what seemed a forlorn hope. How abhorrent to such a man must have been any compromise with slavery for political expediency, and when the mighty Webster committed this sin, he wailed forth,—

"All else is gone, from the great eyes
The light is fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead.
Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame,
Walk backward with averted gaze
And hide the shame."

How beautifully he sings of that ideal love that should scorn pride, wealth, and fashion! In a homely country school incident he sees the glorious poetry of self-abnegation,—

"'I am sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
You see,' the brown eyes lower fell,
'You see, because I love you.'

"Still memory to a gray-haired man,
That sweet child-face is showing:
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing."

The landscape in its ermine robe; the slow, patient oxen at the snow plough guided by the ruddy farmer; the sweet fireside joys of the long winter evenings, all come back to us as we read his "Snow Bound." In an age when men of wondrous gifts dare say "There is no Giver," is it not beautiful to see this great man offering the first fruits of his genius to God, exclaiming with the unquestioning faith of a child,—

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know we cannot drift
Beyond the Father's care."

Was ever more selfless, more sublime

farewell left to those he loved than some of his last written words,—

"O living friends that love me,
O dear ones gone above me,
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

"Hide it from idle praises,
Save is from evil phrases;
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

"Let the thick curtain fall,
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained."

Four years ago a grave beside his beauteous Merrimac received our beloved poet. "But the soft memory of his virtues yet lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set."

In 1809, the year that gave us Holmes, our poet of mirth, Edgar Allan Poe, our bard of melancholy, was born in Baltimore. Orphaned at an early age he was adopted by a rich Mr. Allan, who seems to have been very proud of his handsome, precocious ward, and to have furnished him with educational advantages and money without stint; but the sensitive, dreamy boy craved more than this,—the uncriticising love that only a mother can give. How ardently he longed for this affection was revealed on one occasion when, receiving a warm caress from the mother of one of his schoolmates, he lost consciousness. This lady afterwards became the confidante of his sorrows and hopes, and when she died the boy kept nightly vigils at her grave (a circumstance that may account for the weird element in his poetry, and idealized her into,—

"That rare and radiant maiden,
Whom the angels call Lenore."

"The broken golden bowl from which the spirit has flown, the sainted soul", that he sees taken from "grief and groan to the great white throne, beside the King of Heaven."

His dismissal from West Point and his engagement to a lady (who afterwards played him false) utterly estranged from him his foster-father, who, dying not long after, disinherited him, and thus he who had "fed on the roses and laid in the lilies of life" came suddenly face to face with its sternest realities.

His first literary distinction was gained when he won three prizes offered for the best story, essay, and poem. One of the judges was so pleased with these proofs of genius that he sought out their author, and found him ragged and starving, but too proud to beg.

Mr. Kennedy furnished him immediate pecuniary aid, and gave him regular employment, but Poe's Pegasus could never plough successfully, and he always wrote so much above the ordinary level that he remained all his life in a chronic state of poverty.

Is it not pathetic to think of the mother of his beautiful girl-wife going from newspaper office to newspaper office trying to sell his matchless verses? To read his letters to Willis, begging him to notice or copy poems that have become classics and that he was obliged to sell to third rate papers?

He was poor, O so poor, that when his wife was dying his great coat and a large cat clasped in her arms, in lieu of bed-clothes, kept her warm. Moreover, he was pursued by countless calumnies and,—

"Though born with light to guide his fellow-men,
Was shipwrecked in the tide
That is made up of all those little rills
That flow, unceasing, from a thousand stills.'

What wonder that he became,—

"That unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Follows fast and follows faster,
'Till his song one burden bore,
'Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore
Of never, never more."

In 1849 an unknown man lay dead in a Baltimore hospital, and some one recognized in the face of almost supermortal beauty Edgar Allan Poe, then but forty years of age, and so while,—

"The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
Poor Jubal, lonely, sat him down to die."

Have we not all had morbid states of mind caused by loneliness, wakefulness or sorrow, when,—

"The silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain
Thrilled us, filled us with fantastic horror,
never felt before"?

Has the language words more suggestive of varying sounds than those he seizes upon to produce the harmony or discord of bells? He makes us almost hear the sledges with their bells; the mellow, molten, golden wedding bells; the shrieking of the fire-bells, and the sobbing and throbbing and the moaning and groaning of the death bells.

In "The Haunted Palace" he has reached the highest point of his genius, that transcendent genius of which the poem is an allegory, genius overthrown by madness or drink. How exquisitely he describes the mouth,—

"And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was that fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing,
flowing
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing, in voices of surpassing
beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their King.

"But evil things in robes of sorrow
Assailed that monarch's high estate;
Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate.
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed."

It is to the eternal honor of America that her men of letters have borne unsullied characters,—we do not believe in the irresponsibility of genius,—and time, that rights all things, has made Poe scarcely an exception to this rule. The single glass of wine in which he sometimes sought surcease of sorrow unchained the demon within him, but he was neither a gross drunkard nor a libertine. To use Graham's words, he was,—

"All ethereal, of a fine essence, reveling in a world above with an audacity which we fear in madness, but in genius worship as an inspiration of heaven."

Under the incoherent ravings and formless measures of Walt Whitman may be found the vigorous cries against oppression, the quick sympathy, the suggestions of beauty and lofty thoughts that indicate a poet of the first order.

But as Aldrich says, "Who lacks the art to shape his thought, were little poorer if he lacked the thought," and Whitman's uncouthness will probably always limit a select class in their appreciation of his work.

Now and then, when he takes time to attend to such a trifle, he shows himself a master of poetical workmanship. In his "Prayer of Columbus" the style is worthy of the grand conception, and in his lines on the death of Lincoln not a single discordant note jars upon the ear,—

"O Captain! My Captain! rise up and
hear the bells!
Rise up, for you the flag is flung—for you
the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths,
for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the surging mass,
their eager faces turning:
'Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.'"

With splendid egotism Whitman calls himself the voice of America's athletic democracy. Certainly no one ever hated class and creed and

race distinctions more than he. He loved animals, because "Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago."

His heart goes out in sympathy to chained Ireland, to passion-tossed France, to the negro at auction, under whose black skin "there swells and beats a heart. There, all passions, desires, reach aspirations. Do you think they are not there because they are not expressed in parlors and lecture rooms?" Whitman is the poet par excellence of old age,—

"Held by sluggish floes, packed in the northern ice, the cumulus of years, these with gay heart I also sing."

To him old age is "The touch of flame, the illuminating fire, the loftiest look at last," the time "to get the final lilt of songs."

Old and poor, but happy in the thought that his posthumous fame would compensate him for contemporaneous scorn, Whitman met death, of which he had often sung so gladly,—

"Joy, shipmate, joy,
Peace to my soul at death I cry!
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave.
The ship is clear, at last she leaps,
She swiftly courses from the shore.
Joy, shipmate, joy."

If ever Nature, and experiences intense and varied, dowered a man with all that makes a poet, that man was John Boyle O'Reilly. We need not pause to tell the familiar story of his life, a story stranger than any fiction: the early consecration of his splendid gifts to the cause of his country, his banishment to the living hell of an English penal colony, in which he remained true to his higher nature and from which he escaped to liberty, the love of wife and children, wealth, fame,—

"And rising still from high to higher,
Becomes, on fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope
The centre of a world's desire."

And yet, thus crowned with what this world calls success, he was not happy. He saw his country in chains, its hungry children "challenging his bread and meat"; and his heart bled for the negro escaping from slavery only to be shunned as though he was the Ishmael, his white brother the Isaac, of humanity.

His all-embracing tenderness was wounded by the sight of—

"The little hands too skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds."

And the great city had nothing sweet in it for him "but the patient lives of the poor."

In proportion to his hatred of shame and oppression was his love of moral courage, and of all that strove to ease the universal misery. Under the black skin of Crispus Attucks he hears the hero's heart beat; to him the severe, bigoted Pilgrim was

"Selected grain to sow the earth anew,
A winnowed part, a saving remnant they,
Dreamers who work, adventurers who pray."

He reads the unvarnished story of a country milkman galloping ahead of a flood to warn the menaced people. The daring Yankee becomes transfigured into a hero before his eyes, and in a white heat of enthusiasm he dashes off his famous "Ride of Collins Graves."

The death of his kindred soul, Wendell Phillips, struck from his harp one of its grandest songs, and he bids us learn from him that "There are no classes or races, but one human brotherhood."

Who can forget his eyes glowing with the fires within, his form rising to its full height, "the rapt oration flowing free" as he pleaded the cause of the weak? But why instance further the lessons he has taught—lessons of manhood, freedom, brotherhood, of tenderness toward bird and flower, of love for God and Church.

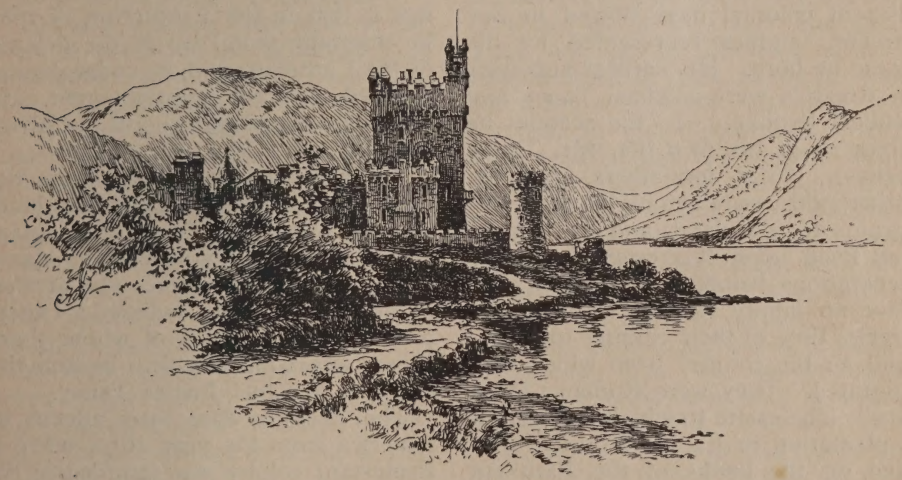
A tribute of love worthy of the man was the lonesomeness, the sense of personal loss that fell upon all when the light of his great heart and mind was turned from earth.

Under a monument sculptured by Nature he sleeps in sweet Holyhood,—

"And there he will rest undreaming,
In the grave his people make,
'Till he hears men's hearts, like the seeds in spring,
All stirring to be awake.
'Till he feels the moving of souls that strain
'Till the bands around them break;
And then I think his dead lips will smile,
And his eyes be ope'd to see,
When the cry goes out to the nations
That the singer's land is free."

With every bright star in this constellation of genius set, we sometimes feel that the intellectual light of the world is waning, but the present holds those who may yet orb into as perfect stars. Let us not doubt that,—

"Others will sing the song, others will right the wrong,
Forward we reach and share, all that they sing and dare."



BELIEF IN SELF.

The strength of iron chains is in his hand
To whom the fearless mind is given;
And he the leaven of his age shall stand,
Whose will by thought is firmly riven.

Rev. Mortimer E Twomey.

HISTORIC CATHOLIC FAMILIES OF AMERICA.

II. THE BROOKES AND TANEYS.

By Rev. Charles Warren Currier.

On the twelfth day of October, 1864, there died a man universally esteemed, except by his political opponents; a man who stood foremost among men of his country as the chief judiciary of the United States. In Roger Brooke Taney the blood of two Maryland families of colonial days flowed in one stream, families represented by the name he bore. His earliest ancestors in America were Michael Taney and Robert Brooke. In the account he gives us of his own life, Mr. Taney writes: "My forefathers, on my father's side, were among the early emigrants to Maryland, and had owned and lived upon this estate for many generations before I was born. We have no family records showing the precise time of their coming to Maryland, or the country from which they migrated. They were Roman Catholics." The estate to which he refers is a plantation in Calvert County, situated on the banks of the Patuxent River, about twenty miles from its mouth, where the river is more than two miles broad.

In a letter written to Samuel Tyler, Mr. J. Mason Campbell, son-in-law of the Chief Justice, writes: "Van Santvoord (in his 'Lives of the American Chief Justices') says that the name Taney is of Welsh extraction, but I think that a mistake. There is a church known as Taney in Ireland, and I think in the county Dublin; and the name appears in the Rolls of Letters Patent and closed in the years 1203 and 1221, published by the English Record Commission."

From Davis' Day Star of American Freedom we learn that Michael Taney arrived in Maryland about the year 1660, and settled in Calvert county. The same author tells us that the first Taney in America was a Protestant. Whether this be accurate or not, the fact is that in the Revolution of 1689 he manfully stood up in the defense of the Catholics, and, in consequence, suffered a cruel imprisonment. He was at that time high sheriff of Calvert County.

At an early period the Taneys became allied to the Neales of Maryland, for Dorothy, daughter of Captain James Neale, the founder of the Maryland family of that name, who arrived in the colony in 1660, married a Taney, probably the Michael of whom there is here question. She thus became the ancestor of Chief Justice Taney.

The Brookes date their advent in America from the year 1650, when a Protestant colony was founded in St. Mary's County, on the banks of the Patuxent, about twenty miles from its mouth, opposite the site across the river where the estate of the Taneys afterward arose. The leader of this colony and founder of the settlement was Robert Brooke of London, England, where he was born on June 3, 1602. The names of the original settlers, forty in number, are given in Davis' Day Star. Robert Brooke has left a written memorandum of his family. Singular enough, if he were a Protestant, he makes mention of the fact that he was born on Corpus Christi day. This alone would seem to

indicate that he belonged to the Catholic Church, for it is highly improbable that the attention of a Protestant, even an Anglican, would have been drawn to a feast exclusively and essentially Roman Catholic. Besides we know at a later period the Brookes were Catholics, nor do we find a record of the conversion to the faith of any of the lineal descendants of Robert Brooke. Mr. Taney, in his Memoir, says: "I do not know what was the religion of Robert Brooke, but my grandfather, Roger Brooke, was a Roman Catholic."

On the other hand, it is certain, as we learn from the memorandum, that the second wife of Robert Brooke was the daughter of an Anglican clergyman, and this would seem to militate in favor of his being a Protestant.

The late Gilmary Shea tells us that there is preserved at Woodstock an old account of the "Death of the Pious Man," Robert Brooke, which occurred in the seventeenth century; but what connection, if any, exists between him and our Robert, the limited time at my disposal has not permitted me to ascertain. As I glean from a letter written by one of the Brookes, the opinion among them seems to be that their ancestor was a Protestant, though Scharf thinks differently.

In 1627, when nearly twenty-five years of age, Robert Brooke married Mary Baker, a native of Battel in Sussex. They continued to reside at Battel at least until 1632, for it was in this place that their three children, Baker Brooke, Mary Brooke and Thomas Brooke, were born. The fourth and last child of Robert Brooke's first wife was a daughter, Barbara. She was born at Whickham. As there is no mention of the date of her birth nor of her baptism, as in the case of the other children, and as Robert Brooke's second marriage is noticed soon after, it is to be presumed that her life was brief. Possibly her mother died in childbirth.

On May 11, 1635, Robert Brooke married Mary, second daughter of Roger Mainwaring, Doctor of Divinity and Dean of Worcester. She was born at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, and there her eldest child, Charles, came into the world, on April 3, 1636. The other children of Robert Brooke and his wife Mary who were born in England were Roger, Robert, John, Mary, William, Ann and Francis. Their father was a believer in astrology, for in most cases he adds the phase of the moon and the astronomical sign under which they were born. Thus Roger Brooke came into the world under Jupiter, and Ann Brooke under Venus.

In all twelve children were born to Robert Brooke before he left England. He tells us in his memorandum that he came to America with his wife and ten children. The names of these children are given in Davis' Day Star. They are Baker, Thomas, Charles, Roger, Robert, John, William, Francis, Mary and Anna. Of those enumerated in the memorandum, two, Mary and Barbara, are missing. I suppose that Mary was the child of his first wife, for he had also a daughter named Mary by his second wife. Hence the first Mary must have died young, the second being born in 1642, twelve years after the former.

Robert Brooke arrived in Maryland on June 29, 1650. He was the first to settle on the Patuxent, and he named his estate Delabrook. One son, Basil, was born here, but he lived only one day. In 1652 Robert Brooke removed to Brooke Place, situated near Delabrook. In 1655 his last children, twins, named Eliza and Henry, were born.

When Charles County was formed, the Lord Proprietary appointed Robert Brooke its commander.

One of his sons was named Lord of the Manor de la Brooke, and Robert himself held a seat in the Privy Council. Under the rule of Cromwell he became president of the Privy Council, an office analogous to that of Lieutenant-General or Governor of Maryland. Robert Brooke died on July 20, but

the year of his death is not given. He was buried at Brooke Place Manor. His wife died in 1663.

The ancestry of Chief Justice Taney, in the line of the Brookes, seems to me as follows: Roger, second son of Robert Brooke of the latter's second wife, Mary, appears to have been his ancestor. He settled on a plantation at Battel Creek, in the graveyard attached to which he was laid to rest in the year 1700. His eldest son Roger, born in 1673, married Eliza Hutchings, by whom he had ten children. Roger, the eldest, died, and the second, James, married Deborah Snowden of the Quaker sect, who is said to have converted her husband to her faith. Roger Brooke, the second son of James, was born on Aug. 9, 1734. He owned the large plantation on Battel Creek, and I think it probable that his daughter became the mother of Roger Brooke Taney.

The Brookes gave at least five priests to the order of the Jesuits. The first of these was Father Robert Brooke, born in Maryland in 1634; he entered the society at Watten, near St. Omer's, France, in 1684. He was probably the first priest ordained from Maryland, whither he returned about the year 1696. He filled the office of superior of the mission from 1710 until his death at Newton on July 18, 1714.

Matthew Brooke, born in Maryland in 1672, was the first secular priest of the colony. He, too, afterwards entered the Society of Jesus. When the Discalced Carmelite nuns came to America, in 1790, they purchased a property near Portohacia, in Charles County, belonging to Mr. Baker Brooke. This gentleman, in course of time, also became a priest and Jesuit. He had been educated in the society in Belgium, whence he returned to America in 1773, entering the marriage state some time later. On March 28, 1801, probably after his wife's death, he became a priest, and officiated in Charles and St. Mary's counties until his death, about the year 1817. His brother Leonard, also a priest, died in 1813.

The most illustrious member of this family or families was the celebrated Roger Brooke Taney. His father, Michael Taney, was educated at the Jesuit College of St. Omer's, where so many of the Catholic youth of Maryland were trained at the time. After the expulsion of the Jesuits from St. Omer's he removed with them to Bruges. In 1770 he married Monica, daughter of Roger Brooke, thus uniting the two families to whom this article is devoted. Roger Brooke owned a large landed estate on Battel Creek, a name that commemorated the place in Old England, where the first children of the ancestor of the Maryland Brookes were born. The estate was situated directly opposite that of the Taneys, the latter being in Calvert and the former in Charles County. The future Chief Justice of the United States was born on March 17, the year after the Declaration of Independence had been signed in Philadelphia, and while the War of the Revolution was raging. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight, dying on October 12, 1864. Roger, like his immediate ancestors, both on his father's and mother's side, was a Roman Catholic, and he remained true to his faith to the end of his life. Yet he married a Protestant lady, Anne Phoebe Charlton Key, sister of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner." It is an unfortunate stain on the Catholicity of Judge Taney that he permitted his children to be brought up Protestants. He married in 1806, at a time when Catholicity was weak even in Maryland, and the ignorance and prejudices of the time may have influenced Mr. Taney to enter into an agreement according to which the boys were to be educated Catholics and the girls Protestants. Unfortunately he had no sons, and the descendants of Judge Taney remained Protestants. It must

not be inferred from this fact, however, that Judge Taney was indifferent to his religion. Far from it. At an advanced age, when the shades of evening were closing in around him, and he felt that the night of death was at hand, he wrote to a relative: "Most thankful I am that the reading, reflection, studies and experience of a long life have strengthened and confirmed my faith in the Catholic Church, which has never ceased to teach her children how they should live and how they should die."

Father John McElroy, S. J., in a letter to the author of the Memoir of Roger B. Taney, testified to the fidelity with which he practised his religion in Washington and elsewhere, frequently receiving the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. After the death of his wife, which occurred of yellow fever, at Old Point Comfort in 1855, he resolved that his first visit should be to the cathedral to receive the sacraments and strengthen himself in his affliction.

Unlike so many smaller minds, this illustrious man was not ashamed of his faith. Taney, dining once with the Duke of Saxe-Weimar at Mr. Oliver's in Baltimore, the conversation turned on European politics, and the Duke, venting his fury against the Catholic religion, blamed it for all the political conspiracies in Europe. Mr. Taney politely informed him that he was a Roman Catholic and changed the subject.

It was on December 28, 1835, that President Jackson appointed him Chief Justice of the United States, an office he filled with honor until his death in 1864, a period of nearly thirty years. Clay and Webster led the opposition against him, but the Senate confirmed his nomination by a majority of fourteen votes. "No man," writes his biographer, "ever realized more entirely the grandeur of high judicial functions and felt more profoundly its responsibilities. And never did a man bring to the discharge of duties a more sublime moral courage." Roger Brooke Taney was the fifth Chief Justice of the United States, if we add to the list John Rutledge, who had been appointed by Washington during the recess of Congress to succeed John Jay, but whose nomination was not confirmed by the Senate. In his stead Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut took his seat on the bench. The successor of Ellsworth and the immediate predecessor of Taney was the renowned John Marshall of Virginia.

In the civil war Judge Taney remained faithful to the Union, as Maryland did, though his decision in the Dred Scott case had drawn upon him the hatred of the anti-slavery party. His position during this period must have been immensely trying.

I will bring this paper to a close with the words of Mr. Wayne, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, taken from a speech delivered by him shortly after the death of Mr. Taney. Of the latter he says:

"By temperament he was ardent. Its impulses, however, could only be seen in his eyes, and heard in fervent language when it was excited by an occasion, but he was never impetuous or vehement. He was courteous at all times, to every one, without affctation. . . . The control of himself and his temper was no doubt the result in part of a practised philosophy, but it had its foundation in a higher source. In the full maturity of his life and mind he made profession of his Christian belief, and with the usual constancy of his nature he died in the faith of his ancestors, in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church."

O HUMBLE AND GLORIFIED ONE!

Far across the purple meadows, fall the beams of dying day,
Golden gleams and dusky shadows mark the landscape of my way;
In the sky bright hues are blending, clouds of ruddy gold are furled,
As the ruby sun, descending, sinks into the western world;
I can hear the river whisper to the trees that bend above,
Tales of tender import whisper, while the birds sing of their love;
And the breezes gently breathing, woo the clouds that wreathe the sky,
And the flow'rs with eyes half hidden, turn to see their sun-king die.

Lo the night comes stealing, stealing, o'er the earth's far eastern rim;
And the golden glances fleeting leave me in the shadows dim;
And I hear the shrill staccato of the tuneless, sad refrain,
As the insect's lonely cadence floats across the dewy plain;
And the meadow mists are lifting tribute incense to the light
Of the moon in glory drifting on the silent sea of night—
Drifting on in balmy beauty thro' the calm celestial miles,
While the thronging stars, attendant, light her passing with their smiles.

Musing all the mystic moments from the twilight to the dawn,
Heavenly splendor my possession while the sombre world sleeps on,
Silent songs the skies ascending, thro' the spacious ethers roll,
Nature's voices grandly blending with the anthems of the soul.
Speak, O stars in yonder heavens, gleaming thro' eternal night!
Speak, O glowing, calm-eyed planet! Speak, reflective satellite!
What Great Master laid thy courses, lit thee for eternity?
Was it He whom we saw dying on the cross of Calvary?

I have heard the sacred story of the way the world was won;
Of the Father's might and glory and the meekness of the Son;
How the King, who placed his jewels on the bosom of the sky,
Clothed Himself in mortal garments, came to earth for man to die.
Strange to me beyond conception is the patience of the God,
Holy King of all the ages bending meekly to the rod;
Scorn and scourges were His portion on that long sad road to death,
But he whispered his forgiveness at the parting of the breath.

Soft the winds of night are blowing, like the echos of a sigh;
On their arms my praise is going to the King beyond the sky;
And the beacons of the heavens guide them on their fair, vast way,
And the trees and fields and waters sing responsive as I pray.

Albert Doyle.

Before a Game.

"OLD GEORGETOWN."

By Rob Lear.

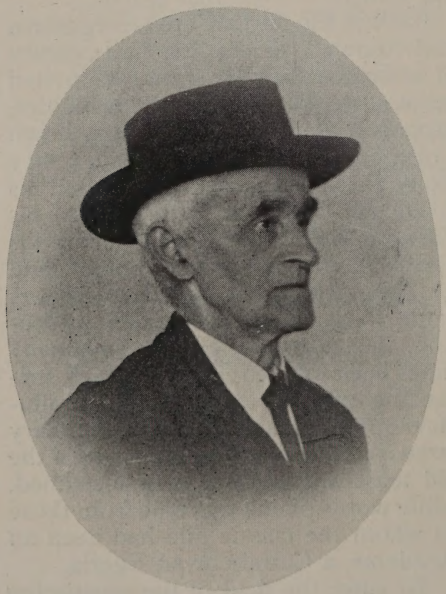
A kindly smile lit up the cheerful face of old Brother Roth when he was asked how are the boys of to-day compared with collegians of a quarter of a century ago. Brother Roth, who is one of the lay brothers in charge of domestic affairs at Georgetown University, has heard the college glees of almost fifty years; and, in keeping with one of the characteristics of the lay brother, his memory of many incidents in the history of the institution is most vivid. The unpretentious boy, who, a decade ago, romped about his New England farm, clad in homespun jeans, has but little resemblance to the youth who may now be seen in fin-de-siecle dress promenading a New York avenue; and so Brother Roth opines that the course of forty years has brought a vast change in student traits at Georgetown. "But no matter how unlike they are," he adds in his German accent, strong as it was fifty years ago, "they all unite in their love for the old college." And that is true.

Back in the thirties, ere Georgetown had rounded out its first half-century of existence, one Mr. Otis, an invited guest at the commencement festivities, proposed as his toast: "Georgetown College, in these classic shades may many an American scholar yet find his Academe, many a future poet his Castaly, and many a statesman his Egeria." The years went apace, and by the time that centenary honors came to grace the venerable institution, the wish of the toast had many times been fulfilled; and with each succeeding year, as the departing graduates appeared with their customary farewells to Alma, the sentiment of the old toast was unanimously acclaimed, while words of eulogy came from those to whom the classic pile had been an Academe, a Castaly or an Egeria.

To enter the field of the prospectus

FROM OBSERVATORY HILL.

and enumerate the various branches of study is beyond our purpose; the same Ratio Studiorum which has guided the Jesuit system of teaching for centuries, and which has been a prominent factor in the intellectual progress of modern times, is still in force at Georgetown. We have to do merely with a kaleidoscopic view of under-graduate life, the field of reminiscence for those who have passed through Georgetown's portals to enter the lists of after life.



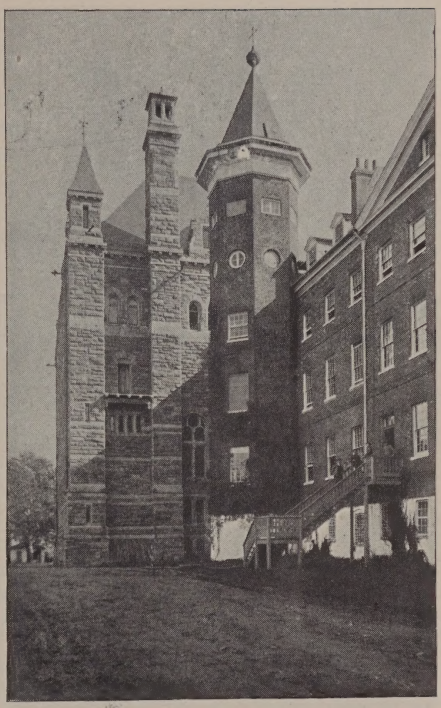
BROTHER ROTH.

With the code of disciplinary rules, by which the authorities in Jesuit houses exercise a quasi-parental charge of their proteges, it is not easy for the students to assert themselves in such demonstrations as may be given in institutions less strictly regulated. But boys will throw stones and seek refreshing ablutions in a swimming pool, despite the wrathful bodement of the maternal slipper or the paternal strap. So with collegians. They will, the canons of the president's dictum to the contrary, indulge in an occasional escapade, being none the worse for the divertisement, when the bell sounds again for more browsing on those well-nibbled trees of learning that, in college folklore, grow about the slopes of the fabled Parnassus.

Now and then, when a reminiscent mood casts its spell about one of the "Old Boys," as past Georgetonians are

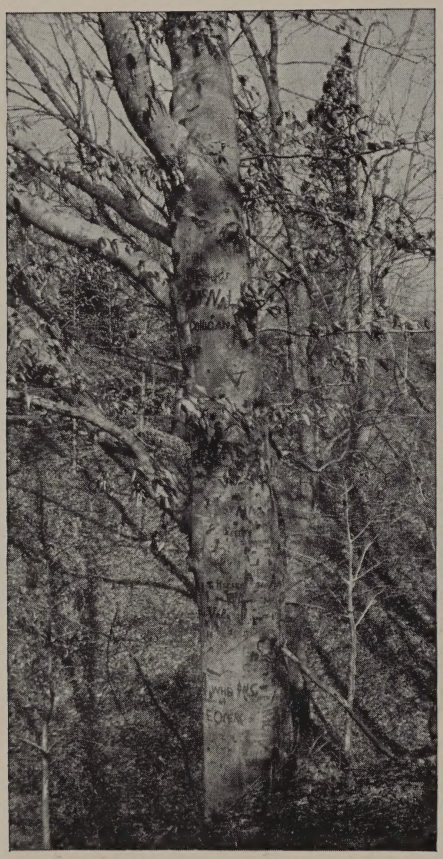
designated, pen and ink are produced, and, forthwith, the effusion appears in one of the college journals. The "Old Boy" desires to know what has become of the old associations. Invariably the query is for good Father So-and-so, whose course of justice made many a lad spend his holidays in the "Jug."

The Jugrat Association? The name will act as an open sesame on the memories of the Georgetown boys of other days. In one of the towers of the "Old North" building, as tradition has it, an apartment or two were devoted to the exclusive use of delinquent students. "Jug" was the appellation of the private rooms; and eventually a bond of fellowship was created between those who, frequently or occasionally, were occupants of the banned quarters, subsequently bringing about the organization of the Jugrat Association. Admission to the club was accorded only to those who were habitues of the Jug; and, as the Rats increased in numbers, the society took on the semblance of a jolly social body. Entertainments, and even receptions of great eclat, under the auspices of the Jugrats, and attended by the faculty and student body, were the order of the day, and many of the soirees would have tempted old Diog-



A Tower of the "Old North" Building.

Baseball Campus.



ONE OF THE BEECHES SHOWING INSCRIPTIONS.

enes to resign his cynical seriousness and become again a sociable fellow. But the Jugrat Association, like all human institutions, was born to die. With the changing years, punishment became less romantic. The respect and duty of son to parent was the model for the student's bearing to the college, and the fulfillment of duty was given to the student's honor. "Lines" and the curtailing of holiday hours became the penalties for breach of discipline. So the Jugrat Association is now only a tradition and no longer is heard the lament:

"With memory weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Jugrat sat on a bench in the Jug,
And these were the words he said:

'Lines! Lines! Lines!'
And his hands in his hair he dug,
And thus, with a series of dolorous whines,
He sang the song of the Jug.

* * *

"Jug! Jug! Jug!
Till the brain begins to swim,
Jug! Jug! Jug!
Till the eyes are weary and dim;
Jug and Prefect and lines,
Lines and Prefect and Jug,
Till over my Livy I fall asleep,
And wake with a box on the lug."

The Artesian Society, also called "The Bores," has shared the fate of the Jugrat Club. Membership in the Artesians, if the present historian has learned aright, was granted only to prominent adepts in loquacity and punning; and generations have faithfully handed down the famous debate on the proper spelling of the ancient Irish monarch's name, "Brian Boroihme (bore me) or Brian Boru (bore you)."

Of the organizations that have been most closely identified with the educational work of the college, the Philodemic debating society, with its motto, "Colit Societas Philodemica Eloquentiam Libertati Devinetam," has been the most prominent. It has a history of almost seventy years; and on its rolls appear the names of many distinguished graduates, who have marched in the van of church and state workers. It has been a training school, wherein young aspirants for forensic honors were taught to bear themselves nobly; and for many the achievements at these humble beginnings were incentives to greater efforts. The records testify that the young members often arranged to visit the halls of the National Capitol; and, in the days of Clay and Calhoun, young Philodemicians were out en masse to hear those champions in the oratorial lists. Even at the present day the members find it to their advantage to visit the National Senate and House, where eloquence and argument have still a place.

The Philodemic is too noble in its object and work to be an ephemeral organization. More than one volume has been devoted to the reports of its literary exercises; and many of the contributions, both in prose and verse, would grace the bema of more pretentious societies. The winning of the Merrick medal, in the annual public debate, is accounted one of the greatest of college honors; and at the last annual banquet of the society, a former member, and guest of the evening, the recently elected Senator from Florida, recalled that, "in the sixties, the holding of the chair in the Philodemic Society was considered an honor second only to the presidency of the college."

Students of the present generation are not too recent to recall the futile attempts that were made for the institution of a Greek letter society. Every endeavor was frowned down by the faculty; and "the Greeks," as the promoters of the project were styled, never established their institution.

Though much of the romance, that seems to have haloed the former associations, appears no more, still "the walks" and their sylvan echoes have not lost any of their charm. The wooded glens are still the rendezvous of the students in their hours of quiet. The vine-clad copses, the moss-covered rocks, the purling brook, winding down beneath the rustic bridges and about the roots of the tall sycamores and poplars, through the picturesque

"Books in Brooks, Tongues in Trees."

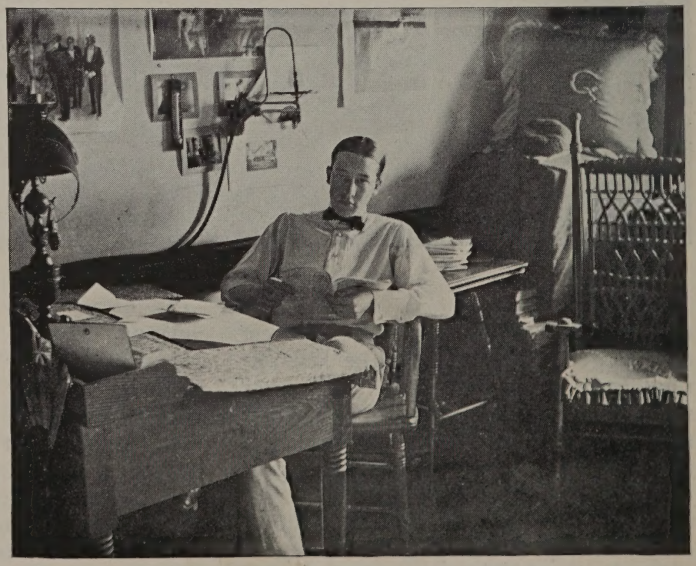
AMID THE WALKS.

vale, that furnished lessons in the appreciation of the beautiful to more than one generation of students, are yet there in all their splendor; and the beeches, veritable tablets of genealogy, still exhibit their wealth of carved names and inscriptions, with an additional store of each succeeding year.

Tradition has it, that in days agone, there was a custom of establishing class-trees. The chosen tree was devoted exclusively to the names of one class, and the members regarded their arbor with Druid-like sacredness. Such a custom is no longer in vogue; still the roll of names increases with the years. The laughter of merry youth and the tread of happy lads still resound about the long promenade, and on Observatory Hill, whence the spectator will look for miles away upon a most entrancing scene, the picturesque valley of the Potomac.

Just beside the Observatory is "Ole Smackum's" cottage.

Smackum is one of the colored workmen, and is a relic of the old rhyming bees, held "fo' de wah." He is an adept in rhyme-making, and always replies to a query with a rhyme. He has many quaint recollections of the merits of the old



"GRINDING."

Georgetown boys, and may occasionally be heard telling of the great hand ball players, that "I'se knowed."

Handball was a popular game a few years ago at Georgetown; and two alleys afforded many hours of invigorating sport. When interest in field and track athletics began to manifest itself, the north field was converted into a suitable arena for practice and contests; and now the baseball field and

A favorite prelude to the more prominent games reads:

"Come, let's begin, boys,
Let's rub it in, boys,
Make old Virgin-yah groan and sigh.
We beat old Yale, boys,
Pulled the Tiger's tail, boys,
Blackened poor Pennsy's eye."

But when Georgetown took the small end of the score, in the Yale and

THE DAHLGREN MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

quarter mile track make an ideal picture. Across the broad sweep have resounded many college glees and yells. Georgetonians are far from being laggards in the realm of college song. Let a spectator take his stand at one of the college windows, that look out upon the campus, and, if the contest be a spirited one, the waving of banners from the seats of the tally-hos, together with accompanying songs, initiates the stranger into some of the glories of college rivalry.

Princeton games, the song was altered to:

"We met old Yale
And the Tiger's tail,
And we'll sing those songs no more."

Enthusiasm is at its best when the representatives from the other southern university enter the baseball lists. The University of Virginia has a good following in the Capital City, and when the collegians appear on the Georgetown campus the carriage re-

serve presents a charming spectacle with its file of pretty equipages, mounted by Virginia's lady sympathizers and their escorts, flying their colors of orange and blue, while on the opposite side a like host flaunts the blue and gray of Georgetown. Virginia has its own songs when victorious, and Georgetonians are wont to sing:

To-day from the wilds of Virginia,
A queer lot of ball players came,
With great condescension to teach us
Some points of the national game.
They came with their Orange-Blue ribbon,
But they soon threw the Orange away,
And now they have Blues in Virginia,
Down by the river side."

Besides the baseball pageants, the athletic campus has witnessed many other exhibitions. Intercollegiate games have assembled there admirers of athletic prowess, and more than once have the palisades of the Potomac resounded with the shouts from applauding spectators. In the football season, the field has the gridiron diagram, and holidays bring out the class elevens, with their rivalry for honors. Since the accident to George Baben, whose memory in the hearts of his companions is as enduring as the beech tree that bears his name out on "the walks," the faculty have been averse to football games with outside teams. Still emulation is not dead, as one might learn by being present in the college dining hall at the evening meal after a game has been played.

Whenever an athletic victory has been scored, the participants in the contest are triumphantly hailed when they appear at the next meal. "The Yard," as the athletic association is styled, usually discusses its business in the college dining hall, at the conclusion of the repast; and many and long are the cheers when a young enthusiast breaks out in oratorial balderdash, and "longs for the voice of the cannons of Fort Myer to give utterance to his sentiments." Rhetorical blunders serve to increase the merriment of the meeting; and many of the dishes now have cracked voices as a result of the hilarity that ensued, when one student, after an effusive exhortation, "hoped that Georgetown would achieve as many victories in the past as she had in the future."

Were there voices in the class photographs that hang on the wall of the refectory, many interesting tales might be heard. Within these walls, many a notable of Washington and vicinity came to share the delicacies of a festive occasion, and here, too, characteristic entertainments of the students of other days were held. A modern connoisseur in banqueting might force a smile in reading the appended paragraph in a Washington daily dated in the seventies:

"On Shrove Tuesday evening the students of Georgetown College will give a bal masque; many of the old graduates are invited, but no ladies. Every one is expected to appear in grand costume, at seven o'clock, in the Refectory, to carry out an exceedingly jolly programme. The supper will be served at an early hour, when, among the delicacies included in the menu, will be hot sausages, pancakes with golden syrup, ginger cakes, pickles, cheese, coffee and fresh milk."

The Shrove Tuesday entertainment is still an occasion of student joviality, but the "delicacies" of former days have given place to the choice dishes of the modern caterer. The evolution of the college menu is an interesting study in the history of old institutions; and we may conclude that early Georgetonians were acquainted with the niceties of hash, "mosaic food," if there be any truth in the rhyme,—

"There is not in this wide world a viand so sweet
As the hash that's concocted of all sorts of meat;
Oh! the comb with its honey 'll be bitter and tart
Ere the taste of that hash from my mouth shall depart."

The regime of Spartan fare has long

since departed from Georgetown's dining hall. The new and more congenial sway is in operation. Class and society spreads, portraying the consummate skill of the caterer, have been substituted for the humble gatherings of yore, when jovial fellowship was the most prominent dish.

From the dining hall to the "quad," as the area included between the buildings is known, is only a step. The "quad," with its legion of associations, is the assembly ground for the public discussion of all college topics. The "Old North" porch is a veritable bema for the ubiquitous debater, and the little plots of grassy sward are reclining couches for the repose-loving students. It was in this same spot that during war times the New York Sixty-ninth, under the command of Colonel Corcoran, rested, and listened to an eloquent oration from Thomas Francis Meagher, as he harangued them from the porch of the "North" building.

The opportunities for the exciting scenes of those days no longer are present, yet the "quad" is not entirely devoid of lively happenings. Chance to be there on a quiet spring evening, and you will hear harmonious voices doing justice to the college glees and plantation airs. From neighboring rooms, during music hours, the thrumming of the banjo and mandolin players floats out on the evening air, while the pyrotechnists, when some athletic victory is announced, create a roar that brings the echoes of the buildings back again to the strife between the Blue and the Gray.

If you linger there on one of May's beautiful evenings, you will fall under the enchantment of an artist's ideal picture — the Dahlgren chapel brilliantly lighted, its pretty windows open to the fragrant air pulsing with the melody of the pealing organ and the student chorus, in the devotional exercises to the Queen of May.

It is a pretty picture, that of the students, as they saunter from the chapel to their studies. If you be of the specially initiated, a hospitable senior may ask you to his room, and introduce you to his comfortable apartments. There was a time when Georgetonians did not know the luxury of a private room. The "study hall" was a democratic place, wherein the senior worked at his syllogism and the freshman dreamed of fame as he builded a distich. Silence was the word during study hours. A monitor on his elevated seat in the rear of the hall was a constant reminder of the sacred law of quiet.

According to the Jesuit idea, attendance at class lectures and recitations is not the only requirement. Regulated hours of study must be attended to, and it is during those allotted times that the study hall is an interesting picture. "Grinding" is the epithet for the diligent, while a disturber of the peace will be all exertion in his desire to transmit a note to some other quarter of the hall without being detected. Without affectation we can afford to think well of the golden opportunities of those silent hours of study. It is then that something more than superficiality is compassed. It is not for us to plead for the high standard of Jesuit training. Before we were, the world knew of the Jesuits' devotion to intellectual progress, calumniations to the contrary notwithstanding. Nor have we to make pretentious eulogies about the curriculum at Georgetown, wherein classical lore, in the ancient and modern languages, training in mathematical knowledge from the elements of algebra to the perplexities of advanced calculus, scientific skill, combining classroom theory and laboratory practice, and the beneficial doctrines of philosophy, speculative and ethical, are attained. We wish merely to tip our hat in reverence to the "golden rule" of the study hall, as we pass its doors, and proceed to the apartments where now the students are domiciled in private rooms.

Here, too, the regulations demand

that there be no violation of the hours of study. Breasting the senior corridor at the north end is the entrance to Gaston Hall. Here many an hour of college life is filled with pleasure. The elocution classes, with all their noteworthy features, hold forth in Gaston Hall; and within its walls the complimentary course of lectures and the concerts and dramatic soirees are held, assembling audiences from Washington, a thing of beauty to the study-tired undergraduate.

At the other end of the corridor, after passing the rooms of the other undergraduates, who happen to have private apartments, one comes to the south tower. More than once have the occupants of the college buildings, and indeed of the residences beyond the gate, been awakened, about the time that the cock crows, by the songs of a band of students who have turned the belvedere of the tower into a choir gallery. Occasionally a visit is paid to the main tower, where the chime of bells is stationed; but the boys who delighted in tampering with the college bell are not living now. And if they were they would find more than their superiors in the big chime.

The community and chapel bells, together with the chime in the new tower, now ring out the signals. In days of yore this work was the particular charge of one old veteran bell, which "Died at Georgetown College, aged 85; disease a complication of old age, and too many hard knocks. Even up to the moment of dissolution some of the notes were sublime—particularly at the dinner hour. May it rest in —the Museum."

It was one of the historical bits of college property; and when its voice was no longer capable of attending to its duties, they said reluctantly:

"Drag the old Monitor down,
Down with a sob and a knell;
Who, throughout college and town,
Compassed his duties so well."

The task of rousing the students from sleep, on the morning that opens the Christmas vacation, is given to a group of students, who chant the Adeste Fidelis from one of the towers, and then proceed, still singing, through the corridors and dormitories.

The musical element of the collegians, it may be added incidentally, is ranged in the glee, banjo and mandolin clubs, which, besides home concerts, are usually honored with one or two trips during the year. Expeditions, in conjunction with class work, are arranged for the scientific circles, while the altar society usually has one or two pleasant outings during the year. But the trip of note, we may mention without any show of pietism, is the journey of the graduating class, during one of the last weeks in the year, to the Jesuit villa at St. Ingoes. The villa is about twelve hours' journey on a Potomac steamer from Washington, and the trip to and fro is marked by good hearty fellowship indicative of a graduating class. The object of the week's stay at the villa is the making of a retreat; and the entrancing environment of country and water idealizes the place as a spot for happy outing and quiet retreat.

Of the remaining part of the Georgetown grounds and buildings, the south portion has traditions of its own. It is the quarters of the preparatory department, and it is the scene of real, active boyish life. There are the picturesque garden and grotto; and back of these stands the infirmary, where the ills of many generations were cared for, and where many a lad came for reasons we need not mention to doctor a tooth that never ached. There, too, is genial Father Carroll's quarters, and you are no true Georgetonian if your name is not inscribed on the unwritten record of visitors in the esteemed invalid's room. Out and beyond the infirmary are the Brothers' working apartments. There are pleasant stories yet told about the famous tailor, Brother McFadden, known as

"Judex" for his sententious utterances. He is connected with the history of the country inasmuch as he was once a co-laborer in a tailoring establishment with Fillmore, afterwards President. Though not a classical scholar, it is said that Brother McFadden in mending garments paid no attention to Horace's invectives against the making of "purple patches."

All the places, the college, north and south, are frequented on Commencement Day for the sake of "auld lang syne." That is Georgetown's gala day; and almost without exception has the old institution been honored by each President of the United States at the commencement exercises. Washington came to share the hospitality of the college; and President McKinley was never more kindly greeted than when he appeared at the last exercises and presented the diplomas to the graduates. That is the day on which the "old boys" reappear to partake of "the hearty, old fashioned Georgetown welcome"; and, as student and alumnus linger about, frequenting the familiar nooks and halls, deciphering the names on the beeches, their hearts say with one accord, as the dear old banner of Blue and Gray greets their eyes:

"Wave those colors ever,
Furl that standard never,
But raise it high,
And proudly cry,
'We're Georgetown's sons forever.'"

"THE WALKS."

(Georgetown University.)

A steep incline, the widening path goes down —
A silver snake that writhes and turns apace,
Like many roads that lead into a town
Yet end at last in one great market place.

Through parted branches up against the sky,
The stately College buildings stand apart—
A huge black bat with outstretched wings. And high
From every pinion towers seem to start.

And now by one stray leaf the air is stirred;
Red with the autumn's blood, the fragile thing
Sails down, reluctant, like a wounded bird,
And lies upon the cold earth, quivering.

Far to the west, where light and shadow play,
I mark the evening's fleet of golden ships
Sunk in horizon; and behold! the day
Dies with the sunset kiss upon his lips.

Ethelbert Raley.

THE SCARLET GLOVE.

By M. Gertrude Reynolds.

Part III.

About that same hour, equipages were being drawn up to Eglantine, the grand old mansion on Tarrytown's summit. A reception was being given to the elite in honor of Sir Peasley Dighton. Sir Peasley was the only son of an old friend of Mr. John March, the father of Jeane and Marris, and had been knighted after a protracted sojourn abroad. His return created considerable stir in circles of high rank, and Hillary Mayerbier was among the first to do him honor. She was a society leader, a woman of wealth and influence, and own cousin to Mrs. March.

When Mr. John March died, his death revealed an encumbered state of affairs, and his widow, left without funds, sought her cousin's advice as to the best course to pursue. A strange proposition followed.

"I will take Eglantine off your hands," said Hillary. "The money it will bring will be sufficient to keep you handsomely while you live, and the girls will be likely to make brilliant matches—they are so beautiful."

When the widow turned from the proposition to lay the matter before her eldest daughter, Jeane, the girl suffered a shock that carried sharp pain with it, to her so strange a turn did it seem, so unthought of, so unlooked for.

"Tell her," she said, her dark eyes widening into a light that seemed almost fierce, "tell her it shall never be."

"Yes, tell her that," said Marris.

"A little ready money might form a basis to build a new prosperity upon," suggested the widow.

But the girls were hopeful, so hopeful that for the present the matter was allowed to wait.

Hillary meanwhile waited eagerly for the decision. Strange to say, she knew what it was to covet Eglantine. Such a site there was not in any other part of the town, and the architect who planned the beautiful home was a Parisian idealist, now dead. It was a place, moreover, that connoisseurs made a point of seeking out, taking with them copies of certain unique features of its design. After once having fixed her mind on possessing it, the desire became as tenacious as disease; it was an inherent trait in her nature which asserted itself equally in the smaller details, tantalizing her for indulgence. It might be a bit of simple "point," the design would haunt her until, despite obstacles in the way of distance, weather, inconvenience, price, she secured it. Despite her exterior loveliness, her wonderful magnetism and high social standing, she was a selfish woman, a mask of light and laughter, hiding a heart that could deny to the death where self was at stake.

This was Hillary Mayerbier. A woman, too, without sentiment, with no local ties other than what might be dictated by ambition. The scene of her own birth was to her simply a house of timber. Her childhood had been a happy one, yet the old home never spoke to her as a living thing, as did Eglantine to Jeane and Marris. There was no throbbing wellspring of association in her heart; she never heard the voice of childhood and happy girlhood calling to her from it; the hearth circle never rose in an appeal of affectionate remembrance to her; the

flower, the tree, the shrub of childhood never brought its thrill these later years in meeting others of their kind amid other scenes. Hillary was a woman of the world, and Jeane and Marris in their young lives had but caught glimpses of her when like some blazing star she burst from her city splendor upon quiet Tarrytown for a week's rest.

It never occurred to her after once having set her mind on possessing Eglantine that she would not yet know possession. In this respect her spirit towards the widow and her daughters was the same that some years before in a sudden thunderstorm caused her to appropriate a little friend's umbrella, when putting it over her own head she smiled out in complacent humor, "Run along by yourself, dear."

The widow March mistook for solicitude all the selfish bargaining that followed Hillary's first suggestion. After all she might find a way of paying the mortgage; it was better perhaps to venture than to endure this perpetual perplexity for ready means.

Later on she received a letter.

The letter was like Hillary Mayerbier, exteriorly all grace, sweetness, charm. It closed with an exhorting "Take the mortgage, my dear cousin, and have no fear that I shall ever do anything mean regarding it. I will always be good to you and the girls, always have your interest at heart."

"How kind of her," said the widow March, "dear, lovable Hillary!" She kissed the letter written by this woman that she and her daughters so loved, and society reverenced.

She read over and over again its fond closing epithets, and folding it as she might a beautiful fragrant flower, fearful of crushing, put it gently away and with it all hesitation regarding the mortgage.

Just a year later Hillary foreclosed the mortgage. It was on the verge of a cold, hard winter that she did it, and the poor widow was stunned to senselessness under the blow. Exteriorly she gave no sign, but the revelation of cold treachery in her cousin's nature dealt the death stroke to her hopes. Her health flickered like a candle, and out of the benumbment following the crisis she was taken to a little seaside resort, to the home of a retired old retainer of the Marches and there cared for tenderly in her stricken state, while Jeane and Marris took up a temporary stay in the Briary with all that was left to them of the old home —all that had escaped the mortgage.

There, Jeane reasoned, they could mature their plans. It was better than being dependent on others. Now that they were poor, the change brought with it all the little needles of sensitiveness.

When it would come time to drift in earnest bread-winning effort for themselves and their mother to whatever field fate might hold in store, then this cheap rentage would serve as a storage. It seemed to them that nothing on earth was more precious than these old relics of Eglantine, and that they were never under any circumstances to be parted with.

They had not been at the Briary more than a week, however, when Jeane, the eldest girl, fell an easy victim to the fever epidemic, and Marris, stranded as it were on the situation, fell into a state of painful confusion —or, a better term, distraction—and hastened to act as a lady of fortune might, commanding the presence of a specialist at an exorbitant expense, securing a nurse of famed skill, one who held her skirts quite above her ankles in deigning to step foot on the Briary, and whose professional nose took a visible turn, as if in instant readiness for any malarial odors that might be laying in wait.

This was how the chambers at No. 6 became gradually emptied, and piece by piece, elaborate and rare as they were, sacrificed by Marris to pay doctor's bills, nurse's bills, medicine bills, and anything and everything in her power to make Jeane better, and this

as the only known way to her of duty and conscience to save her sister's life. When the crisis turned and Jeane was pronounced out of danger, having exhausted her resources, she dismissed physician and nurse, substituting the former with a hospital physician and the latter with an increased strain and taxing of her own poor little over-tired body and soul.

The sacrificial yielding up of all consideration for self, the almost total exclusion of rest, the experience of a mind tossed on the turmoil of anxiety for means, the pathetic means essential to the sick-room, a heedless ignoring where her own personal requirements were concerned of nature's vital demand for food, outing, and repose, precipitated her into a state of prostration and discordance that threatened to metamorphose a character hitherto radiant in faith and trust in its God to that of a groping doubter.

It was this latter state of mind which prevailed when her new acquaintance at the hospital crossed her path. It grew to seem so hard, so cruel, this dreadful test of need where so dear a life was at stake. Darksome, dreary weeks these of Jeane's illness, weeks eddying around the problem of life and death, leaving Marris at the end with slippery hold crying for light.

Gala sounds from without, the joyous sounds of Sir Peasley Dighton's reception, mingled with her cry, just as the bridal bell peals its clear rejoicing over the clatter of the patrol that snatches into its shelter the poor wounded of the street. The sounds came in the snapping of whips, the merry laughter of happy girls bunched into dog-carts, the prancing of horses, the rattling wheels of festive coaches. She peered out, her starry eyes watching them, the moonlight turning night into day. They were winding hillward, the coaching team in advance heralding their coming with clear bugle sounds.

Jeane slept the heavy, comatose sleep of exhaustion.

Marris stepped softly down the stair and into the night.

How good the atmosphere seemed! Like a parched traveller at the brook she quaffed great, full breaths, listening, too, as if she could almost expect to hear Jeane breathe. Then, with sudden impulse, she almost flew over the moonlit way, hillward like the rest.

Half way up, at the ancient pine timbers, putting aside their low perennial branches, stood a man of somewhat low stature. He was in evening dress, wearing a white flower gleaming in the moonlight.

Marris paused for breath.

"Just to see how it will seem again," she said, and stopped at the tree which had often made a seat for her with its thickening harvest of peach-bloom. She laid her head against it as if it were a mother's protecting arm. How easy a matter to fall asleep there! So tired! So heartsick! The guests were streaming in up through the stone palisades, and time was flitting. "Ah!" she put her hand to her head as if overcome. "These associations," she said "all seem to know me so, to want me with them. I was forgetting Jeane, dear old tree; we must not forget poor Jeane." She stood forward softly in the pale glint of the nightlight.

The figure near the pines came forward also. "Little Marris," he said, "woman grown, but little Marris still. Now then, child, in heaven's name, where have you come from? Where is Jeane?

"Oh, Peasley!" she cried, and there was in the cry such a ring of deliverance. "Oh, Peasley!" She burst into tears, and a hard, painful gasping.

"Is she dead, Marris?" His voice was hard.

"Oh, no, Peasley, but so much has happened! And it seems years"—one gasping sob, the heart delivering itself of its burden in the face of an old friend, took her strength. He held her hands tight as he might hold a bird whose wings were beating out its own life.

"Telepathy it would seem," he said, "the response of your presence, Marris. I came out here overwhelmed with oppressing sadness as to your fate and Jeane's. Where is Jeane?" he asked again.

"All alone," she said, with a frightened look. "She has passed close to death's gate, Peasley. I must go."

He held her hands still, his questioning eyes studying her uplifted face.

"I could never take time to tell you all," she said, "I left her alone." Then, lowering her voice, "I heard you were here to-night, and stole out from the sick-room to peer in at a window here to look at you so that when she would be strong enough to chat a little, I could tell her about how you looked and the homage done you."

"Dear girl," he said, "God bless you for it! And now the address."

"No. 6, the Briary."

In a moment she was gone.

When Marris again reached the Briary she noticed a change in the lights of her chambers. They were turned up, and burned brightly. She had left them dim and low for the sleeper. With quick, softened step she ascended the stairs, and opening the door, found seated there her chance acquaintance of the hospital.

"I ask you to excuse what may seem an intrusion," said the woman, rising, "but hearing you had sickness, I ventured to come in. I am an old familiar figure of the neighborhood, nobody minds me, you know, and finding you gone I just simply took your place."

"I am so glad," said Marris, her mystified countenance clearing. "I am so thankful, too. I ran out for a quaff of fresh air." Her hand in a quiver pressed her forehead. "We have met to-day before," she smiled, "at the hospital. I went there to consult Jeane's physician."

The woman brightened. "Yes," she said, "I remember we sat side by side, yes. I am Agnes Thorwalson," she went on, "my line is the press."

"Oh."

"I am down here to-night gathering little pen pictures of life in the Briary."

"Oh, indeed." A pause, then in a somewhat cold tone. "Madame, our sufferings are sacred."

"Doubly so," was the eager answer. "Pray consider me a friend. Curiosity, selfish motive, has nothing to do with my visit to you to-night."

"I believe it," was the gentle reply. "Permit me to thank you."

Jeane awoke after a little, and resting on her elbow sat up quite strong. The new-comer and Marris built a prop of soft restful pillows about her, and by this sick-bed, friendship deep and strong was planted to last through life.

The Briary was to Miss Thorwalson in habit what the hospital is to others. Some ladies make the round of the hospital for the unselfish purpose of solacing the sick. Miss Thorwalson for years had gone her weekly rounds among the Briary sufferers for the same purpose. Hers was a nature that made it hard to meet suffering without being able to alleviate it. The inhabitants of the Briary section were in large part made up of colonies of broken-down miners. Miss Thorwalson in turn belonged to that very precarious class of miners—the writers. Most people know the fortunes of the author to be much like that of a lottery. When fortune was prodigal to Miss Thorwalson's pen, Miss Thorwalson was prodigal to the poor; when fortune frowned, her step up the Briary was slow.

"How can I be of use without money?" she would reason, gropingly, and yet a way would often present itself in the shape of an apparent trifle in which she could manage to knit, as it were, a link of help in some poor burdened one's destiny.

When she took her departure the little sick-room at No. 6 was none the less cheery for her visit; there was something in its sincerity of purpose that gave it the character of a tonic.

Altogether it had been an auspicious evening, but Marris did not think it yet time to disclose to Jeane, Peasley's intended visit. What if something should prevent his coming! True, the days passed, and although Marris watched and listened for him with the intensity of a believing child he never came. The papers were full of Sir Peasley Dighton, of his brilliant reception, his trips, his pictures; he was the lion of the hour.

All this was made known to Jeane, with her own stolen visit to Eglantine and the interview, but Marris had never told her he was to come. "Convalescents," she reasoned, "are so like little children; they must not be disappointed."

Two weeks passed. Jeane was sitting up and growing strong. Miss Thorwalson was again in the neighborhood. It had proved a bad harvest time with her this last fortnight; she had nothing to give, but, as she made her rounds, there were poor, helpless ones whose bandages she could freshen, whose swollen hands or feet or brow she could soothingly bathe, and there were tired mothers she could relieve by taking their places an hour by the bedside of their sick. She had no money to give to-day, no nourishing delicacies to bring, but when she came away after doing kindly service to some fellow-pilgrim she blessed God for the judgment, the inspiration, the will, the opportunity which made the way clear for her deed.

It was close upon evenfall when she came away, turning her steps homeward. Crossing her path an aged man appeared. He bore the unmistakable stamp of integrity and of better days, albeit his raiment was reduced to pitiable raggedness. His voice as he invoked her to buy his wares was weak with exhaustion. "Now," thought Miss Thorwalson, as she in the stupefaction of helplessness fixed her eyes on the little balls of floss in his basket, "why do such happenings befall one, I wonder, when the purse is low and the heart abundant? How I yearn, yearn to help this poor man." She turned over the floss in her hand, while he in a palsied almost indistinct key went on with his story, the old, old story of the city streets. The story of sickness, penury, loss of wife, sons, and daughters, the climax this turning into the city streets with a few skeins of silk to eke out life.

Miss Thorwalson had by this time reached her city lodgings. Her eyes involuntarily glanced heavenward. It was a moment of severe test, of most trying irresolution. Her purse had gone down to her last dollar, and it would be some few days before her salary would come in. The hackneyed old phrase croaked by the thoughtless to the ears of the tried, "Be just to ourselves before being generous to others," flared up in her mind. Under the circumstances she was inclined to give it an audience, but the man's next remark decided her.

"Madam," he said, raising his battered hat, "it is just as if you did it for God." His heart interpretation of the scriptural "cup of cold water."

There was another moment's hesitation as to whether she could give him the dollar, or divide it like the loaf between the two needs, her own and his.

She slipped the dollar into his hand. "Here," she said, "and I will take this largest ball of floss."

He tried to crowd in upon her half the contents of his basket, but she dropped the scarlet ball into her chatelaine and was lost to him in the city throng, not however until the heart cry had reached her ears and still rang thrillingly, "God bless you, Madam! And He will! oh, He will! He will!"

It was fully a week later that in passing hurriedly through the Briary the thought of the March girls came suddenly up in Miss Thorwalson's mind, and so vividly that she relaxed her step and turned into No. 6.

When in answer to her knock, Mar-

ris admitted her, and all formalities were waived, she detected a look she had not seen before. The look was familiar to the woman who had made the study of the solace of the poor her pet scheme. It was the unmistakable look of hunger. The eyes were hollowed, great, dark circles around them, and the cheeks were beginning to show tracings of the skeleton. The patient was sitting up, dressed, and drinking a nourishing decoction of beef-juice. The visitor read the situation at a glance. Marris, pushed at last to the wall, had been depriving herself to the death of life's necessities to supply Jeane with staple nourishment.

"Ah," she said, assuming a cheery air, "all well again?"

"So far, yes," said Marris, her face lighting for the moment like the flicker we see coming suddenly from the dying spark, her voice weak and quivering.

In Miss Thorwalson's pocket-book was her quarter's salary. A sudden, firm resolve at sight of the wan, pathetic face with its aristocratic lines and wasted beauty took possession of her. How could she succeed in putting relief in the young woman's way without offending her? As her hand sought her pocket it came in contact with the ball of silk floss. She drew it forth, her eyes fixed themselves upon it, gradually brightening until they flashed.

"Miss March," she said, "will you oblige me in a pressing emergency?"

"If in my power," was the scarce distinct answer, its tone hopeless, incredulous.

Miss Thorwalson held up the ball of silk. "I want a lot of children's gloves knit of this," she said. "It is soft and bright for the convalescent. Will you knit me the gloves?"

"Yes."

"I will have to pay you for them now; I may not come soon again. I do not like to trust money in the mails, you see, and as there will be some dozen perhaps, here are fifty dollars in payment. Now, goodbye, Marris; goodbye, Jeane; I am pressed for time; to-morrow I will send more floss," and she was gone.

The next day, however, instead of sending the floss she came with it, bringing a few skeins.

"I thought I must make an effort to drop in," she said, "and see if you really had cast on the stitches."

Marris rose. It seemed even in that short period that the fires of life, fed so timely by the woman's charitable tact, were filling out the sunken cheek and relieving the countenance of its unearthly transparency.

Marris lifted her thin hands, and took the woman's wholesome cheek between them; she kissed the brow reverently. "Your touch seems consecration," she said, her lips quivering; "I thought so the first day we met."

Miss Thorwalson turned aside to the window to hide a sudden rush of tears.

"May we not be sisters?" she said, coming back and taking the girl to her heart.

"Forever," said Marris, and continued to rest her head there.

Miss Thorwalson wheeled a small divan, and sitting in it still kept the tired girl folded to her, smoothing her damp forehead until at length, like a child, she slept. The sympathy, the caresses were what the overworked girl longed for, and they acted on her like an opiate.

When, an hour later, she awoke, still in the woman's arms, there was nothing however precious in the past life, nothing she could fancy of value in the possible future that she would compare to the divine deed of this woman.

"Here, read a while now and recreate yourself," Miss Thorwalson said, and went about restoring the room to its native tone of order. She set the little bronze kettle boiling over the hearth, and brought out the new loaf, toasting dainty slices, one above the other; she made a broth, dropping into it little squares of the toast; then she

drew it over within the reach of the sisters, and both yielded like a pair of children to her advice, and ate of the feast. When they turned to their knitting she also cast on stitches and knit. "We will knit, Marris," she said, "if not for ourselves, for others; it is this way, is it not, to knit little deeds into our day?"

The bright needles clicked.

Miss Thorwalson presently heard little ripples of laughter in reward for merry tales and pert sayings improvised to cheer the sick. The laughter, however, was from Marris; her heart was easily lightened at the sight of Jeane really getting strong. Jeane said little; no one expected it. She had not even smiled on the good woman she instinctively felt to be her friend. Her thoughts were full of the emptied chambers, of poor Marris, and of the abhorrent skeleton,—the dissolving of the charms, the goodness, the truth of Hillary, the woman who had sacrificed principle to self. The brooding hatred lived on in the two sisters, still intensified in Jeane despite her narrow rescue from the grave. She did not want the monster. She looked it in the face, shuddering from it; but it persisted in gathering its gloom to her, casting it upon her as if jealous of any glimmer of thanksgiving, or faith, or forgiveness that might struggle for expression in the warped heart. Once since her recovery the possibility of forgiving Hillary flashed upon her inner life; but hatred overcast the impulse as the storm cloud eclipses the ray, and seemed to say, "Would you like to know how Hillary reasoned it out, your mother's downfall? It was like this: 'She has no protector now. I can easily say financial pressure forced me to do this. I can easily do this thing.' Possibly in arriving at this decision she may have given a little shrug as one might at feeling a cold current blowing suddenly upon her. It was passing a crisis certainly, the woman being her own flesh and blood; but then another step and the deed was done, as coolly, as decisively as she would have snapped a twig from its mother stem, as she would have transferred a broken statue from the mantel to the debris."

"Woman of treachery! Woman of trickery, deception and lies!" was Jeane's thought in the triumph of hatred.

"Let me knit, too," she said, breaking from this dark guest of her soul. She spoke quickly and reached her hand.

The knitting fell from Marris' grasp. "Darling," she said, "you are not strong."

"You shall see," said the girl.

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Miss Thorwalson, in gladness, "knit, of course; why, it is just salvation, dear girl; we can knit away all the tiring thoughts of convalescence, you see."

"I wish I could knit away one thought," said the sick girl, showing irritation, "the most dreadful thought that can fall to one's lot,—God,—does he exist?"

"Do you exist, dear? If you exist, God exists. My question answers yours. Come, let us cast on the stitches."

Jeane took eagerly to the task, the needles flashing nervously in her thin, transparent fingers.

It was like that that Miss Thorwalson again left them with her parting smile, and closing the door softly, continued down the stair, carrying the little picture just left in her mind, another golden secret sacred to herself, the comforted ones, and her Maker alone. This was her idea of charity, and that, no matter how noble the deed, the boast, which shouts of it in the ears of others, and humbles the recipient, annuls its divine meaning and makes of it as material and earth earthy a transaction as the flaring poster that labels the street fence.

(To be continued.)

LYRIC OF LONE SEAS.

(Written in mid-ocean.)

Our gallant ship leaps swiftly
Over the waves away;
With strident roar,
Her bow before
Hisses the salt sea spray.

Over the depths unfathomed,
Over the sea's green caves,
List to the song
So clear and strong
Sung by the loud-lipped waves.

Over the halls of coral
Whose pearly floors lie deep
Where white sea-maiden,
With dreams o'er-laden,
Slumbers in breathless sleep.

Thou Ocean wide and voiceful!
Grim mystery shrouds thee o'er;
Thy tempests rave
Till mariners brave
Lie dead on the damp, dark, shore.

Thy white-plumed waves are moving
Like ordered files to war;
In mighty throng
They whirl along
To the dim horizon's bar.

Yon sea-bird poising dreamful
Thy secrets dread must know;
His snow-white breast
On thine doth rest
When cradling billows flow.

God's power hovers o'er thee;
His wonder-work art thou;
Thy wave-hosts stand
At His command
And peaceful beams thy brow.

When sounds the angel's trumpet
And shake the affrighted skies,
Then shall the Lord
Fulfill His Word
Thy sheeted dead shall rise.

Rev. James B. Dollard (Slieve-na-mon).

THE CARMELITE HEROINES OF COMPIEGNE.

NEW CANDIDATES FOR CANONIZATION.

By S. L. Emery.

Although the feast of the Scapular, July 16, has been for centuries a principal festival of the Carmelite Order, and dear to those who devoutly wear the brown scapular of Our Lady, this feast received in the year 1794 an added and ever memorable glory. In the city of Paris, on the 16th of July, sixteen Carmelite nuns were summoned before the Revolutionary tribunals on account of their devotion to the religious life and to their faith. On the following day, beneath the keen edge of the guillotine, all nobly died.

A quaint little picture lying before me, July 17, 1897, the one hundred and third anniversary of their going home to God, represents them grouped on and around the rude scaffold. Two of them wear the black veil of the professed nun, four the white veil of the novice and of the lay-sister, two have the little cap of the out-sister or touriere. Underneath is the simple inscription:

Les 16 Carmelites de Compiegne,
17 Juillet, 1794.

On the reverse of the picture is the following statement in French:

NAMES AND BIRTHPLACES.

1. Madeline Claudine Lidoine, Sr. Mary Teresa of St. Augustine, Prioress, Paris.
2. Marie Anne Frances Brideau, Sr. St. Louis, Belfort.
3. Marie Anne Piedcourt, Sr. of Jesus Crucified, Paris.
4. Anne Marie Madeline Charlotte Thouret, Sr. of the Resurrection, Mouy (Oise).
5. Marie Claude Cyprienne Brard, Sr. Euphrasia of the Immaculate Conception, Bourth Eure.
6. Marie Frances Gabriella De Choissy, Sr. Henrietta of Jesus, Paris.
7. Marie Anne Hanisset, Sr. Teresa of the Heart of Mary, Rheims.
8. Marie Gabrielle Trezel, Sr. Teresa of St. Ignatius, Compiegne.
9. Rose Christian, Loureau (Eure et Loire), Sr. Julia Louise of Jesus.
10. Annette Pelbras, Carjarc (Lot), Sr. Mary Henrietta de Providence.
11. Marie Jeane Meunier, Sr. Constance, Saint Denis.
12. Angelique Roussel, Fresne, Sr. Marie of the Holy Spirit.
13. Marie Dufour, Sr. St. Martha, Beaune.
14. Elizabeth Juliet Verolot, Sr. St. Francis Xavier.
15. Louise Catherine Soiron, touriere, Compeigne.
16. Teresa Soiron, touriere, Compeigne.

"The Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris condemns them to death, on account of their fidelity to the religious life and their devotion to the Sacred Heart. On their way to the guillotine they pray, they chant the 'Miserere,' the 'Salve Regina,' the 'Te Deum.' When they reach the scaffold, Sister Constance, still a novice, is summoned first; she asks the blessing of the mother prioress, and her leave to die, then she submits herself to the executioner and begins the 'Laudate Dominum,' which she finishes in Heaven.

"The same touching scene is repeated in every case, and the prioress, like the mother of the Machabees, is the last to be slain.

"The Process of their Beatification has been opened in Paris."

For those who have made a study of that terrible period of profound and painful importance, the French Revolution, the story of these nuns possesses features of a very exceptional interest. While closely resembling in some aspects the death scene of the saintly sister of King Louis, Madame Elisabeth, and her companions, it is distinctly different from it, by reason of its ecstatic triumph and singular joy. Even in the little print, too dim and indistinct to warrant reproduction here, a holy recollection, a rapturous delight, appear on the tiny pictured faces, and are but the type of the real gladness and fervor with which these Carmelites met their death. They went to the block as they would have gone to sing divine office in their convent, in all the simplicity of holy obedience and in the undisturbed serenity of hearts rapt in contemplation and prayer. The scene stands by itself in a radiant glory, clearly defined in heavenly light against the lurid background of those sanguinary days.

The explanation of this striking fact is given by one well qualified to explain it, for she, too, was a Carmelite of Compiegne in that notable time. By a singular interposition of Divine Providence she was separated from her community, and, like the Beloved Disciple, she lived long after her companions, to bear witness to the facts now recorded.

It appears that during the long-drawn horrors of the Revolution in France, the Prioress, Mary Teresa of St. Augustine, was inspired with a holy desire to offer herself and her entire community as victims in behalf of their country in its hour of terrible need. All her sisters except two gladly joined her at once in this heroic resolve. These two felt, though for a few hours only, some natural shrinking from all that the vow implied. Before the day ended, however, they flung themselves at the Prioress' feet and declared themselves entirely one with her in the offering she proposed. Their subsequent arrest was, therefore, the fulfilment of their hearts' desire, and it is this feature which gives to their history so singular an aspect of holy triumph and of sublime content.

At their mock trial in Paris the accusation was brought against them

that they had been guilty of concealing weapons for the emigrants. On hearing this the Prioress drew from her breast her crucifix and energetically exclaimed:

"See, citizen, see! These are the only weapons we have ever concealed among us, and I defy you to prove that we have ever had any others!"

They were accused of corresponding with the emigrants and sending them money. To this the Prioress replied that if she had received some letters from the former confessor of her convent, an exiled priest, these letters were confined simply to spiritual advice.

They were accused of having in their dwelling the portrait and will of Capet; also, hearts, rallying signals of the Vendeans, fanatical puerilities (to translate the expression precisely.)

These futile accusations might have been sufficient to condemn them in those lawless days, but God so willed it that from the mouths of their judges should come the real verdict which they desired, the acknowledgment that they were to be executed, as the Martyrs were, for the faith and for their Lord. Among the nuns was one known as Sister Mary Henrietta, who belonged to a family that had given four sons to the ecclesiastical state and six daughters to be the brides of Christ. This worthy scion of a truly noble race had the presence of mind to ask the judges what they meant by the word "fanatics" in the accusation brought against them.

She was answered only by a torrent of abuse. Nothing daunted by this, she pressed her point:

"Citizen," she said, in a firm and intrepid tone, "your duty is to deal justly with the accused. I demand, therefore, that you answer me and explain what you mean by this word 'fanatics.' "

Then the notorious leader, Fouquier Tainville, spoke out plainly and made this memorable reply, a reply of great importance in the future, as regards the hoped-for canonization of these nuns filled with the martyr spirit:

"I mean," he said, "your attachment to puerile beliefs, your foolish practices of religion."

On hearing this, Sister Mary Henrietta turned from him to the Mother Prioress and said grandly:

"My dear mother and my sisters, you have just heard our accuser tell us that it is because of our attachment to our holy religion that we are condemned to death. We all wished for this acknowledgment, and we have obtained it. Thanks be to Him who first opened to us the road to Calvary! Oh, what a happiness to die for our God!"

One hears the ardent spirit of the Roman Agnes, the valiant soul of the Spanish Teresa, ringing in the accents of the French tongue. All nationalities meet in the Catholic faith, and all men there are one. The cowardly judges commanded silence, and sentenced the nuns to death.

At this word death a divine joy illumined the countenances of the condemned. They thanked the judges for this verdict, the crowning of their hopes. On quitting the tribunal they bade farewell to those of their fellow-prisoners whom they happened to meet, thanked them for all the interest and sympathy they had shown them, asked their prayers, and bade them have patience, promising to remember them when they should see the face of God.

"Never shall I forget," says an eye-witness, "the day they left the tribunal, their faces radiant with joy. Seeing me weep, they said to me: 'Ah, why do you weep? Instead, you should rejoice to see us so near the end of all our woes. Ask God and the Blessed Virgin to help us in the last moments of our earthly life. As for us, we promise to pray for you when ours is the joy of entering Heaven at last.' "

In their dreary prison the eve of

their trial and execution was to them only the happy vigil of a glorious feast. Filled with a holy enthusiasm, like the prophetess Miriam at the Red Sea, they composed a triumphant canticle which may yet find place in the Church's annals of her most illustrious dead. It bears clearest testimony to the motives and aspirations of these heroic women, exhibiting clearly the true sentiments that animated them on the eve of their death. Evidently it is an adaptation of the French national song, the "Marseillaise," then but newly written, and which they had probably heard sung by the wild mobs surging around the prisons and the tribunals. One day the French people may yet sing this very parody as a national hymn when France is again the oldest daughter of the Church, and these sixteen nuns of Compiegne are honored with Blessed Joan of Arc among her canonized martyrs and saints.

The following translation may hope to claim at least the merit of close fidelity to the original verses in form, rhythm and spirit:

I.

Rejoice and sing with grateful heart,
For glory's day at last has come;
Bid every thought of fear depart,—
The blood-stained knife will lead us home.
Beneath the flag of Him who died,
March on, march on, as conquerors go!
Be glad to meet the fatal blow,
And run to greet the Crucified!
Fear not the armed hordes!
Our bodies are the Lord's.
Ascend, ascend,
With joy the block. God will be Conqueror.

II.

Great God, who knowest my feeble frame,
I wish, and yet I fear, today.
All full of hope, zeal gives me wings.
Yet weak I am, and need to pray.
I cannot hide my fears from Thee,
As now from prison I pass to death;
Yet joyously I yield my breath,
For Thou a strong God art to me.
Hasten the blissful time!
I wait my change sublime.
O Lord, O Lord,
Fill me with joy; hasten the blissful time!

III.

Our pattern holy, Virgin bright,
Thou who the Queen of Martyrs art!
O deign to help us in the fight
By purifying every heart.
Watch us from heaven's holy place,
Shield France beneath thy mantle dear,
And send throughout these haunts of fear
Thy God-given might and heavenly grace.
Now aid your children dying,
But meek, submissive, crying
We die, we die,
With Jesus and our Christian king we are dying.

IV.

O Mother of our Jesus! see
The holy joy that thrills our breast.
The great God gave us life, and He
Now gives us death. His will is best.
Be with us, Mother, as we die;
Present us to thy Son and God.
From this dull earth to His abode,
Filled with His Spirit, may we fly,—
To Heaven, the home above,
Of His eternal love,
To sing, to sing,
With all the saints forevermore His love!

Day dawned on Paris, that memorable day of the 17th of July, in the year 1794. Once again the streets filled with the riotous, maddened mobs, thirsty for blood, and drunk with being free from Church and king. These were the people who had carried the head of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe on a pike, and bade the driver of Marie Antoinette's tumbril "lead his strong horses slowly in their shafts, in order that the Austrian might taste long of death." These were the people who hated religion, defiled the churches, slew the priests. To-day that crowd was strangely still. And the nuns, whose rule had kept them hidden behind veil and curtain and grating, from sight even of their dearest friends, went to death in the face of all that people as if under the eye of the angels of God alone.

No sooner had they taken their places in the rude carts that were to convey them from their prison to the block than they lifted up their voices and sang praise to God. Only by earnest meditation can we, in our smooth, every-day lives, realize the marvel of this day. Out on the sum-

mer air, and through those crowded and curse-laden streets, still haunted by memories that chill the blood when we recall them, there rang the plaintive cry for pardon of the Miserere, the tender strains of the Salve Regina, the victorious chant of the Te Deum. The sweet, regular cadences rose and fell, as we can hear them now in our own Carmel in Boston, or as they are heard again, thank God! in Compiegne. Finally the procession reached the scaffold's foot.

To find a parallel to the scene that followed we must turn to the pages of Holy Writ and read again that "glorious martrydom of the seven brothers and their mother," who were condemned to die for their nation and their faith. The first son being tortured, the others, with their heroic mother, exhorted one another to die manfully, saying: "The Lord God will look upon the truth, and will take pleasure in us, as Moses declared in the professions of the Canticle: And in His servants He will take pleasure." The fifth son being tormented, and looking upon the king, calmly said to him: "Think not that our nation is the seven sons to be slain, having seen all the others tortured, and being offered life at the price of apostasy, replied: "I, like my brethren, offer up my life and my body for the laws of forgotten by God. Thou shalt see His great power." The youngest, last of our fathers, calling upon God to be speedily merciful to our nation. . . . In me and in my brethren the wrath of the Almighty which hath been justly brought upon all our nation, shall cease." So this man also died undefiled, wholly trusting in the Lord.

Last of all, after the sons, the mother died, that mother of whom all ages since bear witness that she "was to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men, who beheld her seven sons slain in the space of one day, and bore it with a good courage, for the hope that she had in God. And she bravely exhorted every one of them in her own language, being filled with wisdom, joining a man's thought to a woman's heart."

A similar event is narrated in the annals of the Christian martyrs concerning St. Felicitas and her seven sons, but the parallel between the Machabees and the Carmelites is the more striking in certain respects. It should be remembered, too, that Mother Mary Teresa of St. Augustine saw not seven but fifteen of her holy family die before her eyes.

Alighting at the foot of the scaffold, they intoned the Veni Creator Spiritus. Then they renewed the promises of their baptism and their religious vows. It can hardly be doubted that they also renewed the heroic offering which was their third consecration to God's service, — that solemn consecration of themselves to death in behalf of their unhappy country and of the very people gathered around the block.

What one of the nuns said to the headsman must have been in the hearts of all her sisters in religion. "I forgive you," she said to him. "I forgive you as heartily as I hope that God will pardon me."

The Reverend Mother Prioress who first made the noble offering and then inspired her spiritual daughters to follow her example, now requested that they all might die before her. A most touching scene ensued. One by one they knelt at her feet, asked her last blessing, and, as a final "obedience," her leave to die. Who of us can imagine the thoughts that filled her soul as each beautiful and beloved face was raised to hers for the last time on earth!

It was noticed, and not without astonishment, that the executioner, the guards, the people, left the nuns free to perform their devotions on that fatal July day without showing the least sign of anger or impatience. The crowd, thronging about them, and

accustomed to clamor and yell against those whom they called aristocrats, now kept silence. If any words were heard, they were those of pity and admiration for these innocent victims. "Oh, what beautiful souls!" they cried. "What heavenly faces! If they do not go straight to Paradise, nobody will."

One by one the innocent heads fell beneath the axe; one by one the sweet, unfaltering voices in the holy chant were stilled. Finally the heroic mother stood alone. Fifteen times the knife of the guillotine must have fallen upon her living and loving heart. Her real suffering was ended before her own death came. Alone, and "last of all," like the brave mother of the Machabees, she died. But thenceforth she took her place with her, and with St. Felicitas, and with those holy women who stood beside the cross. Of her it may be said that "she is truly to be admired above measure and worthy to be remembered by good men, who beheld her fifteen daughters slain in the space of one day and bore it with a good courage for the hope that she had in God; and she bravely exhorted them in her own language, joining a man's thought to a woman's heart."

It is a remarkable fact that only eleven days later the tyrant Robespierre fell beneath the guillotine; and in less than one year, May 7, 1795, Fouquier Tainville himself, with several of his accomplices, met the same fate. As one of the biographers of the nuns has strikingly remarked: "By one of those coincidences of which God alone has the secret," it was a man named Scellier of Compiegne, who presided on that memorable July 17 at the Palais de Justice; and on the 7th of May following he also came to receive his doom. There was no pitying silence around that horrible procession, but curses and insults rose from the angry crowd. By another strange coincidence, Fouquier Tainville witnessed the execution of fourteen of his accomplices before his own time came, and every time he heard the fatal blow a convulsive movement betrayed the agitation of his perturbed soul. He and his innocent victims "belong henceforth to history. For him the scorn and reproach of all mankind everywhere. For them the martyr's palm, heaven's glory, earth's admiration," while in Compiegne, hallowed forever by their blessed memories, Carmelites once again chant the divine office and intercede for France and for the world. The blood of the Martyrs has always been the seed of the Church.

It is the natural wish of the Carmelite Order to obtain for these valiant and illustrious women whose story has been narrated here the Church's testimony to their "heroic virtue," technically so-called, — their right to the title of saints and martyrs, our right to invoke them publicly by these titles, and to see them raised to our altars.

This year, in September, a new Carmel is opened in Boston, and the nuns are removing from their temporary abode to their permanent home. For centuries to come it will be, please God, a centre of many spiritual graces to our city and to the entire Church. It is certainly a most suitable year in which to introduce here the "cause" of the canonization of those heroic and saintly souls, the sixteen Carmelites of Compiegne; to seek great favors from God through their intercession, and to enter into communication with the nuns of their order living among us. They are always ready to aid us by their prayers and helpful words. Let us ask them to beg for us from their valiant predecessors to Heaven fortitude and ardent love. God, almighty and all-wise, may intend to grant to some of us those three great miracles by means of which the canonization of the sixteen Carmelites of Compiegne will be won from the Holy See.

The following prayer from the French will commend itself to all who

love Carmel, and honor heroic and saintly virtue:

"Deign, Lord Jesus, to make manifest by new tokens the favors which Thy servants enjoy with Thee in Heaven, and hasten the day when we shall be allowed to offer them publicly the tribute of our reverence and veneration."

THE SIXTEEN MARTYRS OF COMPEIGNE.

In this brief account we have carefully abstained from applying the precise words, saint and martyr, to these heroic and holy women, agreeing with their biographer, that while we hold them to be truly worthy of these titles, it is our duty to await the judgment of our holy Mother Church. Meanwhile, nothing prevents us from doing our utmost to further the cause of their speedy canonization. Any additional information can be obtained from our own Carmelites, Mt. Pleasant Ave., Roxbury.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

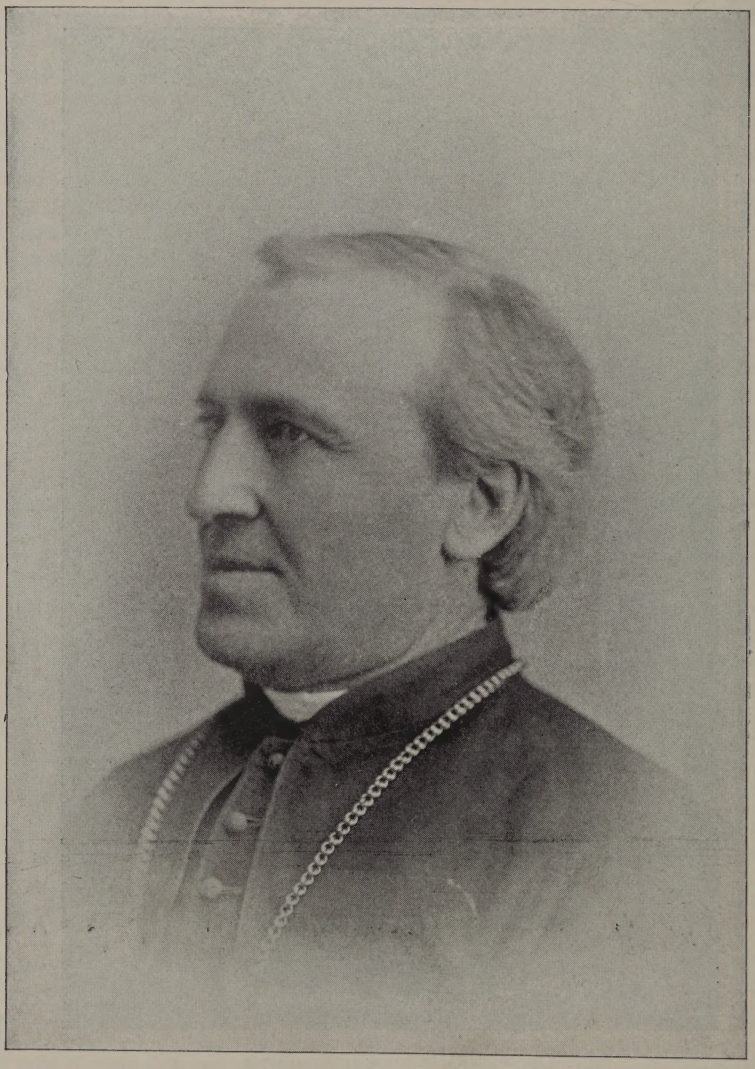
By William Hopkins.

Archbishop Ireland was mustered into the Grand Army of the Republic at this year's encampment, Buffalo. He has been considered popularly as a member of the G. A. R., but it was not until this occasion that he really became a comrade. He has been a member of the Loyal Legion for many years.

Past Commander-in-Chief Kountz secured a dispensation from Commander in-Chief Clarkson authorizing Past Commander-in-Chief Lawler to muster the archbishop into the G. A. R.

The ceremony took place in the rooms of Lafayette post, of New York, at the Hotel Iroquois. Archbishop Ireland expressed his pride at being received into the order. The official button was presented to his grace by Corporal Tanner.

Congratulatory addresses were made by Gen. O. O. Howard, Past Commander Lawler, Commander Adams of Lafayette post and others.

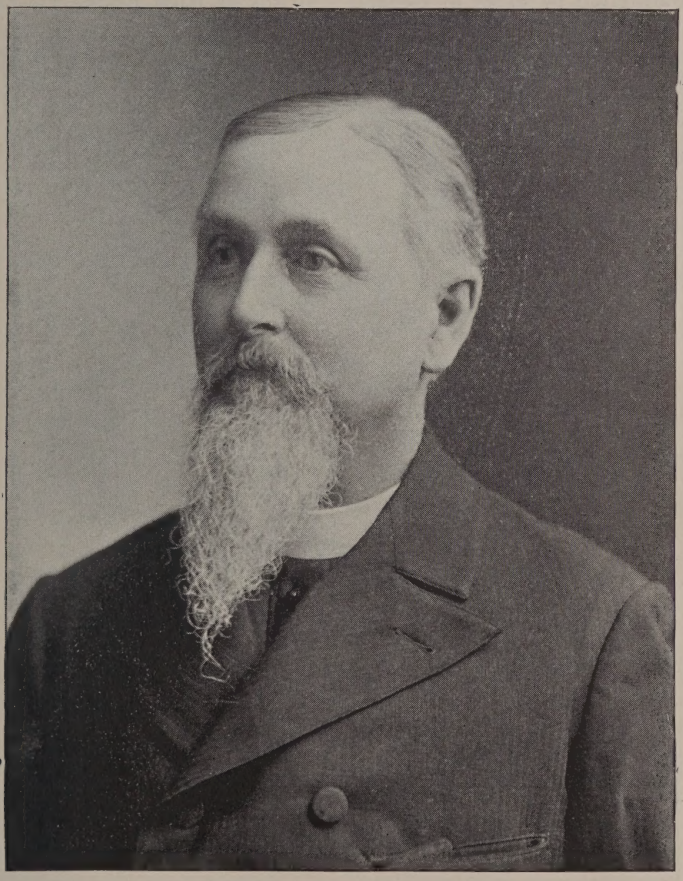


Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul.

The priesthood is about to receive a brave recruit in the person of Gen. William A, Olmstead. Up to two years ago General Olmstead was resident physician at the Benedictine College of St. Anselm, which overlooks Manchester from the brow of a hill in the neighboring village of Goffstown, N. H.

William A. Olmsted was born in Albany, N. Y., December 25, 1834, of old Puritan stock. His ancestors came over with Governor Winthrop and settled in Portsmouth, Mass., in 1630. He received a liberal education in his early youth, at private schools, and was taught Latin by Bishop McClosky of Albany, N. Y. In 1861 he studied for civil engineer, and at the outbreak of the rebellion was assistant superintendent of the Troy and Schenectady Division N. Y. Central R. R. A. at Troy, N. Y.

On the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men, he was waited on by a committee of twenty-five prominent citizens of Troy on Monday afternoon, April 15th, 1861, to leave his position and raise a company of volunteers for the war. Circumstances at that date would not permit him to do so, and again on Wednesday, April 17, 1861, the same committee came to him and pledged themselves to him to carry out a certain request. At this, he closed his books, wrote out his resignation, and with Colonel Willard repaired to the Troy Citizens' Corps, donned his corporal's uniform, and with a drum corps paid for by Colonel Willard, arrived at North Troy, in the vicinity of St. Peter's Church. The busy "B's," an organization of Catholic boys, were the first to fall in to the sound of the fife and drum, and after marching around North Troy for awhile he returned to the Army with quite an array of citizens. Enlistments were announced at the



GEN. WILLIAM A. OLMSTEAD.

latter place at 3 P. M., and at that hour, he commenced to enter his company, and at 7.30 P. M., had enlisted 170 men, thus raising under President Lincoln's first call for volunteers the first company of all volunteers in New York, which company became "B." Co. N. Y. Infantry. He was promoted Lieutenant Colonel, June 10, 1861, for gallant service, and in October, 1862, was transferred by order of General Frank Patterson, U. S. A., to command the 115th Pa., an honor but few officers received. He remained in command of this regiment until just before the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., in which engagement the colonel of the 2nd infantry was wounded and Lieutenant Colonel Olmsted assumed command of the regiment, remaining in charge of it until May 26, 1863, when he was commissioned colonel of the 59th N. Y. Volunteers.

During his service in the 2nd N. Y. Infantry he was honorably mentioned for gallant conduct on the 25th of June, 1862.

During the latter part of the war, in April 7th, 1865, at High Bridge, Va., the troops of his brigade saved the little bridge over the Appomatox River across which passed the 2nd army corps, capturing the rebel wagon train and compelling Lee to surrender two days afterwards at Appomattox, Va. After crossing the Appomattox at High Bridge the brigade under General Thomas H. Smythe, his personal friend, was advanced, and coming up with the enemy, Olmsted was ordered to go to his support, and arrived just as General Smythe received his fatal wound.

General Olmsted received brevet promotion for gallant and meritorious service at Richmond, Va., June 25th, 1862, Glen Dale, Malvern Hill, Frederick City, Petersburg, and the last campaign of the army of the Potomac, ending with the surrender of Lee. He was mustered out July 12th, 1865, in New York City, received two wounds,

Rev. Thos. F Myhan.

and to-day is one of the heartiest, most robust men of his age to be found anywhere after the war. He graduated as a doctor of medicine, and has practised for twenty-five years successfully, this being no exception to his success in all other things during his life. He belongs to the Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the American Revolution, M. O. L. L. O. U., G. A. R., and many other societies.

Rev. T. F. Myhan, a curate at St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, New York city, has been appointed assistant secretary to Archbishop Corrigan. Father Myhan received his scholastic training at the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier and made his theological studies at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy. He was ordained in 1888 and has been stationed at St. Peter's Church since that time.

Stephen O'Meara is "The man who makes The Boston Journal."

STEPHEN O'MEARA, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF "THE BOSTON JOURNAL."

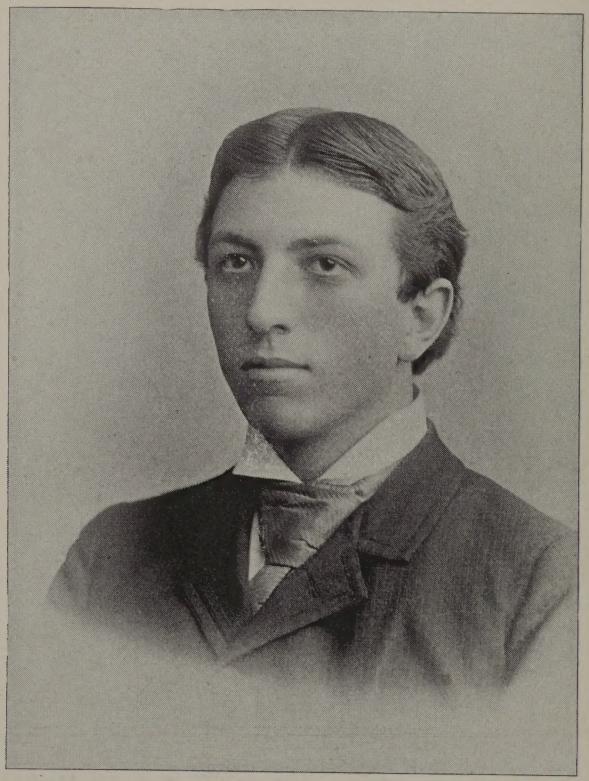
Mr. O'Meara was born in Charlottetown, P. E. I., in 1854. When he was ten years old his parents came to Charlestown, Mass., and he came with them. He entered the Harvard school, graduated in 1868, and took the four year's course in the Charlestown High School, graduating in 1872.

While Stephen O'Meara was at school

he was also reporting for the "Charlestown Chronicle," which was then owned and edited by John H. Holmes, now editor and principal owner of the "Boston Herald." He graduated from the high school on the 2nd day of July, and on the 5th he entered the employment of the "Boston Globe" as its Charlestown reporter. In the autumn he was appointed to a position on the regular city staff, where he remained for over two years.

In December, 1874, he went to the "Boston Journal." For five years he did a great variety of political and general reporting and shorthand work. In May, 1879, he was appointed city editor, and two years later he was appointed to the managing editorship. He held that position for ten years, until on July 1, 1891, he became the editor and general manager, taking the position made vacant by the retirement of the late Col. William W. Clapp. In March, 1893, the family of the late Major C. O. Rogers, who owned a controlling interest in the paper, decided that the time had come when they could assume the direction of the Journal's affairs, and Mr. O'Meara retired, being succeeded by the son-in-law of Mrs. Rogers.

After an absence of nine months from the paper with which he had been so closely identified for more than twenty years he took the helm again. He returned as editor and publisher, part owner, director and clerk of the corporation.



JOHN J. O'HARA.

John Myers O'Hara is the pen name of John J. O'Hara, a young lawyer who has already made a brilliant reputation at the bar in Chicago. Although a man of affairs, he still finds time to woo the Muse, and roam with her the fields of poesy and fancy.

Mr. O'Hara was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, March 25, 1870. When a lad of thirteen, he removed with his parents to Chicago. He received a classical education at St. Ignatius College, of that city, and later, in 1890, entered the Northwestern University as a member of the law school of that year.

An industrious and brilliant scholar, he graduated with many honors in 1892, and immediately entered the forensic arena, well equipped for the battle of life. From its inception, his professional career has been successful and prosperous.

Mr. O'Hara began to write when he was a mere lad, and at seventeen he won the first prize for best poems at college. Since that time he has contributed to some of the leading periodicals of the United States, and he has established quite a reputation in the west as a poet of no mean power.

SARAH CECILIA COTTER.

At the recent exhibition of the Art School of Cincinnati, one of the most promising pupils in the class of modeling and sculpture was Miss Sarah Cecilia Cotter of Ironton, Ohio. She was one of the five who received "honorable mention," the highest award given this year, and the other four had been in the life class, for several years. There are more than 500 students in the school.

Miss Cotter exhibited eleven pieces of sculpture: A bust of Rebisso, her teacher; a bust portrait of herself; a bust portrait of Miss Mussulman of Lexington, Ky.; a bas-relief of a bishop; a full-length seated portrait of Miss Noonan of Covington; a standing statue of a woman, entitled "The Listening Look"; "Ulysses Drawing the Bow in Presence of Suitors of Penelope"; "Prostration"; a "Neglected Old Man"; a portrait bust of little Miss Madeline Lerodine; and a bust of Rev. James H. Cotter, her brother.

Such an authority and critic as General Goshorr of Cincinnati, who, though an American citizen, was knighted by Queen Victoria for his judicious service to art as president of that division of the Centennial of 1876, pronounced Miss Cotter's talent of an exceptional order and encouraged her to devote herself to sculpture, though she has already made quite a name in the classes of drawing and painting.

In commenting on her exhibit The Commercial Tribune says that "Miss Cotter's talents demand more than passing note; and considering the high character of the work and extremely short time in which she had to produce it, is little less than marvelous.

"Not alone have Miss Cotter's gifts been shown upon the canvas and the block of marble, but in the gentler art of letters. The poetical surroundings of her cradle have so moulded her mind that she has 'lisped in numbers.'"

CONFIDENCES.

ANOTHER ROMANCE RIDDLED.

By Florence Bain Seymour.

A writer in the Contemporary Review for April contributed an article on "Religious Orders in the Latin Communion," which, under the title, "Decay of Monks and Friars," was noticed in the May number of the Review of Reviews. This review calls attention to it as an interesting survey of the condition of "Religious Orders in the Roman Communion," and after quoting from the article the statement that the case is wholly different with the female side of the question—which is in a flourishing condition, as opposed to the decadence of the male orders—and which so far from showing signs of decline, would scarcely seem to have yet attained its full vigor, puts the pertinent question, "Is it not odd that even in the cloister, the woman's movement of the century should make itself felt, so that while the male orders of religious are going down, down, down, those of women are going up, up, up?"

It is a significant fact that such an article should not only find a place in a prominent magazine, but that it should have been spoken of with approbation by a review of acknowledged fairness and freedom from prejudice. It is, however, but a repetition of the old story that the Catholic Church is a fair and open target for any marksman, and while ignorance upon any other subject—art, science or history,—is regarded as an unpalliated offence, ignorance of the dogmas, doctrines and traditions of the Catholic Church is not only looked upon as pardonable but even commendable, and is evidently supposed to be included in the category of knowledge or information that Bacon tells us is to be "swallowed," not "chewed and digested."

The article states: "During the fifteen centuries of its existence the religious state has followed a progressive course, never once going backward. It shows clearly that its life has been a very real one, though on close examination it is seen to have been a long declining one." It certainly seems difficult to reconcile these statements, as it is impossible to realize how a long declining state has never gone backward. A movement of any kind must of necessity be progressive or retrogressive, never both.

The writer indeed speaks in a somewhat confused manner of the religious state,—the decadence of monasticism and the birth of a new order of things,—societies, religious congregations, etc., he seems to consider an evidence of the decline of the state itself, apparently not realizing that all these are developments and outgrowths of the same principle, and that the religious life is as truly exemplified in the flourishing condition of these societies today as it was in the older form—that the latter is more fully adapted to the needs of the present, just as the former filled the wants of the past.

The growth of the religious state has been identical with that of the church itself, and while drawing its strength and vigor from her, formed always her greatest bulwark and defense.

It is against the principal argument of the writer, and the one which the whole article is intended to bear out, viz., that the religious life for men has lost its attraction, has been for years steadily declining, and notwithstanding spasmodic attempts at restoration to energy and fervor, is now in a state of decay; that religious houses for men are not numerous anywhere and their

inmates usually few,—that we wish to bring forward an emphatic denial, and combat this false statement.

The assertion that the religious life to-day is not up to the supposed high standard, and that frequently only an outward show of decency is maintained, while sloth, weariness, money-grabbing and party spirit exist at the core, will meet with an indignant protest from all those Christians (by no means few) who know of the purity of life, constant self-denial and devotion to the causes for which they labor, —the glory of God, the sanctification of souls, and the good of humanity,— which characterize the members of the various religious orders and societies in the Church.

A religious is not bound to be perfect, for perfection is not of this world; but by virtue of his state, by reason of his having embraced it, he is obliged, under pain of grievous sin, to constantly strive for perfection, and this is assuredly evidenced daily in the saintly lives led by these holy men and women. Fleury's definition of a religious is: "A Christian bound by a solemn vow to practice all his life the counsels of the Gospel, according to a rule approved by the Church," and the Rev. Charles Warren Currier in his scholarly work, "History of Religious Orders," thus defines the solemn and the simple vows: "The solemn vow is one which is made to God, and accepted by the Church, that its supreme power reserves to itself the right of dispensing from it, but only for the gravest reasons. The three essential vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, in a canonical sense, render the one that takes them a religious. The simple vow, though taken to God and equally binding in conscience, is not accepted by the Church in the same manner as the solemn vow in the form of a contract, but by the order or congregation in which it is emitted. It has not the same civil effects as the solemn vows . . . . . neither does it render the one who takes it a religious according to the acceptation of the term in canon law. Nevertheless, a person who binds himself by the three simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience in an institute approved by the Church, is truly a religious in the sight of God."

A brief glance at the evolution of religious orders is necessary to our subject and cannot fail to be of interest.

Evolution of Religious Orders.

The religious life, properly so called, while not instituted by the Church, but springing from among its members, and receiving always its warmest approval and encouragement, may be said to have a divine origin; and the reply of Jesus Christ to the young man who inquired what he should do to obtain everlasting life, over and above the observance of the Commandments, "If thou wilt be perfect go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have a treasure in heaven; and come, follow me," may be said to contain the elements of the three vows, poverty, chastity and obedience, the counsel of chastity being still further indicated on another occasion when our Lord said, "All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given. For there are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven. He that can take, let him take."

Traces of the religious life are found even in the Old Testament, in the sect called Essenes, which followed a mode of life similar to our Christian religious, and which Baronius says flourished under a Christian form at Alexandria when St. Mark, the evangelist, was bishop of that city. Currier says truly, "We are thus enabled to trace monasticism to the very dawn of Christianity, and beyond it. It would even seem that there is something in a philosophic creed which requires its existence, for the philosophy of ancient Greece, Buddhism in India, and Mahometism throughout the East, have not been without it."

In the first century we find the germ of the religious orders in those bodies of devout Christians who voluntarily practised continency and were called ascetics, dividing their time between prayer, the study of the Scriptures, and manual labor. "We have seen," says St. Paul, "these men of whom the world is not worthy, wandering in deserts, covered with skins, living in dens and caves of the earth." Here it may be remarked that St. Paul differed somewhat with some modern expounders of the gospel in his estimation of such things. Dionysius, the Areopagite, in the second century, speaks of the faithful who in his time gave themselves up to contemplative life and separation from the world; and Philo, the Jew, a contemporary writer, speaks of Therapentae, or monks of the church of Alexandria, "who constructed small oratories to which they gave the name monasterium. There they passed their lives, far from mortals, in the exercises of piety, and celebrated the August Mysteries. The law of God, oracles of the prophets and other scripture were the continual subjects of their meditation." Here, then, if not earlier, we have the origin, and from this may trace the growth of the religious orders in their different phases.

In the fourth century, St. Basil, called the Patriarch of the monks of the East, drew up rules for his monks and bound them by vows, though prior to this St. Pachomius, in Egypt, had given a written rule to his disciples and united several monasteries under one head. St. Augustine was the second, and his rule was followed by persons of both sex. Next came St. Benedict, who laid the foundation of his order at Monte Cassino in Italy, and the foundations of the Benedictines spread rapidly. St. Augustine of Canterbury, who brought the light of faith to England, is said to have been a monk of this order.

As early as the fourth century we find mention of monastic schools and colleges in the East and West. In the ninth century, Oxford, the great seat of English learning, was founded by Alfred the Great, who, acting on the suggestions of St. Neot, invited a number of learned monks to whom he confided the direction of his school, making one, John the Saxon, head of the institution. In 1096 began that wonderful series of religious wars, without parallel in history, the Crusades, brought about principally through the instrumentality of Peter the Hermit, which gave rise to the military orders, an entirely new development of the religious life, among which were: Knight Hospitallers of St. John, founded for works of mercy among pilgrims and the sick; Templars, and the order of the Blessed Trinity, for the redemption of captives. The needs that have at any time arisen in the church have always been supplied, and the poison of every heresy and schism has found its antidote in some religious body. Thus to combat the heresies of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries St. Francis and St. Dominick founded their great orders of friars, preachers or mendicant orders, which have given to the church such names as Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus and St. Bonaventure, Vincent of Beauvais, Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas.

The monks had become wealthy and powerful and were looked up to with deference, and though in many cases they had degenerated, having departed from their former fervor, reforms had been introduced, notably that of St. Benedict, which was a complete regeneration.

The friars or mendicants, descending to the depths of poverty and humility, formed a striking contrast, and appealed strongly to the people. The friars were very conservative in their scholastic methods, and viewed everything that seemed in advance of the time as dangerous and superstitious,—

such a man as Roger Bacon being regarded as a visionary. It is said that antimony or anti-monachus (against a monk) derived its name from the fact that Roger Bacon "experimenting" on a fellow monk caused his death.

The fall of Constantinople produced a marked change by sending many Greek refugees to the West, and with them came the knowledge and love of antiquity. The philosophy of Aristotle in its mediaeval dress, as well as its exponents, the friars, began to appear ridiculous, and poetry, painting and literature took on a classic aspect. Heathen philosophy and Christian morality, however, do not always go well hand in hand, and the Renaissance saw the cultivation of arts and letters carried from one extreme of monastic simplicity to the other of pagan liberty of expression, and as a natural consequence a widespread contempt of Christian doctrines and a looseness of morals followed.

Then came the great moral conflagration that swept over Europe, the so-called Reformation, the first flame of which was ignited by an unfortunate friar, Martin Luther, who from the pulpit of Wittenburg hurled forth his defiance of papal authority and gave over to heresy some of the fairest flowers of Catholicity. At the same time, far from destroying the strength of the religious orders, it was to a great extent a regeneration, and by "weeding out the pope's garden," rid the orders of many turbulent and unworthy spirits, calling out all that was noblest and best. Touched by the purifying hand of persecution, the religious state sprang into new life and fulness, and was fortified by the advent of new members, combatants ready and able to do battle for the Church in her hour of need.

Foremost among these bodies was the Society of Jesus, founded by the soldier-saint Ignatius Loyola, which was to eclipse all that had come before it by its splendid organization and military discipline, and which by the zeal of its missionaries in spreading the gospel to the uttermost bounds of the earth, and by the vast learning of its members, forming the strongest barrier to ignorance and falsehood, constitutes the brightest jewel in the crown of religious orders that adorns the brow of the Catholic Church. "It was an evil day for new-born Protestantism," writes Francis Parkman, "when a French artilleryman struck down Ignatius Loyola, in the breach of Pampeluna."

The Jansenist heresy was the poisonous breath that tainted the religious atmosphere of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and many of the orders and societies were badly infected by it, notably the Abbey of Porte Royale. The plague spread itself to Italy, and the Jesuits, together with the Redemptorists, founded by Alphonsus Ligouri, and the Passionists, founded by St. Paul of the Cross, were the boldest champions of Catholic orthodoxy to oppose it.

The French Revolution of 1789 was the next crushing blow to the religious orders. Their members were dispersed and their houses and abbeys confiscated. The concordat between Pius VII. and Napoleon brought back to France the orders that had been banished, and their growth since then has been marvelous in view of the opposition they have met with from atheism and infidelity which have been ingenious in devising obstacles to their progress. The present system of unjust and extortionate taxation in France is well calculated to reduce the number of religious houses and institutions. America, from the moment of its discovery, became a home for the religious orders, and has been a fruitful vineyard.

A distinctively American society or congregation is that of the Paulists, founded in 1819 by an American convert, Father Isaac Hecker. Young as

it is, the society is recognized as a powerful factor in the religious movement of the day. These devout men, with the zeal of St. Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, are by their most successful missions to non-Catholics bringing hundreds into the true fold, and have already done much to remove prejudice and bigotry from the Protestant mind by their clear and learned exposition of the Catholic doctrine.

That the persecution of religious orders has always proceeded from Catholics and been carried on by Catholics, thus proving that their usefulness is over and their downfall wished for, is false. Their bitterest enemies have been those to whom their lives of virtue and usefulness have been a stinging reproach, and while the mob and scum of a population, goaded on by irreligious libertines and demagogues, have offered them violence and insult, the best portion of the people have ever recognized their worth and made them welcome. Jesus Christ was condemned to death by the Jewish scribes and Pharisees, and crucified by the Jewish people, and yet no one, not even those who deny His divinity, will say that such a fact proved the failure of His mission, or the falsity of His doctrines.

A few statistics will show the absurdity of the statement that "religious houses of men are not numerous, and their occupants usually few," and the very fact of the existence and growing number of "monastic" institutions in the Anglican community—pitiable imitations—go far to prove that the religious state has not lost its attraction even to those outside the pale of the Church, who are desirous of leading a higher life.

In the old country we find that, taking the whole of England and Wales during the past forty years, of the five principal orders, the Jesuits have increased over five-fold, the Benedictines nearly to the same extent, and in the last twenty these two orders have nearly doubled in numbers, as the following figures will show:

	1857.	1877.	1897.
Jesuits	48	148	247
Benedictines	44	117	218
Dominicans	10	34	47
Franciscans	4	14	41
Fathers of Charity.	7	40	51
Passionists	5	21	41
Capuchins	2	27	38
Oblates of Mary..	7	23	28
	128	424	711

A corresponding advance is found in the clerics of St. Vrateur, Servites, Society of Divine Savior, Missionary Fathers of La Salette, Brothers of the Sacred Heart, Fathers of the Precious Blood, Brothers of Our Lady of Lourdes, Oblate Fathers of the Immaculate Conception, Oblate Fathers Sacred Heart, Fathers of Mercy, Fathers of the Resurrection, Fathers of the Pious Society of Missions, Marist Brothers, Society of Mary of Par s. Fathers of the Society of Mary, Brothers of the Holy Infancy, Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Brothers of St. Gabriel, Brothers of the Poor of St. Francis, Brothers of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Fathers of the Order of Charity, Carmelite Fathers, Alexian Brothers and Sulpitians.

As for religious orders of women, it is not to be wondered at that with non-Catholics the supernatural side of the question should be lost sight of, and that the members of the contemplative orders who, like Mary, have chosen the better part and sit at the feet of Jesus in loving adoration, should be regarded with a half contemptuous pity; but to Catholics, who recognize the spiritual beauty of that life, and the great need there is for expiation and reparation, the case appears very differently. The making of vestments, altar cloths, etc., and the beautiful specimens of needlework for which many of these convents have long been famous, prove

how ridiculous is the accusation that time is wasted or spent in useless and frivolous occupations. The active orders, with their numerous and various branches of work in educational and industrial fields, works of charity and mercy, etc., need no comment.

The religious state is perennial, and nourished as it is by the great sacramental system, renewed and invigorated by the Bread of Angels and "the wine that maketh virgins" will continue to flourish and be strong. "I confess," writes the profound Protestant philosopher Leibnitz, "that I have ardently admired the religious orders, for they are a sort of celestial soldiery upon earth. Nor is it the least among those marks which commend us to that church which alone has preserved the name and the badges of Catholicity, that we see her alone produce and cherish these illustrious examples of the eminent virtues and of the ascetic life."

As long as the world lasts there will be found men who will be willing, like Francis of Assisi, to strip themselves of all earthly goods to follow Christ, or with Ignatius Loyola trampling self under foot to take as their watchword that glorious motto, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam"; and down to the end of time there will be found women who, leaving all that a woman's heart holds dear, will listen to and follow that Divine Voice which whispers, "Hearken, O daughter, and incline thy ear, forget thy people and thy father's house. And the king shall greatly desire thy beauty. * * * Therefore shall people praise thee forever; yea, forever and ever."—Psalms xliv.

THE ANGELUS.

Stealing softly, sweetly mid the shadows of the twilight,
Dying with a murmur on the frosty winter air,
Borne on angels' pinions to the splendor of the Godlight,
Calling hearts to linger just a moment for a prayer.

Heavy hearts that, weary, bend and moan beneath a sorrow,
Yearn with anxious longing for the music of the bells;
Happy hearts that, dancing, think on pleasures of tomorrow
Pause awhile and listen to the music as it swells.

Hearts that, patient waiting, throb with untold pain and anguish,
Bow in resignation to the Father's high decree;
Angels' voices whisper, through the bells, to souls that languish;
Angels' voices, chiming, tell the joy that is to be.

Oh! ye bells of heaven, slowly ringing in the gloaming,
Send your music thrilling to the tunes of hope and peace;
Wrecks of sin must vanish when a tide of prayer is foaming;
Tearful eyes and spirits find a solace and release.

Lucy Gertrude Kelley.

A DREAM.

I dreamed last night a childhood dream;
I dreamed I had a cockle-boat,
A swift and graceful cockle-boat,
Afloat upon a crystal stream;
And people passing smiled at me
And joyfully I smiled at them,
And carelessly smiled back at them,
And smiling drifted out to sea.

The clouds were tinted white to blue,
Such tinted clouds as fairies weave,
As fairies from the rainbows weave
When elves dance on the globes of dew.
I formed from out some clouds a face,
The fairest face I formed of them,
The purest face I formed of them
That ever fancy's brush can trace.

The hair I made of softest gold
From out the edges of a cloud,
The ragged edges of a cloud
Off which the dancing sunbeams rolled.
The eyes were sparkling, matchless blue,
Such blue as only heaven makes,
The blue the vault of heaven makes
To hide the angels from our view.

The brow was white — and whiter far,
Than any snow-drop of the North
A glinting snow-drop of the North
That glistens on an icy spar.
The ears were pink, the rarest pink
Such as an April dawn may have.
Such as a coral reef may have,
But nothing else can have, I think.

The dreams and years have swiftly passed,
Have passed and touched my head with gray.
Have lightly touched my head with gray —
For dream-years softly go and fast;
But there lies in the evening sky,
The evening sky that bounds my life,
A fairy face that guides my life,
That waits for me eternally.

Frank Earle Hering.

THE TRUTH ABOUT DELLING.

By Mary F. Nixon.

"Delling! What a queer name. Who is he?" asked Erskine.

"An inverted Punchinello," replied Mr. Allen, who was something of an authority in stage circles and rather prided himself, too, on the incomprehensibility of his remarks. He considered himself "epigrammatic," but some called it "tiresome."

"What on earth is that?" demanded Hugh Erskine, a newspaper man with a mild contempt for Mr. Allen's would-be deep remarks.

"Well, Delling is a Norse name which means 'bright star of day,' and Eric Delling is the gloomiest-looking stage-villain you can imagine. His face is the exact contradiction of his name. Why, nobody in the company has ever seen him smile. He plays the villain's parts so well that he earns the management's undying gratitude and the vituperations of the audience. People always imagine actors to be what they act, and can never separate a man's personality from his parts."

"I have no doubt Mr. Delling is a pattern of morality, with neither vice nor romance in him, though he can play the romantic villain to perfection," said Mr. Erskine.

"Nobody knows anything of him," Allen replied. "He may be a pattern, but there's an air of mystery about him which we dislike. They say this is his home, but he has not asked one of us to go up there with him, though we're playing a five-weeks' engagement. He is as solemnly impenetrable as ever, and some of us don't believe he has a home or any people belonging to him."

"That would be enough to make him solemn," laughed Erskine. "I don't see why the fellow hasn't a right to keep his affairs to himself. But you've excited my curiosity about him, and I'd like to meet him."

"Come down to his dressing-room before the play's over, and I'll introduce you," Mr. Allen said, and Erskine, who was a lover of the genus homo, thought to himself: "May be I'll pierce the reserve and find a good fellow and a good story, too; who knows?"

He seemed doomed to disappointment, however, for Eric Delling met him with a grave courtesy dashed with chilling reserve, scarcely a vestige of a smile relaxing his features. Even the keen penetration of Hugh Erskine, reporter, wont to studying all sorts and conditions of men for "press purposes" failed to read the actor.

Mr. Delling was a tall man, with a handsome figure and square face, with a broad brow and stern jaw, black hair and a pair of dark gray, utterly unsmiling eyes.

After a half-hour's talk on commonplaces, Mr. Erskine gave him up.

"Your 'bright star of day' is too much for me," he said to Mr. Allen. "He seems a gloomy chap, yet I can't help feeling there's something back of the mask, and that it is a mask. I'd like to know the truth about Mr. Delling."

"Nobody ever will," said Allen.

Eric Delling chanced to overhear the various remarks about himself, and a queer little something curved the corners of his rather thin-lipped mouth. Then he gave his shoulders a foreign shrug and walked away, humming to himself in his rich baritone, "Skim milk masquerades as cream."

Several days later the five weeks' engagement of the company came to an untimely end.

During the second act of the "Merchant of Venice" a puff of smoke suddenly burst through the roof, and the

cry of "Fire! fire!" echoed over the great house. The stampede was terrible, as, worse than a herd of Texas steers, the frightened people rushed hither and yon, trampling many to death in their mad efforts to reach the doors.

Delling had been playing Shylock, and he glanced quickly over the house to see if he could help anyone before he left the stage. Then his eye caught sight of a woman's figure in the stage box, a woman standing quite still, clasping in her arms a little child. She looked at the surging crowd, then at the smoking roof, dreading inaction, yet fearing to move.

In a moment Delling was over the footlights.

"Give me the baby," he cried, reaching up for the child. "Put your hands on my shoulders; jump—now!" and the woman stood beside him on the stage.

"Don't be frightened; you're in no danger now," he said.

"My husband; where can I find him?" she gasped. At that moment the fire broke out furiously at the top of the building. Little tongues of flame ran here and there and a sheet enveloped the large crystal chandelier, sparkling over its iridescent prisms and turning them to golden brilliance.

It was a wonderful sight, and they, fascinated well-nigh to inaction, stood entranced, when suddenly Mr. Delling cried:

"It is going to fall! Come quickly!" pulling his companions off the stage and behind the scenes as the whole glittering mass fell into the parquet, shivering into countless crystal atoms as it fell.

Delling caught up the little girl and led his companion through the dark passages until they reached the alley where the stage entrance was. He turned to speak, when a man rushed up to him. "Can I get through this way?" he cried. "I must find my wife! Oh, thank God, she is with you!"

Delling recognized Mr. Erskine, the newspaper man.

"I left her only a moment before the fire began," he said. "How can I ever thank you, Mr. Delling!"

"Don't mention it," said Delling, imperturbably. "What are you going to do now, Mr. Erskine?"

"We live too far in the suburbs to catch a train," he replied. "I must leave some copy at the newspaper office, and then take my wife and the little one to a hotel. You must come out to Maplewood and see us, Mr. Delling."

"Thank you," said Delling in his solemn way, though his eyes twinkled suspiciously, "I seldom make visits. Instead, let me take you all home with me. Miss Delling will be glad to know you, and your wife is so tired she will want a home to rest in."

"You are very good, but—" Erskine demurred, surprised at the unexpected invitation from the recluse.

"I will not take a refusal," said Delling. "It is only a little way. You can leave your copy at the office as we go past." He called a cab and helped Mrs. Erskine into it.

They were a strange spectacle, Delling in his Shylock costume, Erskine hatless and all four begrimed with smoke. The actor's footsteps quickened as he ran up the steps of the flat to unlock the door, and his face seemed to change strangely.

"Is that you, Eric? Home so early!" said a sweet voice from within.

"Yes; and I've brought you some friends," he said; "but you mustn't be startled at our appearance, sweetheart."

"I'm never startled at anything you do," said the voice, with a pretty ripple of laughter through it, and the smoke-begrimed party was ushered into the daintiest of sitting-rooms. Books lined the walls; there was an open piano in one corner, easy chairs and every evidence of taste and comfort,

with none of the ghastly modern "parlor" air.

"This is my little sister," said Mr. Delling simply. "Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, Miss Erskine and I have all been in a fire together and come out good friends! I must get some other clothes on, and give you some, too, Erskine. Excuse me a minute," and he hurried away.

It was a lovely face which smiled in greeting to them. Constance Delling was seated in a huge arm-chair, and clad in a soft, light dressing-gown, with billows of foamy lace, she looked more like a seraph than a woman. Her complexion was transparent, her blue eyes deep and dark, her expression of sweetness and purity exquisitely lovely.

She did not rise to meet them, but held out a fragile hand.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said sweetly. "I couldn't get up for a cousin to the Czar,—not since the accident that hurt my back. But I'm just as pleased to have you here as if I could salaam and say 'Oh! Queen, live forever!' in Eastern fashion. Won't you go and make yourselves comfortable? My maid will show you your room," and a pleasant-faced, elderly woman took them in charge.

Then there was a cosy supper over the chafiing-dish, Constance's chair moved close to the table. Such a merry evening, with stories and jokes, until at last Eric Delling turned to Mr. Erskine and said laughingly: "Well, Erskine, do you know 'the truth about Delling' at last?" Mr. Erskine colored warmly.

"Oh! don't look uncomfortable!" continued the actor. "I heard Allen's account of myself that day, and you defended me nobly. I'm glad to have a chance to let you see I'm not a whited sepulchre!"

Constance Delling's eyes grew bright. "He is always misunderstood," she cried, "and it's all my fault! Yes, Eric, I will speak. Some one shall know how noble you are. I was an actress, and Eric did not like to have me on the stage. He begged me not to stay, and said he would make a home for me anywhere I liked, would let me travel or do anything; but he felt the life I led was no life for a woman. I was vain and spoiled and self-willed. I thought myself a second Rachel, and I persisted in my course. One day some scenery fell and struck me, and I have never been able to walk since. For months I was very ill. Eric gave up everything to nurse me, carried me about, had every great surgeon in the land working over me. It was no use. The injury to the spine need not shorten my life, my general health need not be impaired; but I would never walk again. That was the universal verdict. I was spoiled and selfish, and made poor Eric's life a burden to him. My father and mother were long since dead, and Eric was all I had. I would scarcely let him out of my sight, and he bore with all my ill-temper and impatience, and seemed to have no thought but to make me happy.

At last the thought came to me that even if my life was spoiled I need not spoil his and make everyone miserable. I made him go back to his profession, for I knew he loved it, and ever since I have lived here, quite happy. He will never ask any of his friends to visit him because he thinks they would remind me of the days gone by, and it would make me unhappy. In everything his only thought seems to be for my comfort, and——" she stopped suddenly, her voice choked with tears, and buried her face in her hands.

Eric stroked the bowed head tenderly a moment, his face strangely moved. There was silence for an instant; then he said with an embarrassed laugh:

"My dear Constance, it's not customary to make an oration over a man while he's still alive! Tell them what

a perfect little sister you are to me!"

Then Erskine's little girl, sitting sedately in Constance's lap, suddenly put up a tiny hand to pat Delling's cheek, saying in pretty baby fashion: "I likes you velly much!"

"Madamoiselle," said Delling, catching her up in his arms, his face bright with an irresistible drollery, "your feelings are abundantly reciprocated!" and then he tossed her up to the ceiling until she shouted with laughter.

Hugh Erskine looked at his newfound friend's happy face, its expression so different from the sepulchral gloom it was wont to wear.

He put a friendly arm on Delling's shoulder and gave him a little shake. "You hypocrite!" was all he said, and Eric Delling laughed happily.

A SUGGESTION.

By "A Catholic."

The August number of Donahoe's Magazine brings an encouraging invitation from the Editor to Catholics who seek the realization of a working idea. He offers us a hearing and space in these columns. To me the Editor's message is more than a suggestion to avail myself of the franchise; it is the practical working, in a necessarily restricted sphere of action, of an ideal to which I devoted some thought and labor years ago when I was engaged in the struggle for freedom to which the aggressive policy of sectarian governments pressed the Catholics of the community to which I belong.

We experienced then what Catholics the world over have experienced in our times: a deplorable lack of coaction among our militant forces. This want of unison is, unfortunately, abetted by a very common misconception of Christian virtue, and by a widely spread misinterpretation of Christian doctrine. I refer of course to the action of Catholics as related to our social existence. Whenever the condition of social affairs becomes intolerable or obnoxious to Catholics a majority of us are very naturally moved to action, and straightway we are confronted with those among us (and they are numerous) who clamor for inaction. "Christ suffered patiently—so should we." Precisely so; but our Divine Master did not suffer apathetically,—and neither should we. And that is why a Pontifical squadron was with Don Juan at Lepanto, and why we consider that a holy war which ended in the conquest of Granada—or, to take a more recent example, it is the reason why a handful of our German co-religionaries brought the Iron Chancellor to Canossa.

But it is not my purpose to discuss this feature of our life; I refer to it because it goes hand in hand with a precept of policy that is judicious and important, but which is likewise the motive of not a few obstacles in the way of our temporal interests. The precept is that we should do nothing to bring upon us as Catholics the odium of any other class of our fellow countrymen. This is a very delicate question, of course, and should ever receive due consideration, but it need never be translated into inaction.

Now, as against theories of prudence and other arguments, there remain the facts that as Catholics we are hated by every sect in Christendom; that all these sects do attack us, and

that many of them have no other object than to combat our just aspirations. We are not included in any of that Protestant and Infidel cant of "Universal Tolerance," "Rights of Man" and similar predications. A member of the Anglican Church is as intolerant of us as may be a disciple of Mohammed or of Zoroaster, and the same may be said in connection with other Protestants; whilst the secret societies, the "Knights" of this and the "Knights" of that are manifestly, and in some countries, avowedly anti-Catholic—purely and simply anti-Catholic. I include neither associations for the mutual support of laborers, artisans or other professionals, nor their kindred societies.

Facts, therefore, call upon us to defend ourselves. How we shall do it is a question to be determined according to circumstances in each case; but there are certain lines of attack that are ever open to the enemy's operations and along which we should maintain strong forces for our defence. This we have done in all ages. There is one point, however, at which every society is vulnerable and which is guarded more effectively in any corporation than in our Catholic Church. I refer to the nullification of individuals; and it is concerning our duty in this connection that I would offer a suggestion:

By the nullification of individuals I mean the nullification of their power to do good in the line of vocation. The general power to do good can, of course, never be totally destroyed in any individual; but the power of doing greater good can be exercised only in the pursuit of a specialty—that is, in the line of vocation, and that power may be not only impaired, but absolutely annihilated.

Now, in preparing for a vocation, or in following it, one is beset from beginning to end with difficulties that it is impossible to overcome without the assistance of one's fellow beings. We live in social dependence upon the world, and can minister individually to our own needs, physical and moral, with no better success than might attend upon the efforts of a drone to perform single-handed the life functions of a hive. People forget that when they point to the lives of successful men and counsel the young to "go and do likewise." That

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We may make our own sublime."

is an error. What the lives of great men do remind us of is, what every life, whether successful or abortive, teaches us—that the turning points in the life of each human being are marked by the acts of persons who were perfectly free to have acted otherwise. And readers of Donahoe's may fancy what the results are when the turning points in Catholic lives are determined by acts of Free Masons, of "Knights" of of such a combination as the A. P. A.

There is no need to enumerate here the thousand and one means that the apathy of our fellow-beings . . . the activity of our enemies . . . injustice . . . the oppression of circumstance . . . have to nullify the energies of even the strongest character or to deviate them into channels of indifferent, if not of pernicious, development; examples are too plentiful not to be within the range of everyone's observation—nor do we need a profound insight into human affairs to appreciate the fact that each example of these is a disaster to the Church.

I refer to this condition of things in its connection with the social relations of the Catholic body, and of its effect in regard to the position of our enemies, not because it is due to the latter alone or because the former is the only standpoint from which to view it, but rather because it affects our militant condition more directly, and because, viewed from the standpoint of charity, it is commended of itself to our consideration.

In effect, injury to an individual, besides being what the above considerations imply, is a source of suffering to the victim, and therefore appeals to our sympathy; but it appeals effectively only to the sympathy of a small proportion of personal friends. Anyone will feed a starving man or will clothe a person who may be freezing, and will provide means for the sick to be visited. All of that we do readily—or, if it be not within our power to minister personally to such wants, we know where to seek relief for the sufferer, for Catholicity vies with governments in the extent of its charitable institutions, and we may seek relief from either in emergencies; but when we find someone who does not stand in need of food exactly, or of clothing, but who suffers for the sake of justice, who is vieing with the overwhelming odds that the world can bring to bear on the average man's career, to whom do we apply for assistance? The Free Mason, the "Knight" . . . the anarchist applies to his lodge, but the Catholic seeks the few friends with whom his good fortune may have provided him, and what they cannot do for him remains undone! This should not be—and if our moral proletariate has found no Vincent of Paul, it is surely not because its members are less in need of one, or because its tragedies are less stirring! Why is there not some society, some organization (no matter what form it be given) for the benefit of Catholics who struggle with life's handicap for the glory of God and the triumph of His Church? I have heard the question discussed, and have yet to learn an argument for or against such organization that does not apply to charity in general or to some of the various forms of association through which collective charity is practiced in the Catholic Church. On the other hand there are in favor of such organization considerations that are not suggested by other objects of co-action in charity. To go no further: it is more comprehensive. When you bring a Catholic safely through some crisis by placing him in way of the beneficent achievements of a successful career, or by saving him from nullification in the course of such achievements, you do good not only to your beneficiary, but also to an untold number of persons whom he, by your assistance, is empowered to serve, whilst you forward, in a marked degree, the spiritual, moral, social and material interests of the Church.

The matter is worthy of attention, and much would be gained if Catholics who are interested in these questions would respond to the Editor's call by giving us their views in the premises—which, for the rest, is the proposition I had to make.

FALSEHOOD AND TRUTH.

Falsehood is the carbon black, in realms of night
With noisome creatures hid in caverns dark and foul.
Truth the diamond pure that shines in God's own light
And multiplies His radiance everywhere.

Anne Stuart Bailey.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A deserved tribute to the great Catholic protagonist in the field of literary criticism is Dr. John Talbot Smith's "Brother Azarias; or, The Life Story of an American Monk." The influence of the new power which Azarias infused into American literature was just beginning to be felt and appreciated, when in the full maturity of his powers he was stricken down, to the regret of all lovers of honest and comprehensive literary criticism. He was an originator in his special field of work. That great period of intellectual activity, which is the chief glory of the Middle Ages, was little understood by those who were unacquainted with the development of Catholic thought, or if understood at all, was referred to with indifference or contempt, when Azarias, with his varied store of learning, entered the lists, and became, as his biographer justly observes, the interpreter of Catholic thought. The intellectual labors of those giant intellects of the Middle Ages appear in a new and grander light after a perusal of Azaria's captivating essays. The possessor of a clear, chaste and graceful English style, he gave to the world, in a series of admirable essays, the results of his profound researches in the domain of literature and philosophy, and reversed the judgment which flippant and unprincipled critics had passed upon this period of the world's intellectual development. Before the appearance of Azarias' essays, it was proper to refer to the Middle Ages as the Dark Ages, for the anti-Catholic bias of former literary critics had been regarded as in strict accordance with truth; but Azarias, with a literary excellence equal, in all respects, with that of hostile critics, and with a learning more profound and varied, reached a class of readers, whose attention others could not hope to secure, and succeeded, in a great measure, in eradicating the anti-Catholic prejudice of the literary world. This result of Azarias' labors receives confirmation from no less an authority than Dr. Andrew White, who, after Azarias' death, declared that had he known the author of these essays, he would have invited him to deliver lectures before the students of Cornell University. This modern monk, as the author calls him, this apostle of just and discerning criticism, adopted a tone and temper that were admirably suited for his purpose. He was never recriminatory; he relied wholly upon an exposition of the facts of the case, to which he brought to bear all the resources of a comprehensive learning, exhibiting a deep research rarely found within the pages of a modern author, and all expressed with a charming grace of style which persuades the most stubborn by the sweet conviction which its evident truthfulness inspires. His "Philosophy of Literature," "Aristotle and the Christian Church," are perfect mines of learning and research, and we are amazed, that, within the short space of life allotted to him, he could accomplish so much. His delicate sense of perception, his exquisite taste and unerring judgment, strike us forcibly in his "Phases of Thought and Criticism," and we venture to say that there is no sweeter or stronger book of criticism in all American literature. In his "Miscellaneous Essays" on educational, ethical and historical topics we catch glimpses of the splendid grasp of his mind on true principles and his rare power of classifying and co-ordinating the results of his profound investigations in every department of human knowledge. Dr. Smith has performed his task in a spirit of rare good judgment and gives us a loving but just tribute to this prince of American critics. He places before us this singularly rich life under all the influences which moulded it, from its early environments in Ireland and Central New York, to its latest surroundings, when as the friend of bishops and literary men Azarias was a popular idol and eagerly sought for by learned societies and colleges, who were anxious to hear the precious words of learning which fell from his lips. All this time, however, Azarias was a simple Christian Brother, and the picture which the author gives us of his private life is touching and tender. On the whole, we should say that this life of Brother Azarias is a splendid piece of biographical work, which, we trust, will be widely read and circulated.

New York: William H. Young & Co.; Price, $1.50.

Rarely have we seen a book which contained so much useful and interesting information as "Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland," by T. O. Russell. Every one of its four hundred pages is brimful of interest, while Irish history and Irish arch-

aeology contribute their riches to such an extent that the result is that we have, probably, the best guide-book for tourists to Ireland, that has yet been published. The author in his preface states that one purpose which he had in view in writing this book was to demonstrate "that Irish history is as generally interesting as Irish scenery is generally beautiful," and we doubt not that all readers of his interesting descriptions of historic Irish places will agree that he has fairly succeeded in establishing this desired result. Certainly, we believe that the visitor to picturesque Killarney or historic Tara will appreciate more readily their picturesque and historic position after he has read what the author has to say concerning them. Almost every historic spot in Ireland has been made the subject of a chapter in this deeply interesting book, which has not a dull page from beginning to end. Clonmacnois, Glendaloch, Mellifont and Monasterboice, Trim Castle, Cong Abbey, Holycross Abbey, Kells in Meath, the Wild West Coast, Dublin, Cork, Belfast and Galway, with their environs,—all pass in review before us, beautifully described, and rich in the sacred and historic traditions which surround them. Beautiful illustrations enhance the value of the descriptions.

London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Tribner & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder; Price $2.00.

The probability that John Nepomucene Neumann, C. S. S. R., bishop of Philadelphia from 1852 to 1860, will, one day, be honored with the glory of canonization, makes any biography of his noble career peculiarly interesting to American Catholics. A short life, adapted from the larger biography by Fr. Berger, C. SS. R., and giving the main facts of his singularly edifying life, has been written by V. Rev. J. Maguier, C. SS. R. The author in simple, touching language tells the story of his saintly youth in his native Bohemia, his discouragements and trials in compassing his desire to serve the American mission, his apostolic labors in western New York, his extraordinary work in the Redemptorist order and, finally, in the Episcopal office. The simple recital of the holy bishop's deeds may be read with profit and edification by all.

St. Louis: B. Herder; Price 40 cents.

Fr. Finn, S. J., comes before us this time as a dramatic author. He has thrown into dramatic form a little incident connected with the birth of the Saviour at Bethlehem in a way that will certainly please and interest the young. Its title is "Echoes from Bethlehem."

St. Louis: B. Herder. Price 25 cents.

The notable speech of Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., delivered in the House of Commons on 29th March, 1897, on "The Over-Taxation of Ireland," has been issued in pamphlet form under the auspices of the Irish National Federation of America of 47 West Forty-Second St., New York. This singularly able address, with financial tables subjoined illustrating the main points of the argument, may be had on application to the aforesaid Federation.

Price 5 cents.

The League of the Cross in an organization of boys established in San Francisco in 1890, by Rt. Rev. George Montgomery, then Chancellor of the Archdiocese, for the promotion of temperance and total abstinence among boys after their reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation. An interesting "Handbook and Calendar" giving the constitution, rules and regulations of the society has just been issued from the press of the Brien & Broad Co., San Francisco. Price 5 cents.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Few Reflections.

Do women realize how mean and small and cheap gossip is? The other day as I rode in town two women seated behind me indulged in the pastime of discussing an absent friend, and the tenor of their remarks suggested my question, not that there was anything really malicious in their conversation, nothing that could seriously injure a reputation, but certainly there was nothing edifying. The absent one's failings, her frivolities of dress and manner, all the trifles that a large nature would overlook in estimating a character, were dragged before the public view, forced upon the attention of a street car audience.

I am positive that if those gossips could have been made conscious of how inane and senseless and mean their comments were they would have renounced forever the habit of idle chatter, or if they must be guilty of it, would seek a less public occasion. Gossip indicates a starved mentality and the wonder is that women who would strive to hide any other kind of poverty will openly proclaim the saddest of all impoverishment, a mind deprived of intellectual nourishment.

I want to enter my protest against the individual who is always picking flaws. It's such an easy thing to do, and doesn't call for heart or brain or anything else that enters into the make-up of decent humanity. All the qualification needed is a disposition to growl, the eye and the tongue lend ready service, and the fault-finder revels in self-created opportunities of depreciating the work and worth of others, thereby causing discouragement and often serious loss.

A genuine snarler is rarely found among busy people, only loafers and lotus-eaters (the latter class being too indolent to be troublesome) have time to search minutely for defects, and the people who are guilty of a slip in speech, a mannerism, a betrayal of weakness or ignorance, would rush along happily unconscious were it not for the horde of idlers priding themselves on their skill in picking flaws.

No sensible person objects to honest criticism from those who have the right to criticize, but even such criticism is valueless unless the critic can also indicate a means of remedying the fault.

Of course everybody is home again. And doesn't it feel good to be there? The children are back at school, the coal is in, the cat happily reinstated in the family circle ,the covers off the furniture, the heavy draperies in place, and preparations for the Winter are well under way.

Reminders of the holidays bestrew our rooms, shells and grasses from the shore, Autumnal trophies from the woods, and souvenirs of historic spots.

There are other reminders not so pleasant; one's dilapidated Summer wardrobe, depleted purse, and the necessity of economy for months to come. But who cares for such trifles?

Altogether a vacation is a great institution, and not the least of its pleasure is one's increased appreciation of home.

Helps in Cookery.

The history of cookery in this country will be presented in an interesting manner at the Household Institute held in connection with the Boston Food Fair. Colonial methods will be illustrated by an old Plymouth kitchen with its fireplace and kettle swinging on the crane the pewter dishes and clumsy utensils with which cooks of other days established a culinary reputation not yet excelled.

Gas ranges, light enamel dishes and the latest household inventions will show how work is made easier for housekeepers of to-day, while the future will be forecast by the use of electricity as fuel and aluminum for utensils. It is just as reasonable to predict electric cooking, even in the farmhouse, as it would have been not long ago to expect the electric car to displace the family horse as a means of conveyance to the village.

The Boston teachers and lecturers on cookery are unexcelled in this country for thoroughness of knowledge and cleverness in imparting it. Therefore the demonstrations and cooking at the Household Institute will be done by Boston teachers, and there is no fear that home talent will go unappreciated.

Mrs. Lincoln, author of the "Boston Cook Book," and first principal of the Boston Cooking School, after five months abroad will return to give new lectures based on her study of domestic and culinary matters abroad. Mrs. Lincoln writes: "After four months' trial of Continential cookery, I am convinced of the excellence of our American methods, much of which we owe to our foremothers." In addition to presenting ideas gained abroad, Mrs. Lincoln will revive some of the old-time cookery and such as should be retained.

A Busy Woman.

A woman in Worcester is founder, owner and manager of a most successful manufacturing plant. She manufactures fine overgaiters and leggings, lamb's wool soles and machine buttonholes in shoes and clothing, and has a trade in these several productions extending as far west as Minnesota and south to Alabama and Florida. She employs her own salesmen, who cover every important trade center in the country. Bicycle, riding and hunting leggings and overgaiters for men and women are made in especially large quantities. She has a large machinery equipment and some 20 employes.

Daytime Rest.

All women who can spare two hours in the afternoon to themselves should cast off all household and social cares for this period and enjoy a complete relaxation in a bath and rest an hour previous to dressing. It is not absolutely necessary that an hour should be spent in sleep, but it should be spent in a recumbent position. Working women should make some sacrifice to obtain a regular rest at midday, if only for a few minutes. While they may not be able to spend as much time as women of leisure, it is comparatively easy to contract the habit of ten minutes' nap directly after dinner, and this short daytime rest will be of more value than an hour's sleep at night. After the habit of the daytime nap is once established, the moment the bath is over and the tired woman dons her night attire, she will easily fall asleep, and such is the control of the mind over the body that if she looks at a watch or clock and firmly determines to awake at a certain hour, she is quite sure to find herself wide awake at that time.

Concerning Manuscripts.

Here is a list of places to send manuscript which the writer has always found reliable. For stories or articles (Catholic):

Donahoe's, 611 Washington street, Boston.

The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Rosary, New York city, N. Y.

The Messenger, 27 West Sixteenth street, New York city.

The Catholic World, Box 2, Station G, New York city, N. Y.

For stories, verses and sketches (non-Catholic):

Munsey's, New York city, N. Y.

Godey's, 52 Lafayette place. New York city.

"Short Stories," Current Literature Publishing Co., New York city.

McClure's, 743 Broadway, N. Y.

"The Sun," N. Y. Sun, New York city.

"Independent," 130 Fulton street, N. Y. city.

"Harper's Bazar," Franklin square, New York city.

For jokes, very short sketches and verses:

"Truth," 203 Broadway, New York city.

"Life," 28 West Twenty-third street, New York city.

"Vogue," 220 Fourth avenue, New York city.

"Pictorial Weeklies," N. Y. city, N. Y.

For juvenile stories and verse:

Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

St. Nicholas, 33 East Seventeenth street, New York city.

Harper's Young People, Franklin square, New York city.

The Argosy, Munsey Company, New York city.

The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Catholics in America.

In response to the doubt expressed in several denominational papers as to the accuracy of the statement that Catholics are largely identified with the earlier history of this country, this list of the members of the church who have been a benefit to America is presented. It is far from complete, yet it makes an imposing array of Catholic Americans:

Christopher Columbus, a Catholic, is the marvelous link in the chain of time which connects the history of the Old World with the New.

John de la Cosa, a Catholic, was a famous companion of Columbus. He acted as his pilot.

Americus Vespucci, from whom America accidentally received her name, was a Catholic.

The discoverer of the Pacific Ocean was a Catholic, the renowned Vasco de Balboa.

The discoverer of Florida, John Ponce de Leon, was a member of the same church.

The admiral of the fleet that first sailed around the world and the discoverer of the straits which bear his name was a Catholic, Ferdinand Magellan.

The discoverer of the Atlantic States of the Republic was John de Verrazani, a Catholic. He coasted along the shore from a point not far from Wilmington, in North Carolina, as far north as Newfoundland.

The discoverer of California and conqueror of Mexico was a Catholic, Cortez.

De Soto, a Catholic, conquered Florida and discovered the Lower Mississippi.

The discoverer of Lower Canada and the river St. Lawrence was James Cartier, a Catholic.

The discoverers of the mainland of North America were the Catholics John and Sebastian Cabot.

The founder of the oldest city in the United States — St. Augustine, Fla. — was Peter Melendez, a Catholic.

The Catholic, Sir George Calvert (Lord Baltimore) was the founder of Maryland.

The discoverer of Lake Huron was the Catholic monk, Joseph LaCaron, O. S. F.

The founder of Quebec and discoverer of Lakes Champlain and Ontario was the Catholic, Samuel de Champlain.

The missionary of the Iroquois was the Jesuit Isaac Jogues, and they are Catholics.

The first missionary of the Hurons was John de Breboeuf, Jesuit.

The first Governor and Chief Justice of Maryland was Leonard Calvert, a Catholic.

The first missionary in Maryland was Andrew White, Jesuit.

The discoverer of the Upper Mississippi and the apostle of the valley of that river was the Jesuit, James Marquette.

The Ohio river was first discovered by De la Salle, a Catholic.

The first Catholic Governor of New York was Thomas Cogan, an Irishman. His commission bears date of September 30, 1682.

The founder of San Francisco was the Catholic missionary Junipero Serra, a Franciscan.

The founder of the American Navy was John Barry, a Catholic.

The commander of the cavalry in the Revolutionary War was Stephen Moylan, a Catholic.

The first newspaper in America that gave accurate reports of the legislative debates was established by Matthew Carey, a Catholic.

Thomas Fitzsimmons, Pennsylvania's signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a Catholic.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, whose signature on the same document bespeaks sterling courage and unselfish patriotism, was a Catholic.

General James Shields, who obtained the first charter for the city of Chicago, was a Catholic.

General Sheridan died a Catholic, and his eulogy was delivered by Cardinal Gibbons.

The Catholic founders of America were the first to establish religious liberty. So uniformly were the Catholics on the side of the Republic in the struggle with England, so Catholic were its allies, that the great arch-traitor of the Revolution, Benedict Arnold, made it a pretext for his course in going over to the English. His zeal for Protestantism would not permit him any longer to remain in a service where he was constantly brought into contact with Roman Catholics. We certainly must feel the highest respect for the zeal and piety of Benedict Arnold.—The Catholic Columbian.

Home Hints.

Preparing Potatoes.

Stuffed Potatoes — Take ten medium-sized potatoes, wash thoroughly and bake in a hot oven until thoroughly soft in the inside. Cut the potatoes in two, the long way, take out the inside, mash through a colander, and mix with piece of butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste and enough milk to make into a thick paste; add a few bread-crumbs. Put this back into the potato skins, place in a flat pan and brown in the oven. Serve hot with a sprig of parsley in each piece. If desired, grated cheese can be sprinkled over the potatoes before they are put in to brown.

Potato Salad—Boil eight potatoes, in the skins, until a fork goes into them easily; peel and set away to cool. When thoroughly cold cut into small dice and salt them. Make a French dressing as follows: Four tablespoonfuls olive oil, one teaspoonful celery seed, one saltspoonful of pepper, also of unmixed French mustard, half a teaspoonful salt. Mix all these together and stir in vinegar to taste, that is until the dressing is sour enough. Line a bowl with lettuce leaves and put the minced potato upon them. Throw the dressing over it just before bringing to the table and garnish with sliced, hard boiled eggs. Capers may be added to the salad, or cold green peas, and either will improve the flavor.

Potato Puffs — Boil six potatoes, mash through a colander, and beat with a spoon for ten minutes; salt and pepper to taste; add piece of butter the size of an egg and a cup of milk; beat this in thoroughly, and drop from the end of a spoon into hot lard, frying until deep brown.

Potato Pudding—Prepare the potatoes as in the above, but add two eggs beaten stiff, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; place in a pudding pan and sprinkle bread-crumbs on top; brown in a hot oven.

Scalloped Potatoes — Boil potatoes (six medium-sized ones), peel them and cool; then cut into thin slices. Butter the bottom of a small baking pan and put in a layer of the potatoes, salt and pepper and

several sprigs of parsley; then add a layer of powdered bread or cracker, and small pieces of butter. Repeat the layers of potato and bread-crumbs et cetera until the pan is full, sprinkling bread-crumbs on top Pour in the centre one cup of sweet milk and brown in a hot oven. Cheese can be added with each layer of bread-crumbs, but in this case the parsley should be omitted.

M. F. N.

(The above recipes are intended to serve eight people).

Preserve Making.

There are a few general truths which will apply to all preserve making, and that should be followed if one if looking for successful results. In the first place, when a thing is to be done it should always be done the right way. It is no more difficult to do a thing right than wrong, and when it is done it will always be the better. So when you have a rule given you, follow it exactly, even if it seems a little "fussy." It is the "fussiness" sometimes that makes the success. Then take plenty of time. It will not do to hurry things through, and you must not lose your patience or your temper. Just so surely as you do, just so surely will the result be disastrous. No doubt those of you who are at all experienced have learned that successful cooking requires a dispassionate judgment, a calm mind and a systematic habit. One can't do cooking "by impulse," although a great deal may be done by inspiration. Use none but good procelain kettles to cook the preserve in, and only the best grade of sugar. Never allow the boiling to cease after you have begun cooking the preserve, and keep accurately to measurements, weights and time. In this way you may insure good results.

Care of Spectacles.

"Spectacles and eyeglasses are as much benefited by a bath now and then as people are," remarked a well-known optician. "It is strange how many people there are who think that their glasses only need an occasional wiping. Now, the fact is, glasses require actual baths as frequently as does the ordinary person. The process is as simple as you want to make it. My plan, however, is to take the glasses to a bowl and give them a good soaking in warm water. Then apply soap freely and rub it off by the use of a soft tooth or nail brush. After that give them a polish with any of the usual tooth powders, and then clean them with tissue paper, which is much better for the purpose than chamois skin or anything else that I know of.

"The ordinary cleansing is all right as far as it goes, but it is not sufficient. Many a person has done great injury to his eyes by neglecting to properly clean his glasses. I have had a number of patients come to me with complaints about what they called gradual diminution of their sight. An examination revealed the fact that it was wonderful that they could see at all, for their glasses were gummed over and had been fearfully neglected. A little soap and water, to which a few drops of ammonia were added, did the business. Some time ago a friend of mine, a surgeon, who made a specialty of the ear, told me that there were more ear troubles in consequence of dirt in the ear than from all other causes combined."

A number of employers who prefer female labor to male give the reasons for their preference. Most of them assign the greater adaptability of women for the work which they are employed to do. To this most important qualification are added the statements that they are more reliable, more easily controlled, more temperate, more readily procured, neater, more rapid, more industrious, more careful, more polite, less liable to strike. A great many employers frankly admit that they prefer women because they are cheaper. This is the least creditable and satisfactory reason of all that are assigned to explain the preference for female labor; but, as said in the foregoing, a sense of fairness and equity will in time lead employers to pay their employes of both sexes according to value received. Women are now a potent factor in literature, in the arts and in the industries. The author, female painter, musician and dramatist can command as great a reward for her genius and accomplishments as her male colleagues. As no discrimination operates against her in these higher fields of labor, so also there should be none against those conscientious workers who can earn their daily bread in workshop and factory.

But great as the achievements of women have been in every department of human endeavor, she shines most resplendently in that sphere which she was created to adorn —the home—and her influence is most powerfully exerted for good as wife and mother. That should be the crowning event in every woman's life if she meets a man who is worthy of her love and confidence. Then she will make the home in the best sense of the word, and the man of her choice will be glad of the opportunity to provide for her wants.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Gold Medal.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A——. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day — "I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boy laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not along since, some boys went flying a kite in the street just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless, with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy; 'I will drive the cow.'

"But the kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these we should get along nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial were discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Now, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—The Children's Own.

A Game of Hide and Seek.

Just three little girls and a yellow dog, with such an active tail and two bright eyes! They stood under a tree. Suddenly two of the little girls started away from the tree; and the dog went with them, his tail going much faster than his feet. "Go back! go back!" exclaimed the two little girls, stamping their feet energetically. Poor little yellow dog! His dear little tail lost all life, and hung down disconsolately. He went back where his third friend stood under the tree, and looked beseechingly at her. She stooped and patted him until his little tail was all alive again. Then the little girl began counting, saying aloud, "Five, ten, fifteen," up to "ninety-five," when she said, "I'm coming!" in a loud,

clear, distinct voice. Away started the little dog to a gate down the street, when he poked his little, sharp nose through the bars, gave two or three sharp barks, and wagged his tail until it was a yellow streak. Just as clearly as if he spoke, he said, "I spy! I spy!" There they were, down in the bushes the other side of the gate. "Not fair!· Tip found us!" cried the two little girls. The game started anew; but this time one of the hiders carried Tip in her arms. When they were found this time, Tip came around the corner, barking and running so fast that his hind feet seemed to get tangled up with his fore feet, and he tumbled over. His tail never stopped wagging when the goal was reached. Tip got there first. A big brother held Tip back, while all three little girls hid the third time. When the cry came, "Ready!" Tip was let go; and his glad bark from way down the street said: "I've found them! I've found them!" All came running back, Tip in first at the goal. It was hardly fair, but Tip became "it" each time. You see, Tip could find; but he could not hide, and the game had to be one-sided if Tip played at all.—Outlook.

Some English Names.

Cowper is pronounced Cooper.
Talbot is pronounced Tolbut.
Thames is pronounced Tems.
Bulwer is pronounced Buller.
Holburn is pronounced Holbun.
Wemyss is pronounced Weems.
Knolloys is pronounced Nowles.
Cockburn is pronounced Coburn.
Brougham is pronounced Broom.
Norwich is pronounced Norridge.
St. Ledger is pronounced Sillinger.
Hawarden is pronounced Hardin.
Colquhoun is pronounced Cohoon.
Cirencester is pronounced Sissister.
Grosvenor is pronounced Grovenor.
Salisbury is pronounced Sawlsbury.
Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.
Cholmondely is pronounced Chumly.
Marlebone is pronounced Marrabun.
Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny.
Majoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.
Bolingbroke is pronounced Bullingbrook.

The Talking Doll.

One day Myra was taken to a child's party, at the house of one of her mother's friends. It was a very fine affair; there was a lunch, and there were two ladies who sang and recited for the children; and there was a sort of magic-lantern show; but what pleased Myra mosr was an exhibition of talking dolls.

Phonograph dolls were new at the time, and a manufacturer who had a number of pretty ones had been willing to sell twenty of them to the party in charge of one of the clerks, who set them in a row and made each speak its little piece. One said "Little Miss Muffit," another "Pussy Cat Mewer," a third told of Jack Horner and his Christmas pie, and so on through several pages of Old Mother Goose's Melodies. All the children were pleased, but Myra was overwhelmed with delight.

"Oh, how wonderful," she said. "I always knew that dolls had more sense than anyone thought, and now they have taught them to speak pieces. I am sure, after that, they can be taught anything."

It was very hard to get Myra to go quietly to bed that night, and before breakfast time she was awake and had taken her doll Molly Bawn back with her, and was sitting up talking to her.

"Now, Molly, my child," she was saying, "what one doll has done another may do, and this very day I shall begin to teach you to read."

Mamma, who heard her, was very careful not to laugh, but when Myra told her what she intended to do, she explained to her that there was a little phonograph inside of the talking dolls, and that they could only say what had been talked into that, and never another word as long as they lasted.

Myra listened, but when her mother had finished talking, she said:

"But, mamma, it would not be wrong to just try if I could educate Molly Bawn a little."

All that morning Myra sat on a little stool with Molly Bawn on her knee, trying to make her say her letters, but the doll did not utter a sound, and at lunch time Myra put her away in her doll's house.

"I did not think you would be so naughty, Mollie Bawn," she said, "but remember I shall begin again to-morrow. If other dolls are going to be educated, you shall."

However, Molly Bawn was not destined to receive any more attention for some time, for that very evening Uncle Jack brought home with him a great paper box, which, being placed upon the table and opened, proved to contain a phonograph doll in lovely blue frock.

"That is yours, Myra," said Uncle Jack, and Myra kissed him and was so happy; and it was no wonder that she was pleased, for as soon as the doll was wound up it began to say in the funniest little voice this song, which, no doubt, you all know:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

In a few minutes Myra had learned to make her doll talk, and had set it to reciting to every one in the house.

This went on for more than a week, but suddenly Myra, who had been looking very solemnly at her doll, which had been named Minerva, said:

"Now, Minnie, my dear, I am going to wind you up again, and when you speak again I do hope that you will say something besides 'Twinkle, twinkle.' It is very beautiful, but I am tired of it. Besides, you should learn something every day."

Then she wound Minerva and waited for the result. Of course, nothing new happened. Minerva simply repeated "Twinkle, twinkle," again.

"You naughty girl," said Myra, "you have enough sense to say something else. You must know better than to go on like that. Now listen!" and Myra brought from the book shelves, where all her own books were kept, what she called her "A, B, C book," and began repeating the letters just as one does to a small child. Then she wound Minerva up again, and Minerva said "Twinkle, twinkle," as before. At this Myra began to cry.

"Do not be so silly," said her mother. "I am ashamed of you!"

But Uncle Jack, who was in the room, laughed.

"I can tell you how to bring Minerva to her senses," he said. "Shut her up in the closet with the A, B, C book, and leave her there until to-morrow evening, and you will find she knows her letters."

Myra took Minerva up without a word, carried her to the closet, set the book open before her and shut the door, and pretty soon her uncle went out. Then Myra brought Molly Bawn out of her long retirement, dressed her in her best clothes and took her for a walk. That night Uncle Jack came home early and went up stairs at once. Pretty soon he called to Myra, "Bring Minerva here," and Myra went to the toy closet at once and came out with the doll in her hand.

"Hullo, Miss Minerva," said Uncle Jack, "are you going to say your letters properly to-day?"

Then he wound the phonograph and set the doll on her feet, and, astonishing to relate, this time she did not repeat "Twinkle, twinkle," but slowly and sedately began, "ABCD, EFG, HIJK, LMNOP, Q, R, S, T, U, V—WX—Y and Z."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Myra.

"You see what study will do," said Uncle Jack.

Myra was very serious. She looked at Uncle Jack, and she looked at the doll, and all the evening she made it repeat its letters, but when she had gone upstairs to bed she said to her mother:

"Mamma, I know he did it, because he loved me; but Uncle Jack has bought another doll that knows her letters, and has hidden Minerva. I know by the dress. The stuff is the same, but the lace is different."

That was exactly what Uncle Jack had done. So Myra had two talking dolls, but Molly Bawn is still her favorite.

"She does not pretend to know anything," says Myra.

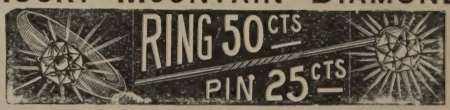
Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Fitting up the house for the Winter is one of the most pleasing occupations of the Autumn months. The choice of a new carpet is in most families an important matter; price, style and durability having to be considered. Wiltons, Axminsters, Savonneries, Brussels, and Tapestries are discussed according to the needs of the purchasers and the length of the family purse. No better value in these lines can be found anywhere than in the new emporium of foreign and domestic manufactures established by Gilbert, Brooks & Tebbutt, 39-41 Summer St., Boston, Mass., where they carry on an extensive wholesale and retail business.

The extent and variety of their stock requires the use of the entire building, four floors and basement, where are displayed many beautiful private patterns, a large line of Foreign and Domestic Rugs, and a fine assortment of Japanese Rugs and Mattings.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIAMOND.



1-karat size, set in a substantial scarf-pin or stick-pin or shirt stud, by mail, postpaid, **25** cents; ring, **50** cents (give size), "The nearest approach to the real Diamond ever sold." That's our opinion; if it's not yours, "your money back." This remarkable offer is made so that we may know you and send our Catalogue of Indian Relics, and other wonderful curios, the products of the Rocky Mountain region. Address,

H. H. TAMMEN CURIO CO. DENVER COLO.

CURED OF PARALYSIS.

Carlos F. Shepard, a member of the Indianapolis Board of Trade.

From the News, Indianaoplis, Ind.

One of the best known men about the Indianapolis Board of Trade is Carlos F. Shepard, who for several years has been connected with the house of H. E. Kinney, grain broker. Mr. Shepard is a bluff, hearty, old gentleman of medium height, grey headed and with a mustache like a French veteran. He is a man of very decided views on all subjects and especially orthordox in politics and medicine. Notwithstanding his firmness in his convictions and the vigor with which he maintains them he is a man of many friends.

So a few months ago when the news came to his old associates on the Board of Trade that Mr. Shepard had received a stroke of paralysis and that the probabilities were that his days of usefulness were over, and that perhaps, his hours were numbered, the deepest sympathy went out to the smitten man and his family. It seemed to all his friends almost impossible that this rugged old man, always so wholesome, hearty and cheerful, always a picture of health could have been so suddenly laid low. But it was true and many weeks passed before his well-known form and kindly face returned to his former business haunts. His re-appearance was made the ocassion of a hearty welcome and the story of his illness and recovery is well worth the telling.

"I was taken sick," said Mr. Shepard, "on the 17th of August, 1895. As I had all along been of the opinion that I was made or iron, you may well believe that it was hard for me to entertain the thought that I was to be laid up for more than a day or two. I am 58 years old, and for 40 years up to the time of this attack, I had not had a day's sickness. The doctors who diagonosed my case saw at once that it something serious. They at first said it was lumbago, then sciatic rheumatism. They finally came to the conlusion they did not know what was the matter with me. I experienced no pain, my head was clear, my appetite good, but I lost the use of myself from my hips down. This was a hard stroke to an active man who has always had an easy going pair of legs. My brother-in-law, who is a physician, came from a neighboring city to see me. He pronounced my affliction to be locomotor ataxia. I am of the opinion that he diagnosed the case correctly for I was absolutely paralyzed from the hips down.

"Before he came however, a day or so before I had begun taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People That was on the 20th day of last October. I read an article in the *Indianapolis News* and saw testimonials describing cases cured that were similar to mine. It struck me that the remedy could not do me any harm and I began to take the pills.

"Before I began taking them I could not stir a peg, but had to be carried from place to place. I had not got far into the first box when I felt that deliverance from my enforced inaction had come. Before I finished the second box I was able to walk alone with the aid of a cane. About home I do not use a cane now but when I come out on the slippery pavements I feel that I need a little support to make my footing sure.

"I am still using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I have reduced the dose to one after each meal. It seems that I have been able to throw some discredit on the predictions of my doctors, thanks to the pills. They said I never could walk again but here I am."

"Since I have been out I have been a walking advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I suppose I have recommended them to at least a hundred persons."

Carlos F. Shepard has been a resident of Indianapolis for over twenty years. He lives at No. 720 Easy Ohio Street. He has always been an active, enterprising man and his many friends will rejoice that he had literally been put upon his feet again. He is not only well-known locally but to grain shippers all over Indiana and Illinois.

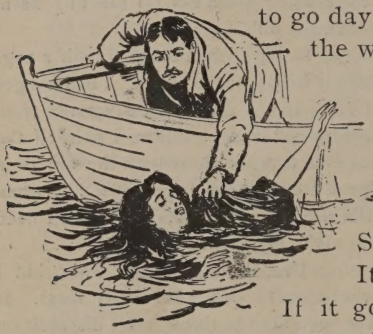
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after affect of la grippe, palpatation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male and female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N .Y.

NEGLECT IS SUICIDE.

Plain Words from Mrs. Pinkham, corroborated by Mrs. Charles Dunmore, that ought to bring Suffering Women to their senses.

If you were drowning and friendly hands shoved a plank to you, and you refused it, you would be committing suicide!

Yet that is precisely what women are doing if they go about their homes almost dead with misery, yet refuse to grasp the kindly hand held out to them! It is suicidal to go day after day with that dull, constant pain in the region of the womb and that bloating heat and tenderness of the abdomen, which make the weight of your clothes an almost intolerable burden to you. It is not natural to suffer so in merely emptying the bladder. Does not that special form of suffering tell you that there is inflammation somewhere?



Shall I tell you what it is?

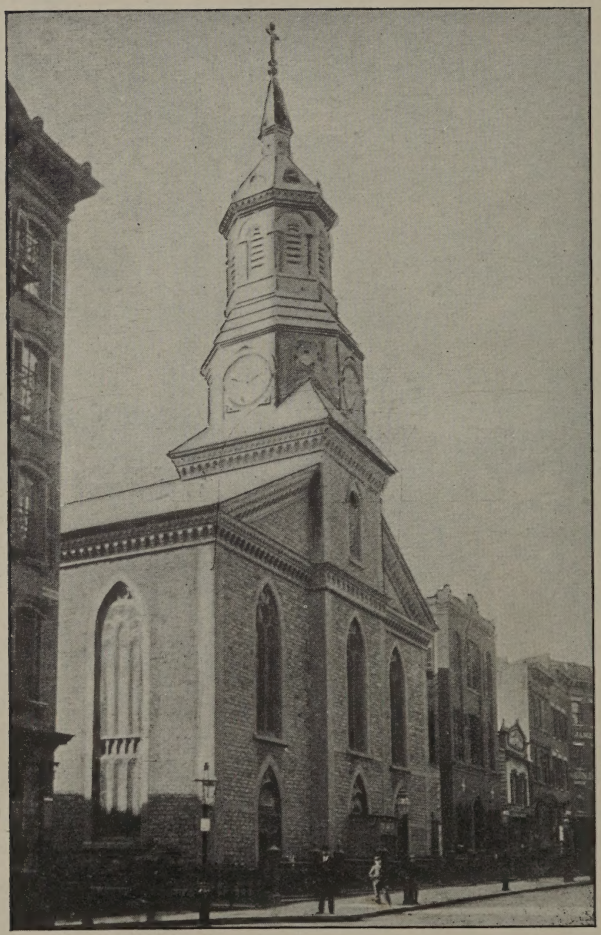
It is inflammation of the womb!

If it goes on, polypus, or tumor, or cancer will set in. Commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of women in this condition have been cured by it. Keep your bowels open with Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and if you want further advice, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., stating freely all your symptoms—she stands ready and willing to give you the very best advice. She has given the helping hand to thousands suffering just like yourself, many of whom lived miles away from a physician. Her marvelous Vegetable Compound has cured many thousands of women. It can be found at any respectable drug store.

MRS. CHARLES DUNMORE, 102 Fremont Street, Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., says: "I was in pain day and night; my doctor did not seem to help me. I could not seem to find any relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had inflammation of the womb, a bearing down pain, and the whites very badly. The pain was so intense that I could not sleep at night. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for eight months, and am now all right. Before that I took morphine pills for my pain; that was a great mistake, for the relief was only momentary and the effect vile. I am so thankful to be relieved of my sufferings, for the pains I had were something terrible. I am, indeed, very grateful for the good Mrs. Pinkham's remedies have done me."

DELEGATES TO THE RECENT CONVENTION OF THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL UNION, HELD IN BOSTON SEPTEMBER 2d AND 3d, 1897.

From a photograph by Frank Conlin, 53 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.



CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

See "In Darkest Chinatown," page 425.

Opposite the Church is the Joss House.

Writings of Confucius.

See "In Darkest Chinatown," page 425.

THANKSGIVING GUESTS,

By courtesy of Williams & Everett, Boston, Mass.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXXVIII. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1897. No. 5.

MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

WOMAN, "NEW" AND OTHERWISE, is being more discussed, written up, and "organized," in this last hour of the nineteenth century than she ever has been before since the world began. And, if one were compelled to listen to the loudest prophets among them, he would come to believe that in some strange way the dear creature had never "realized herself," nor developed, nor *done* anything until quite recently, and that the great majority of women even yet (in spite of the tremendous efforts made in their behalf) continue in the miserable bondage of old-fashioned womanliness.

All culture, all effectiveness in life, all altruism and chivalry and usefulness to humanity, one would now be asked to believe, are the exclusive result of the emancipating and elevating labors of a lot of women who have screeched themselves into notoriety in the last twenty years. The women who can address meetings, quell parliamentary riots, elect school boards (schools for which they never bear children); strong women, with a horrible but undoubted amount of fact to back up their theories with; women who are up in their political economy, and their sanitary plumbing, and their general information on men and things, — these, we are asked to believe, are alone responsible for the advance of the world in general and woman in particular.

The rest, — the quiet, retiring, modest women; the women with the old-time shrinking from publicity; the mothers of children, the housewives, the nurses and care-takers, — these, it would seem, are to be pitied and encouraged and helped as those from whom no very great or effectual work is to be expected. But, unfortunately for the whole genus "new woman," an "old" woman is found here and there with amazing qualifications for stupendous doing and attaining, and with it all a supreme contempt for the brazen conceit which would organize the sex into insufferably disagreeable

female reformers and unsexed mischief-makers.

Thousands of young women (thanks to the "Women's Page" of Sunday papers, and the "Heart to Heart Talks on Pillow-Shams" of the Bok variety) are coming to feel that, if they would be of any use in the world, if they would realize their best and all, then they must follow in the wake of some local W. H. U. T. L. Society of otherwise not very attractive females. Shame!

I will wager at this moment to one loud-talking, masculine busy-body, who is really accomplishing anything of real value for the world, there are scores, thousands, of modest, quiet women who are doing better and truer work — and I mean in the literary, scientific, and sociological fields too!

For example, here is an American woman who has done something. She has made $50,000 by her writings. She has published thirty works, she has founded fifteen educational institutions. She has travelled, and speaks four or five languages, from which she translates for great publishing houses. She has raised and judiciously expended hundreds of thousands of dollars for her many civilizing projects. She is now sixty years old, but still vigorous and untiring and enthusiastic.

Who is she? Surely she must be president or secretary of something? She must be a public leader? A radical? A terror to timid, henpecked men? Not a bit of it. She is a humble Sister of Mercy who with her silent, unknown community has done more to turn the American wilderness into a garden, to elevate and educate, than the whole pack of log-rolling, stump-orating, careering Amazons in creation.

"Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," this noble woman's chief literary work, is a great book. A critic says of it: "There is nothing in fiction to equal these volumes in interest. If they were known, they would be read by tens of thousands with profit and delight. They keep before the reader the noblest examples of living out in all their details the sublimest precepts of Christ. Strength, ease, variety, pathos, and humor are conspicuous features of the style."

Mary Austin Carroll has done literary, scientific, educational, administrative, financiering, and sociological work which would have furnished a whole society of agitators with something to talk about for forty consecutive years.

But, alas for her chance of notoriety! Mary Austin Carroll is a nun. She *does*, and talks not. She is a woman, and neither ashamed, rebellious, nor belligerent because of that fact.

It would be delicious to overhear a chat between this modest noblewoman and the Madame President of the Society for the Advancement of the Idea that MAN must be downed and WOMAN emancipated!

"ANDANTE CONSOLANTE."

A picture may carry its message
  And tell of the truth of things,
If in the soul of the artist
  The voice of the universe sings;
And here in a shady corner,
  With its music and books and birds,
Is hanging the "Consolante,"
  A poem without words.

Beside an open portal,
  'Neath the gothic arches gray,
With the light of her soul immortal
  From the mad world turned away,
There wakes at the touch of penance
  A soul all weary with sin,
Lured from the paths of pleasure
  By the strains of an old violin.

From the heart of a Son of Francis
  Into the tender strings
Is breathed the music of heaven —
  Sweet, sweet as the grace it brings;
And like to the joy of angels —
  The sunlight falls around —
Celestial benediction!
  Rejoice! the lost is found!

It scarcely seems a picture —
  A vision more, or a dream
Of the very soul's awaking
  At the touch of a Love supreme;
For when from the longing spirit
  Earth's vain desires have gone,
There comes the sweet Andante,
  "Lead, kindly Light, lead on!"

Mary Cecil Hyland.

DON QUIXOTE'S RELIGION.

By Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp.

Contact with Spanish literature brings us quickly into the presence of practical Catholicity. Religion is there ubiquitous; and it is almost always treated with as much exactitude as affection. It stands out pure and strong, dominating everything else, and having its beautiful preëminence unstintedly admitted. We meet it in most unlikely places—unlikely, that is, when other literatures are in question. The Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote De La Mancha offers a splendid example.

As Cervantes's inimitable work has long been styled "the book of humanity," it is no wonder that very various views are taken of its aim and character. For some it is the great Romance epic, the world's masterpiece in prose; for others it is the universal authority on chivalry false and true; for many more it is the storehouse of literary humor. Indeed, it is as a merely amusing even farcical, publication, that English readers have mostly been led to regard it. Attention is seldom drawn to the fact that a vast amount of exact Catholic doctrine is scattered through the book; and that the author is everywhere—indirectly, but all the more forcibly—advocating the sincere pursuit of piety and perfection.

These points are slurred over in many versions; they stand out prominently in the untranslatable original.

The central figure, the Don himself, is a deeply religious man. To this statement a ready objection will, perhaps, be found in the assertion that he was insane, and hence his apparent religion could count for little. It must, however, be borne in mind that his insanity—if such it was—never passed out of the field of knight-errantry. In treating other matters he was as acutely logical as he was profoundly intelligent; and in neither quality does the romance furnish him a rival. Follies he had, but they were admitted to be discreet (discretas locuras), so discreet that they never intruded on anything distinct from, or infringed on anything higher than, the good man's one chivalrous aberration. We can see, all through the story, that new acquaintances had immediately to ask themselves whether the Knight's discourses were nonsense or wisdom, and whether he was a philosophic madman or a mad philosopher. Learned and able he appeared—but with such dreams dragged into practice! On the whole he was as great a puzzle as Hamlet.

A coincidence worthy of remark is that Shakespeare and Cervantes—both whose deaths are recorded on St. George's Day, 1616,—were occupied with the two great studies of sane insanity at the very same period, the last year or two of the sixteenth century; though the tragic Dane was four years astounding the world before the lovable La Manchan could go freely forth to amuse and edify.

To return to the Don's religion: his faith was absolute, with that truly Spanish—that is truly Catholic—absoluteness which allows, not only no doubt or question, but no argument, no apology, no comparison. He so clearly saw both that Christianity is Divine and that certain things are affirmed by it, that to deny their truth he considered a most brutal iniquity.

Such is the common trend of his disquisitions, exhortations, animadversions; in fact of all his expressions of opinion or sentiment when religion was in any degree concerned. For him Our Lord was "our legislator"; the Holy Scripture "could not swerve one atom from the truth;" the Christian law was the knight's special profession for which he must be able to "give a reason clearly and distinctly"; and the "Catholic Faith" was the first thing for which he had to fight and die.

The very heroism of faith, however he may wander in its exercise, is seen in his full committal of himself and fuller resignation to the Will and Providence of God. As he considered his errantry a part of religion (religion es la caballeria), and his adventures "Christian enterprises," he sensibly trusted all to the Divine good-pleasure. In noble simplicity, without a trace of cant—for he held that "all affectation is bad"—there sounded constantly on his lips such expressions as, "in the name of God," "in the hand of God," "with the aid of God," "as God may be served." And when things seemed humanly most desperate, he would serenely recall the great truth that "there is a God in Heaven," a God "who does not forget," "who has a care to punish and reward," "who will provide a remedy."

It was the beautifully expressed wisdom of resignation that most moved Sancho to swear admiringly that his master should be in the pulpit, should be provided with a movable pulpit; for "if he carried one on each finger of his two hands he could worthily fill them all." In truth, abstraction made of the circumstantial folly, the Knight's words of instructive encouragement to his Squire were frequently of penetrating sweetness.

When, on the terrible night passed within sound of the mysterious fulling-mill, the kind but resolute master could not be induced by all Sancho's tears and prayers to shirk the perilous fulfillment of his office, his farewell was summed up in the grand words: "God, who has put it into my heart to undertake this so unprecedented and so fearful adventure, will have a care to watch over my safety and to comfort your sorrow."

In the course of the story the state of affairs is sometimes made so wretched that the reader feels inclined to be indignant with the author; yet the suffering Don never loses trust in Heaven. After the encounter with the shepherds and the herdsmen who used their slings so deftly, the plight of the adventure-seekers was truly pitiable. The Knight was prostrate, with ribs, fingers, and teeth broken; the phial of healing balsam was shattered; and Sancho's wallets were stolen! The same Sancho, though unhurt, was wishing himself at home, and cursing the day he ever knew Don Quixote de la Mancha. It was in that hour of gloom that the hero managed to crawl to his discouraged squire and to say: "God, who is the Provider of everything, will not fail us, us who are so engaged in His service; for He fails not the gnats in the air, the worms in the earth, the young toads in the water." And when prospects were brighter, but the Squire was still solicitous, the noble optimist would say: "Recommend the matter to God, Sancho, and all will go well—perhaps better than you imagine; not a leaf on the tree stirs without the Will of God."

It was not merely in words and fine sentiments that Don Quixote manifested his faith and piety. When put to the practical test he was found proof-worthy. He knew how to humble himself, to forgive, to beg pardon and make reparation. He carefully fulfilled his obligations. It was never, as he would say, "to his taste to go about with an unsettled conscience." According to his closest acquaintances he was "so Catholic, so scrupulously

Christian" that if he recognized the least injustice or wrong in his proceedings, he would immediately make payment and satisfaction. The case occurring he did so.

When in knightly frenzy he drew his sword and hacked the juggler's puppets, he had the damage made good many times over. He also sent a message of reparation after the pall-bearers whom he had furiously routed at the midnight funeral. Even of Sancho he asked pardon, when, for unusual impertinence, he had laid the spear-end heavily on the joker's shoulders; and he added on the occasion the comically theological apology that "the first motions are not in the hand of man."

But the trial as it were by fire of his Catholicity was witnessed when his religion and his knight-errantry were put in apparent contradiction. His profession, his office, "the office for which God placed him in the world," was in his mind axiomatically excellent and necessary. Neither its worth nor its propriety could he dream of questioning, nor allow to be questioned in his presence. His reason could hardly be said to extend its prerogatives to that territory. Yet even there he was able, by some wonderful instinct of faith, to safeguard the supremacy of his religion.

One of the crucial points was forcibly pressed on his attention by Vivaldo, a chance travelling companion. This gentleman incriminated the knights-errant for always calling on their lady-love when rushing to the fight, instead of fulfilling their Christian obligation of invoking God in time of danger. The Don affirmed most absolutely the fitness of naming the dama and having her in mind; without that the warrior could have no spirit in him, no nerve in his arm; besides he had found the custom mentioned in all his books of errantry—which settled the question. His reason had no more scope of action on that detail than it had on the general question of having a dama at all; without her he had never heard of a knight, could not conceive one—even though she might be as nearly imaginary as his own Dulcinea whom he never saw, and whose existence is hardly demonstrated. But notice the man's sane religion side by side with his mad chivalry!—something like the full faith and good conscience of certain Catholic peasants who yet may hold immovably to one or other irrational, unjustifiable prejudice. Calling on the lady's name was not, in the Knight's mind, to interfere with the invocation of Heaven; for that too there was time and place; it was to be done even in the thick of the fight.

We see, indeed, that in practice he did so himself; and on the more awful occasions he knelt down, as he did when he was on the brink of the Montesinos cave, before Sancho and the student swung him through the owl-haunted aperture. His habitual disposition when danger threatened is expressed in his own simple statement: "I trust in God and in His Blessed Mother;" and the fact is characteristic, though but once incidentally mentioned, that he had "a great rosary which he continually bore about with him."

The unrivalled hold which religion had on his mind, disordered though it might be, was also strongly manifested in his frequent discussions concerning the comparative excellencies of different careers. He felt bound to exalt his own noble profession. When enlarging on its heroism, as displayed in the endurance of hardship, he argued that it was severer than monasticism. But intent on glorifying knight-errantry as he was, it is remarkable with what emphasis he insisted that he "neither wished to say, nor allowed the thought to pass through his mind, that it was as good as the monastic state." Similarly in the splendidly logical and eloquent dinner-table discourse at the

inn, he maintained that the profession of arms is superior to the profession of letters; but there, too, he was careful to make an exception in favor of the science of Divine letters, which has an end — as he quaintly expressed it—so without end (un fin tan sin fin) that no comparison is allowable or possible. It was in the same discourse he made the true glory of arms consist in having peace as their object—that peace "brought from Heaven on the night that was our day," that peace "left on earth as the jewel of our heritage by the Best of Masters."

Though, on that occasion, the good Squire was troubled to see that the Knight was perorating rather than eating, yet he took pride in his master's eloquence. At other times he may well have thought the Don's preaching too pointedly effective. He himself resented the risky tossing in the blanket which he had suffered at that same inn; but his moral master insisted that it was a sign of a bad Christian not to forgive and forget. The money they found in the Sierra Morena, Sancho would certainly restore if the undoubted owner presented himself, but he did not see the obligation of running too officiously in the way of possible owners. The theological Don, however, declared pitilessly that when a suspicion of rightful ownership had once arisen positive inquiry was matter of conscience.

If a good lecturing mood fell on Sancho himself, as it sometimes did, especially in the later adventures, Don Quixote was immediately in docile accord. The Squire's detailed argument, on the road to Toboso, might appear somewhat too personal; yet as it was correct it was not contradicted. Sancho would know whether it was as glorious to slay giants as to raise the dead to life; whether even Roldan's sword in the king's armory was equally honored with the penance chainlets of certain lately canonized friars, chainlets which it was now considered a great happiness to touch or kiss; and whether any knights' tombs—even those of "the Juliuses and Augustuses" his master sometimes mentioned—were as much frequented and venerated as the Saints' shrines around them. Of course not, evidently not, the Don assented. Sancho then had the way open for his question: If it was fame here and hereafter they were seeking, why not give up the knight-errantry and become holy monks? The straightforward master admitted that his squire's reasoning was valid and his question to the point; but the simple reply was that "we cannot all be friars," and that, moreover, "there are holy knights in glory."

It is occasionally made evident that Sancho could exhort and expostulate forcibly when he thought religion was really touched. At the charge on the shrouded penitents, whom the rash Knight took for masked raiders with a captive lady in the form of the veiled statue, the Squire was energetic in opposition. "What demons," he shouted after the spurring Quixote, "do you carry in your bosom to incite you to attack our Catholic Faith? Take warning!—the lady they bear is the most blessed statue of the Virgin without stain!"

But the Don was then irresponsible, as he was in the earlier attack on the funeral cavalcade when he unhorsed and seriously injured a peace-loving ecclesiastic. In that unfortunate adventure he understood that he had done, materially, enough to incur excommunication; but, as he calmly reasoned when all was over, he was blamelessly mistaken and acted under the full impression that he was only fulfilling his sacred office. The occurrence had, also, the good effect of evoking a clear profession of the Knight's faith. When affirming that he did not know these were affairs or

persons of the Church, he earnestly added: "for which I, as the Catholic and faithful Christian I am, have but respect and adoring love."

The fund of Spanish religious principle, which underlay the relations of the Knight and the Squire, was brought into strongest action in the affair of the island and the governorship. It was on that insula, if anywhere, that Sancho's steady reason got stranded. Its desirability became almost as fixed an idea with him as did the excellence of errantry with his master. All his friends could perceive his absurd weakness on that point—except, perhaps, his fairly ambitious wife and daughter. When, therefore, the humor of the duke and duchess found him an "island" to govern—an "inland one," "worth more than four cities"—his unselfish, rejoicing master had to give him parting instructions.

The words which Sancho then listened to, but could not remember, bore indeed some traces of simple comicality; yet they contained so much noble wisdom that any man entering on authority may still read them with profit. What I have here to call attention to is their religious bearing.

No matter what else had to be recommended, the supreme injunction was: "Above all, be a good Christian." If the new governor wished to be wise in his administration, he was "to have the fear of God," which would keep him on the straight path; and if he meant to be truly dignified in his state, he was, for every six servants he could afford to keep, to put livery on but three and in place of the others to clothe three of God's poor. Sancho, who was in mind and disposition a much better man than the superficial reader may remark, fell nothing short of the high standard proposed to him; he could even rise above it. Finer traits of Christianity can scarcely be discovered in this extraordinary book than may be found in the humble Squire's expressions of readiness to forego for conscience and soul's sake the wildly coveted appointment.

When the duchess amused herself by suggesting that the responsibility was great, and that she might have to answer for putting so foolish a man as her good friend Sancho in the seat of authority, the Squire immediately drew on his Christian sense. Her Grace was right, he thought; it was better to stop the proceedings for his induction and to annul the grant. He did not cling to such a prospect—and he gave his reason: "I much prefer," he said, "to go Sancho to Heaven than governor to hell."

His master gave him occasion to make a similarly earnest renunciation. When it finally flashed on the statesmanlike Don that his squire's inability to read and write would grievously impede the fulfilment of his obligations as governor, he honestly expressed his conscientious fears. And instantly Sancho asked to have the appointment cancelled. He would not undertake what he could not adequately accomplish; and his reason was again superb: "I would not give," he said, "the black-of-a-nail of my soul for my whole body."

The most instructively noteworthy thing about this religiousness of Cervantes's famous heroes is the fact that they are thoroughly men of the world. The Knight is typical of the social idealist and the aspirant to fame; the Squire, of the every-day, plodding comfort-seeker. The peculiar glory of making and keeping men of the world—not, of course, worldly men—practically pious, is characteristic of both Spanish life and Spanish literature. Among the faithful people of the Peninsula the hot energy of Catholicity has proved itself capable of melting and moulding the most unpromising and heterogeneous elements. Abroad, too, wherever the Spanish children of the Church have passed, the impress of Faith is indelible.

They attracted men to the supernatural, because with their human dignity —exaggerated though that might be —there was commonly conjoined a whole-hearted divine fervor. People might resent the excesses of their rule, but they had to respect the sincerity of their religion.

Something equivalent may be said of their books. Authors, whose privilege it was to present their concepts in the rich Castilian dress, may have run into what sometimes seems racial exaggeration and extravagance; yet faith and purity are always manifestly the ruling principles of their greatest works. It is of Spanish writings that Frederick Schlegel says: "Every part of them all is imbued with the noblest national feeling, severe, moral, and religious in tone, though the subject under treatment be not directly either morals or religion. Throughout their entire range, there is nothing in the remotest degree calculated to degrade the thinking faculty, to confuse the feelings, to pervert the judgment. Everywhere there is one and the same spirit of honor, of strict morality, and of firm religious belief."

The distinguished critic's general encomium is substantially true of the masterpiece with which we have been occupying ourselves. Don Quixote rejoiced heartily, and with good reason, when he heard that, in the First Part of the history of his adventures, there was "not even the appearance of an immoral expression, nor a thought at all less than Catholic." The Second Part proved increasingly high in tone, and religious.

It may be readily admitted that Cervantes's humor occasionally leaned to coarseness; but it was saved by his Spanish conscience from sinking into foulness. His art was not pulled from its pedestal by that tendency which Ruskin regretfully recognizes in his own countrymen. "We (English)," the great lecturer once said, "shall never be successful in the highest fields of ideal or theological art. For there is one strange, but quite essential, character in us: ever since the Conquest, if not earlier:—a delight in the forms of burlesque which are connected in some degree with the foulness in evil."

Cervantes took no delight in foulness; nor would the public he addressed. If at one or other point the Knight's circumstances approach the compromising, there is unfailingly provided a safeguard, be it comical, tragical, or pathetic. To make so amiable and so mad a hero sanely edifying was a great feat. Countless readers will always love the chivalrous La Manchan, and be the better for loving him; perhaps so love him that they may wish he was more than a creation of the author's genius—so pleasant would it be to meet the noble enthusiast in the next life, when all glorious ideals must have their fulfillment.

No reader should forget that it was Don Quixote who, three hundred years ago, in Spain, proclaimed it "a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature made free"; who branded "ingratitude as one of the sins most hateful to Heaven"; who would tolerate no falsehood (mentira alguna) in human intercourse; and who was "an enemy of every species of adulation." He it was who maintained it the Knight's part to favor and help all the needy, all the defenceless; and who took it as his own thankless office to go about the world righting wrongs and removing grievances. While braver than a lion, and afraid of neither monsters nor demons, he was so reverent that he could not be persuaded to remain on horseback while he saw a priest on foot; so courteous that his sword was absolutely at the command of distressed womankind, whose statements he unreservedly accepted, though in like circumstances he might not be able—as a Spaniard would suggestively express it—"to believe even a barefooted friar."

But it is the same most courtly Knight and true gentleman, who held it as a fundamental principle that "a man must not trifle with his soul"; who would not admit that "any mere vengeance can be justifiable"; and who declared in deeds as well as words that that "our actions have never to pass the limit set for us by the Christian religion which we profess."

It would be well if the English and American writers, who grow periodically enthusiastic over this great Spanish work, would let so important a matter as the religion of the book count for something in its analysis. That it is the Catholic religion, genuinely supernatural and exquisitely fruitful, is no reason—at least, no good reason—for completely ignoring it. Most numerous critics, of schools as various as those of Thomas Carlyle and Russell Lowell, have been eager to join the universal chorus in praise of Cervantes and his Don Quixote; but of what gives both author and hero their highest charm, literary as well as human, hardly a word is whispered.

This seems all the odder because of the labored discussion of comparatively minor points. Unsettleable details of the author's personal history and of the early fortunes of his book are gravely discussed; while gratuitous assumptions are multiplied, with no more apparent object than the exercise of small, anti-Spanish bigotry. It is lachrymosely pretended that Cervantes was treated with basely inconsiderate niggardliness by his contemporaries and his country. We know from himself that he did not grow rich by writing—as hardly any one did at the time; but he was enabled, in spite of his peculiarly burdensome family, to maintain a position rather above than below the average among literary men.

In connection with the presumed bad treatment, it was, of course, convenient to suppose that the author dealt largely in retributive caricature. Here the wish has been undoubtedly father to the thought. People whose prejudice allows their reason as little play on Spanish questions as had Don Quixote's on errantry or Sancho Panza's on the insula, will easily see caricature where none was intended. The Knight himself must, they think, be a scarecrow representation of the real grandees and hidalgos. But it strangely escapes their notice that the supposed caricaturist managed to make his typical Don no less lovable than Hector, or Godfrey de Bouillon, or Henry V.

Equally preposterous is the pretence that the patriot author meant to ridicule his country. This absurdity is utterly squelched by the ever-increasing weight of national approbation and admiration. Spaniards know when they are well treated.

In the varied delineation of his people's character and customs, Cervantes made no effort to hide defects; for solid excellence can afford to have its inevitable deficiencies displayed. If he indicates the existence at once of lawlessness and harshly unequal administrative systems, he yet depicts a civilization such as no other country then enjoyed. Though prominently he allows the faulty characters to show themselves, his society still glows with graces of kindliness, hospitality, and gaiety, while both public and private life is manifestly based on principles of justice, honor, and religion.

As we might expect, attempts have been made to show that Cervantes was persecuted by the clergy, and that in turn he attacked them. Here again bigotry blindly overleaps itself; for surmise, as silly as it is ugly, is offered in the place of evidence, while the facts are all to the contrary. Through life the author's best friends were ecclesiastics, and in his story they are best treated. His known choice opinions are conveyed through the words of the Curate and the Canon; and even the gloomily ascetic Chaplain is but made to voice the book's condemnation of pretended actual errantry.

It could hardly be otherwise; for Don Quixote might never have been published, or at least never completed, were it not for the generous protection of the Archbishop of Toledo, on whose pension-list the author was for many years.

There is therefore, no deep criticism in dwelling on irrelevant details and paltry fictions; nor in omitting or obscuring grand characteristics. It is necessary to emphasize the striking fact that a Lepanto crusader, a Christian captive, a Spanish Catholic—uniformly pious, notwithstanding passion—who, like so many warriors, poets, and princes of his country, ended his days in the cloister and the religious habit, is universally honored as the greatest of romance writers.

The goal reached by the unique book and the unique hero is also to be strongly insisted on. After so long a stretch of humor, the grave, hurried conclusion may feel pathetic; but it is to be recognized as nobly fitting. The Knight, now at home, and named again Alonzo the Good, sees finally the emptiness of his errantry and of all that passes; so he hastens to put his affairs in order. He makes a good Confession, receives the last Sacraments, and—in words once used by Sancho—"dies like an angel."

A FRIEND'S PRAYER.

God grant thee Faith! thus do I pray for thee,
Dear friend, that in Faith's light thou mayest see
The truths of God and Church; I ne'er implore
Great talents for thee, or that thou wouldst soar
To lofty heights of fame or honored be.

Thou hast, dear friend, a spirit lofty, free;
Beauty and talents thine; so this my plea,
That, knocking with desire at Faith's wide door,
God grant the Faith!

He said: "but knock and it shall open be;
Ask and receive." Oh, ask unceasingly;
That as the angels rolled the stone from o'er
The tomb of Jesus, so forevermore
The bars to Faith removed by his decree,
God grant thee Faith!

Helen Macey.

CRUMBS OF BREAD.

By Austin O'Malley.

I think we shall find Heaven resembles a church in this particular: there will be more women there than men. Hell will also, like a dramshop, have more men than women.

A man that leaves the service of God and then seeks peace is very like a stray chicken in the rain. The coop is open before his eyes, but he blunders, piping sadly, all over the barnyard, and two angels could not drive him in the right direction.

The church is a Valkyr that bears on her saddle-bow into Valhalla those heroes that fall in battle.

A Christian seeking revenge is exactly like a man that bites a cur because the cur bit him.

One of the wisest remarks Emerson ever made was: "'Tis curious that we only believe as deep as we live."

Conscience is a collector that presents the bills to passion.

The most abject pauper I ever knew was a millionaire whose soul **was** starved to death.

If you hold a visiting card before your eye it will shut out as much as would the Rocky Mountains; and if you keep a little prejudice near your heart it may shut out the sight of God.

The ease or difficulty with which we are scandalized is a test if our faith, in the moral order, and of our common sense, in the natural order.

Epictetus said: "It is better by assenting to truth to conquer opinion, than by assenting to opinion to be conquered by truth," but no man heeds him, except the saint, although we all know that truth is the most merciless conqueror the world knows.

An heresiarch attacking the church is like a flea which says: "Watch me smash that fellow!" and then jumps upon a man's back. The man does not know he is touched till he feels the thing crawling on his neck; then he, half unconsciously, brushes it off.

Pascal said: "Our religion is so divine that another divine religion is only the foundation of it."

The more perfect the adequation between the beautiful image in the artist's mind and its expression, the higher the art produced, supposing the mental creation to be beautiful. This adequation is Truth—hence the pleasure of the intellect in beauty. All beauty is truth, but all truth is not beauty. Where falsehood enters, beauty is defective, exactly as truth would be defective.

The saint is a man that bears his own crosses as easily as you and I bear the crosses of our neighbors.

It is easier to raise a stout oak in a hot-house than a stout-souled man in a house of wealth.

Christ as priest and victim should have been without blemish, therefore He was even physically beautiful.

Goethe and George Eliot both have this thought: "Tell me what you laugh at and I shall tell you what you are."

In the natural order a single trace of vulgarity in a man's character is infallible proof that we cannot evoke deeply refined thought from him, but this is not true in the supernatural order. God puts precious wine in very cheap vessels, and you can at times get no slight spiritual truth from the words of a man who is so thick-witted that he is capable of putting artificial flowers on an altar of God.

When our Lord gave the proofs of His divinity to the disciples of the Baptist, these were: "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead arise again, the poor have the gospel preached to them." (Matt. xi., 5.) There is a growth toward the climax in this enumeration, and the most wonderful fact is the last — "the poor have the gospel preached to them."

In the "French Revolution" Carlyle has these words: "Freedom is the one purpose wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all men's struggles, toilings and sufferings on this earth." There are three kinds of freedom: freedom of the will in the metaphysician's sense of the term; external—juridical and personal freedom; and freedom from the tyranny of passion. If we are free in the third meaning of the word, we are in possession of peace.

We sometimes see pictures of the crucifixion in which the Blessed Virgin is represented as in a swoon. Benedict XIV., in his book "De Festis" (lib. ii., chap. 4) has an article on this subject in which he sets down as a proposition: "We hold that neither under the cross, nor anywhere else, did the Blessed Virgin fall fainting." In the course of his argument he gathers the opinions of the great theologians upon the question. Saint Ambrose, Peter Canisius, Suarez, Cajetan, Reynadus, Cornelius a Lapide, Novatus, and others are with him in his assertion.

High love and familiarity are bitter enemies.

Natural love feeds upon illusion, supernatural love upon reality. Give reality to the former and it starves; give illusion to the latter and it dies.

A common error is to confuse our complacency in receiving affection with love for the person that gives this affection. Many women marry under this error.

If you intend to use a horse a whole day and a love a whole life time, keep the reins taut in the morning.

When there is real cause for jealousy between lovers, selfish animal love in the injured party gains the ascendency and excludes the essential diffusiveness of genuine or spiritual love, if this genuine love ever existed in the special instance. Where there is no real cause for jealousy, as in the case of Othello, the jealousy is always the effect of base mistrust and of selfishness. The selfishness is often disguised under the forms of justice and honor. Othello's jealousy was altogether probable, but the Moor never loved Desdemona with real love.

God is the only lover that has a right to be jealous, because His perfections are infinitely superior to the perfections of any other being, and divided love in His case is an insult. That is the reason that a man may love his wife or child only in God. Christian love between human beings must be merely a phase of love for God, and it is therefore infinitely deep. The natural passion called love has no element whatever of genuine love in it: it is intense selfishness even where it exists between a mother and child. That a mother sacrifices life for a child through natural affection is merely a very subtle form of selfishness; she chooses an evil less painful to herself than the evil of seeing the child suffer.

Love between a man and a woman of equal mind is like fluid in a U-tube —always at a level in the two arms. Great love on one side and little love on the other exists only in novels. There can be one-sided physical love, but that is not worthy the name love.

If you preach yourself you will gain yourself, and that for all eternity; but it is to be doubted that your prize will be worth the labor.

If you would sound the depth of a man's faith let fall your plummet into his charity; one is the measure of the other.

Any strong man can fight blame, but only the saint can fight praise.

Some poisons have more than one antidote, and an excellent secondary antidote for pride is obedience.

All the aristocratic families of Europe trace back their descent to some successful mediaeval prize-fighter; many of ours to colonial Tories or transported convicts. It is a poor wine that age will not make good.

Wordsworth's words,

Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels,

makes one of the best mottoes in English literature, because the doctrine leads up to that word of Christ wherein is the whole law.

The little, half-heard, unheeded overtones of kindness in a good man's life are what makes the whole tone sweet and deep under the stroke of God's hand.

If you steal a spoon from your host the world calls you a thief; if you add treachery to thieving and steal his reputation with a jest the world calls you a wit.

One advantage a democracy has over a monarchy is that there is sometimes more wisdom in a hundred fools than in one.

The people that enjoy the greatest political liberty often suffer from the most abject spiritual slavery.

In the process of making a gentleman the last flaw that is ground out of the soul is a tendency toward familiarty with those he loves.

Vanity is universal. When Solomon wrote his dissertation on vanity he would have been deeply grieved if a critic had dared to censure the style of his discourse.

We should thank God that He did not give us the power of hearing through walls; otherwise there would be no such thing as friendship.

Cicero said: "Libertas est potestas faciendi id quod jure liceat;" man usually thinks liberty is the power of doing what he likes to do. That is license and injustice. Liberty is also justice in disguise.

"We are grains of incense," said Marcus Aurelius, and we are burned in the thurible that Death, the priest, swings before the altar of God;—does one grain say to another, "I am better than thou"?

The American word "bluff" is so expressive that it is a complete library of biography.

The anti-vivisectionist is a childless matron, or a male or female old maid, whose heart is too big to rest sweetly in the family cat.

Give a loaded revolver to an infant and a vote to an ignorant man, and the second crime is worse than the first.

Democracy is a government by the people, not by the off-scouring of the people.

If you would know the world go into a desert and study your own heart.

Do not offend a man that is a close observer—he never forgets.

The largest, the oldest, and the greatest single family in the world is the Hebrew people. Those of pure blood are descendants of one glorious saint, Abraham. They have produced the Blessed Virgin and Judas. Their existence to-day is a miracle, and the origin in some poet's brain of the legend of the wandering Jew. Their persecutors pass away, but they live on and wax greater. They are a kind of natural figure of the church in this particular.

Our memories are record books good enough for the fair deeds done us, but the injuries done us we engrave on brass.

The difference between a respectable citizen and most professional patriots or chronic politicians is like the difference between silver and quicksilver—if you put your finger on silver you have a valuable article under it, if you try to put your finger on quicksilver you have nothing under it.

Suppose a miracle brought Solomon on earth again, and we were to ask him these questions:

"O King, live forever, what thinkest thou of woman's suffrage?"

"What dost thou mean?"

"I mean that women should vote for rulers."

"Vote for rulers? What is that?"

"Nowadays, O King, we cast into urns the written names of certain men from the people, and he whose name is written oftenest is chosen ruler in the land for a season."

"Have ye no king?"

"No—we have politicians instead."

"And ye cast ballots for these politicians?"

"Ay, O King."

"Who are the electors?"

"Anything that walks on two legs, except babes, monkeys and fowls. The legs must be twenty-one years of age and not red nor yellow; there is no objection to blacklegs."

"Your slaves?"

"Our slaves! By the way, we do not use that name at present. We keep up the state of slavery, of course; but we have abolished the name for sentimental reasons."

"And this woman's suffrage means [illegible] for rulers?"

"Even thus, O King, is it done in some of our provinces."

"Dost thou dare to jest with the majesty of a king?"

"Nay; I speak the truth."

"No!"

"Yea, O King."

"I say no! Impossible!"

"I say yes—"

"Let me die again!"

The cause of failure in schoolteachers is that many men and women mistake what is a mission from God for a trade.

An unmarried man is a person with one soul to save, a father is a man with two or more souls to save.

There are parents that nag at children half a lifetime, and then have the stupendous shamelessness to say that this is "salutary correction" and an effect of love! Izaak Walton in "The Complete Angler" also said: "Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, . . . and in so doing use him as though you loved him."

The heart is a lake which in spring is covered with drifting petals, shadows of swallows, and bits of azure sky; in winter, with ice.

Like an old woman that goes from room to room searching for her eyeglasses which are pushed up on her forehead, we walk all over the world looking for the peace which God has so set that our feet are constantly stumbling against it.

When an artist sees the full countenance of Content, like the head of Gorgon, it strikes him into stone.

The critic is often the conscience of the literary family, and the artist is obliged to be the agent; just as in the ordinary family the wife is commonly the conscience and the husband the agent. These critical and wifely consciences are very sensitive, precisely because they need not become agents.

The essayist is an artisan that can gild old silver.

Some men's brains are so badly crowded with books that nothing can move therein.

The cause of failure with many artists is that they feed their minds with pastry and sugar instead of bread and meat.

If realism is art let us crown the camera and the barrel of plaster-of-paris.

A small poet is like a clock: he is constantly repeating himself.

Goethe is like an aula maxima in a German University decorated with copies of ancient Greek statuary.

Walt Whitman was the last of the Centaurs—half man and half beast.

The great historian goes before the tomb and cries, "Lazarus, come forth!" and the dead arises.

Atmosphere is everything to a small artist; some men would paint perfectly in Heaven. The real artist, however, can work in a factory.

Coventry Patmore was a golden eagle blinded in one eye. He could soar against the sun, but he could not see on both sides of his gyre.

No painter can produce the light and shadow of nature in the pitch of the original model; he therefore begins in a lower key. The same law holds in sanctity when we would copy Christ in our souls; but a mistake we always make is that our key is too low; or if we take the proper key, we do not finish the picture.

TRANSFIGURATION FROM THE FIVE POINTS.

IN DARKEST CHINATOWN.

BY REV. THOMAS P. MCLOUGHLIN.

September 2nd of the year 1896 was a great day in Chinatown. Mott, Pell and Doyers Streets, just northwest of Chatham Square Junction, which form the heart of the Celestial Empire in the Eastern States, were gay with yellow flags on which were painted fierce-looking blue dragons, whose sole occupation seemed a vain endeavor to devour large balls of bright carmine. A sickening odor of Fourth of July punk and Chinese incense pervaded the atmosphere on all sides. Gaudy devices in brilliant colors hung from the front of every building, and mottoes in wonderful tea box characters told the almond-eyed washermen who read them that Li Hung Chang was great, and that the Flowery Kingdom was the greatest place on the footstool.

The streets, which had been thronged with sightseers for three days, were now almost impassable. A host of the "Finest" had hard work to make a passageway when His Highness of the Yellow Jacket and Peacock Feather finally put in an appearance, like the passing of a meteor, so quickly did he come and go. But when he had gone, shall we ever forget the scene that followed? From every balcony were hung out strings of giant firecrackers numbering ten thousand to every string, and for nearly an hour was heard such noise as cannot be rivalled save on a battlefield. The air soon became so filled with smoke that it was impossible to see the houses on the opposite side of the street. The dread of being set on fire scattered the vast throngs in all

directions, but they departed only to return again when the battle was over, and then they boldly walked through the forbidding looking Pell and Doyers Streets, and seemed to enjoy being jostled by the motley crowd of Mongolians, Negroes and "gents" of the "Chuck Connors" type, who swarmed on all sides.

Some of the more daring climbed cautiously the dirt-beladen stairs, and with their kid gloves or their bare palms, helped to polish the greasy bannisters. Experience on sick call work soon teaches one that bannisters in the tenement houses of the slums seem to say "Noli me tangere," and if the warning be disregarded, one is likely to leave the building more like a centipede than a biped.

What brought our visitors up the dark stairways was to see the Chinese restaurant and partake of the dainty dishes. These restaurants, by the way, are not famous as a rule for their cleanliness.

Some time ago I had occasion to complain to the police because the Celestials disturbed our Sunday service by setting off an immense bunch of firecrackers just at the most solemn part of the mass. Up to this time we had been very good neighbors, but this was really imposing upon Christian good-nature and forbearance. The following evening a delegation of the merchants waited on me, and their spokesman, with bared head, and drooping pigtail, and a very sad face, said "Fodda! Allee Chinamen belly solly fo' makee much noise yes'dy. Now him wantee you come t'molla ni'. Havee big din, glan' spled, evvating ni', see?" I could not resist these overtures, and so found myself the following evening at a table in a Pell

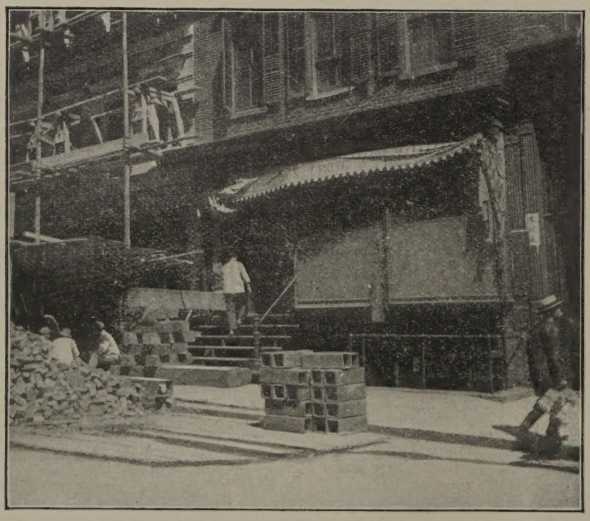
CORNER OF MOTT AND PELL STREETS.

THREE OF MY LITTLE PETS.

LEE YEN'S ("IRISH'S") WIFE.

CHINESE MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

Street restaurant with about seven Chinamen around me, only one of whom could speak English. It may astonish some readers to learn that the Chinese custom in regard to the order of dishes at a dinner is just the reverse of ours, they begin with the fruits and the dainties and sweetmeats and end with the soup. Many things indeed I partook of on faith, fearing that if I asked too many questions, I might hear in reply the ominous word, "Lats," which would certainly spoil my appetite for the rest of the dinner. I may observe parenthetically that the Chinese mouth is so formed that they cannot pronounce the letter 'R,' and hence they substitute 'L' for it whenever it occurs.

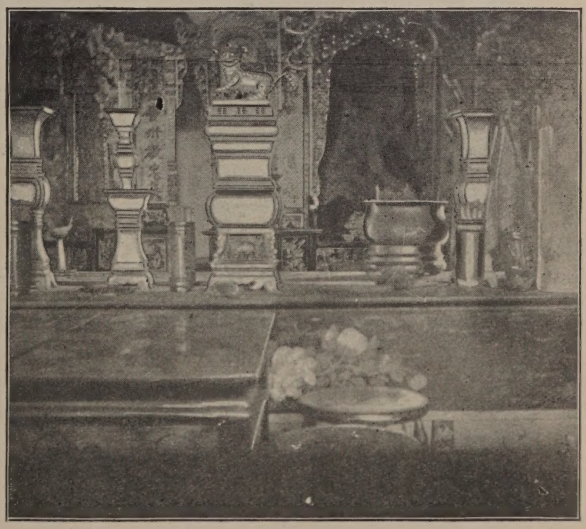


30 MOTT STREET, FORMERLY THE RECTORY.

Among the delicious viands of which we partook that evening was a

THE DRAGON, THE INCENSE VASE AND JOSS HIMSELF IN THE BACKGROUND.

dish of "shark's fins." This dish is simply what the name implies, the gristly, tough fin of the shark is boiled until it becomes gelatinous and is then served up with sauce. Then came "bird's nest soup," which is not altogether what the name implies, and it is just as well not to know till after you have partaken of it, what is its true inwardness. After finishing your alloted portion, you can, at your leisure, consult your encyclopaedia and say with post factum knowledge and courage: "Well, I kept it down anyway." Another



ALTAR IN THE JOSS HOUSE.

dish that puzzled me sorely was called "duck's feet." I asked my neighbor what it meant, and he naively explained: "You know yellow foot of duck? Well, Melican man tlow way in ash-bal, likee him no good, see? Well, Chinaman takee foots and boil him hard seben eight hou' make him soft and belly nice." Gentle reader, I could not partake of what followed, but that I had made up my mind to see the whole thing through, so I sipped my rice wine, which is a pleasant though rather insidious decoction, that is served all through the dinner in glasses the size of a very small egg cup. Let me say it to the credit of my host, that although the bowl containing the viands was always placed in the middle of the table; and although my companions at the table always made a dive at the choicest bits in the bowl with their chop-sticks; and, although they all licked their chop-sticks clean between courses, yet did he endeavor to get me a dainty bit with his chop-sticks, from a portion of the dish which was not yet touched by the eager guests. One more delicacy I cannot refrain from mentioning was called sea cucumber.

TWO WELL-KNOWN CHINAMEN, "IRISH" AND "BOSTON."

I have never eaten boiled rubber boots to my knowledge, but I am sure they would make a good substitute for sea cucumbers. Enough said.

At the end of the meal they served us with the half of a nut, like in shape to a Brazil nut, but rather bitter. My host warned me, in a laughing manner, not to eat it as it would make me feel "dlunk allee samee Melican man." Evidently a powerful narcotic.

Then came the orchestral music in my honor. I have the pleasure of

Pell Street Restaurant.

Kitchen Attached to Restaurant

High Altar, Transfiguration Church.

A Corner in the Rector's Study.

listening to like entrancing strains every night in the Summer up to one or two o'clock in the morning, but then it is a half block away. Now I was in the little restaurant right up close to the band. Shades of Apollo defend us! What a noise they made. I remember years ago that the good Father Banti, S. J., gave us a retreat in the Seminary, and tried to describe for us the music of Hell. I have often thought since my exile in this land of the heathen, that he would be greatly aided in his meditations could he but be present at a Chinese banquet and hear the musicians play "with expression" in his honor. The instruments consisted of two immense cymbals, the sound of which recalled the pleasant melodies of a boiler factory; two shrill wooden instruments with brass funnels that resembled in

REV. T. P. MCLOUGHLIN.
Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration.

RATHER A BASHFUL GROUP.

sound those piercing horns used by the Swiss mountaineers and which sound not at all badly at a distance of two miles, and last but not least were two violins shaped like banjos, which when played upon, made one think that the soul of the cat still remained in the strings and was clamoring plaintively for release. Imagine if you can the combination; and yet, I dare say beautiful sounds must be something relative after all, for I have seen a crowd of these Pagans, not having the price of admission, stand outside of the theatre in Doyers Street and, with mute attention and with expression of rapture depicted on their countenances, listen to these horrible discords.

On the occasion of the visit of Li Hung Chang to our little colony a year ago, amongst the thousands who came to see the sights was a Protestant clergyman from a neighboring city, who on the following Sunday gave to his highly intelligent congregation a glowing account of his visit, a report of which appeared in the New York Herald. It seems he climbed up five flights of stairs and found himself in a Joss house. There he saw a large shrine—which, by the way, the priest on duty did not wish me to photograph—in front of which was a beautifully-carved altar table of wood, covered with gold leaf. Back of this was a grotesque-looking idol that to our way of thinking would seem to resemble the devil rather than any good deity, while on the table itself were large candlesticks, silver dragons and an immense pot of sand in which the sticks of punk were burned. Large and vari-colored lanterns hung on all sides, and inscriptions in Chinese characters from the writings of Confucius covered the walls. A priest of the temple cordially offered our friend

BROTHER AND SISTER.

a cup of tea, as is customary, which he respectfully declined. The minister noted that the Chinese have very peculiar ways of showing their reverence for their sanctuaries, namely, they sit around and smoke and chat and have a quiet little game; nay, right back of the shrine is a room with two bamboo couches where the priests of the temple and their friends "hit the pipe" to pass away the time. As he watched the movements of those present, he saw the door open and a devout worshipper entered and spoke to the priest, handing him a twenty-five cent piece. The guardian of the temple bit it and found it genuine sixteen to one material; then taking a large glass jar filled with little bamboo sticks, he took out one and gave it to the devotee, who immediately extracted from the end of it a square of red paper which he thrust into one of his mysterious pockets. His next move was to light a piece of punk or incense and place it to burn in the sand-pot on the altar. This done he knelt on the floor and muttered his prayers, bowing down and touching the ground with his forehead several times. This is the Chinese service, a go-as-you-please worship, having no fixed hours, nor fixed days, nor fixed ritual, nor fixed liturgy. Wait, however, till you hear what was on that paper, and you may have a better insight into "John's" belief. The paper contained his fortune for the week, i. e., what were to be his lucky and unlucky days, what his lucky numbers in gambling, on what days to buy and sell, etc.

Our clerical friend looking out from the balcony of Mr. Joss, was struck with astonishment when he saw directly across the street, a large, old-fashioned church of blue stone, with sand-stone trimmings, surmounted by a pagoda-like tower, on top of which was a white cross resting on a golden

Mulberry Bend and Mulberry Bend Park.

Italian Delicatessen Store.

ball. The sight of the cross nettled him, for sad to say, there are still among the sects calling themselves Christians, men who are enemies of the Cross of Christ, and who hate the sight of that sacred emblem, especially when they see it on a church dedicated to the worship of that same Christ. Worse still, in a niche below the tower he saw a graven image of that same beloved Christ, with His arms extended as though He were saying: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also must I bring in, that there may be one fold and One Shepherd." To the left of the church he saw a large red brick building which had all the appearance of a school-house, with the stars and stripes floating from a pole in front of it. Even this sight did not inspire him with kindly feelings, for he said: "How dare they? What right have they to hoist Old Glory over what must be a Romish school-house?" He descended and entered the church and it happened to be at the solemn moment of the Consecration. He saw the people bowed down in adoration; there was perfect stillness broken only by the sound of the little bell, at each stroke of which he imagined he saw a more profound movement of the head, and he even noticed some poor benighted Italians kneeling in the rear of the church striking their breasts, and doubtless saying with the publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner." He listened to a simple homily on the Gospel, told not in loftiness of speech, but in simple language such as the Master used, easy of comprehension by the multitude, and he left the church only to ascend his pulpit the following Sunday and try to create a sensation by saying, "I visited the Joss house in Mott Street last week and saw the pagans bowed down before their idols and offering their incense. Right opposite, I entered a so-called Christian Temple, and there found a lot of Papist idolaters bowed down in like manner before their idols of wood and stone." As to this man's belief, if he has any, the Lord direct him aright and bring him to a knowledge of the truth; but we must thank him for one thing, namely, that he called attention to the church which caused no end of comment during the Li Hung Chang Jubilee—the Church of the Transfiguration.

How came this church in the heart of Chinatown? Who worship here? What good does it accomplish for the conversion of the heathen? Let me briefly reply to some of these questions. The parish of the Transfiguration was founded seventy years ago this fall by the saintly Father Varela, one of the most remarkable men of our time and country, as may be seen in his biography by José Rodriguez. He was born in Havana, but on account of the revolution some years afterwards, he was banished from his native land, and came to New York to continue the work so dear to his heart, the salvation of souls. In a short time he had mastered the English language and was appointed to found a new parish downtown. Starting first in Ann Street, he afterwards, for want of accommodations, left that place for Chambers Street, which place also becoming too small for the congregation, was sold by Archbishop Hughes for $75,000, and with this money all the debts were paid and the present church in Mott Street was purchased. This stately edifice, erected in 1815 by the Moravian Brethren was bought from the Episcopalians in 1853 for $30,000 and was dedicated as a Catholic church the same year. Father Varela passed to his reward honored as a saint, and his body rests in a moss-covered, neglected vault in St. Augustine, as near as he could get to his beloved Island of Cuba; but the work so happily begun by him was continued under zealous clergy ever since. In 1856 our schools were founded and at one time they numbered over fourteen hundred children. In those days, from 1860 to 1880,

Transfiguration schools were the rivals of De la Salle, a Christian Brothers' well known Academy in Second Street, and many are the noble priests in New York to-day who received their early training within these walls. Not only do the clergy rank among their numbers many old boys of Transfiguration, with the honored name of Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn at their head, but in the lists of the medical, the legal, and the theatrical professions to-day, we find the names of many prominent men, who love to speak of the good old days when they went to Transfiguration School in Mott Street.

In 1877, twenty years ago, this parish contained about thirteen thousand Irish Catholics. Alas! the changes that twenty years have brought about. First came the Chinese, who gradually usurped all of Pell and Doyers Streets, and Mott Street from the Bowery to Pell. Then came the Jews, who, not satisfied with Baxter Street, settled in Mott, Hester, Bayard and Chrystie Streets. Then came the Italians, and they drove the Irish from Mulberry and Park Streets, and took full possession of the "Bend." Last of all came the manufacturers with their big factories, and dispersed our people from Elm, Leonard and Franklin Streets, so that at the end of twenty years we have in our parish limits scarcely eight hundred English-speaking people, and about one hundred and fifty children in our little primary school. The Italians, except those of the better class, will not amalgamate with the English-speaking in church services, and hence we have three masses in the basement chapel for them every Sunday, which are attended by over one thousand of Madonna's chosen people. Our upstairs congregation is the "pusillus grex" that is held together by bonds of love and sympathy for the dear old church where they and their parents have worshipped for so many years, and they propose to stand by it till it is obliged to close its doors forever. This part of my charge is of little interest to the outside world, except to say of them that it would be difficult to find a more devoted flock, or one more generous according to their slender means, or one more respectful to their priests, than the people of Transfiguration parish.

But what of the Italians? What of the Jews? What of the Chinese? I would stretch out this article beyond the limits of the Magazine if I attempted to give an account of the quaint doings and sayings of the first-mentioned interesting portion of the flock, so I must needs dismiss the topic. As to the other two peoples I might say with St. Paul: "Quid mihi de iis qui foris sunt judicare?" However, I must say in regard to the children of the Jews and the Chinese, interesting pictures of whom are here given, that the priests of this church are as well known to them as their own fathers and mothers, and many of them salute us just like the Christian children. We have in our school several little half-breed Chinese, who are very bright and who will make good Catholics some day; but as to their parents, whether Christian or pagan, there is, I fear, little hope. "John" comes here for the sole object of making money, and he has the poorest idea of the spiritual world that it is possible for a human being to have. I do not wonder that an eminent traveler has gone so far as to say that he considers the Chinese as a nation of atheists, for they acknowledge no Supreme Being, and simply pay a superstitious cult to their dead heroes. As for making Christians of them, I think it would require an angel from heaven in every case to bring them to a knowledge of God and of the Trinity.

But, some will tell me that the Protestant missionaries are making converts among them. I shall not venture to give a full solution of the question; I shall not venture to say that

none of their conversions are real; but I will say that the Protestant missions have lots of money to start with, and I will say that most of their converts still carry the queue, which is a sign that they still hold to their own superstitions. A little incident that came under my observation some time ago, may serve to explain to those who can read between the lines, the reason of some of the conversions. We held a bazaar for the benefit of our church, to which several of the Chinese merchants sent fancy articles, boxes of tea, etc., and not a few came in person and spent their money freely. The pretty girls soon gathered around the Celestials to relieve them of their surplus cash, as is customary at fairs, when the most modest and retiring young lady in the parish suddenly acquires a savoir faire we never dreamed of her possessing. The visitors were so pleased that two of them came to me and said, "Fodda, me and my flen' wanbee Cattlic alle samee you." I answered that I was delighted to hear it, but said that a course of instructions in the catechism would be necessary prior to their admittance in the church. "Oh," he answered, "dat all lightee, me an' my flen' we likee instluction, we bin at Plotestant Sunna' School befo', see?" "Very well," I replied, "if you come on next Sunday at two o'clock, I shall give you your first lesson, and after that, two lessons a week. I shall take full charge of you myself," With that, the countenances of the two would-be neophytes fell, and even their eyes seemed to droop as one of them quaintly asked, with a vain attempt at concealing his disappointment: "Fodda, you no havee de young ladi teacha Chinamen 'n you Sunna' School?" "No," I answered, "the Chinamen I reserve to myself." I have not seen either of these gentlemen since, but I have learned that in one of the Bible classes of the neighborhood, the attendance is so small that they have individual teachers for the Chinese pupils, and the newspapers occasionally regale us with the result of such a system of imparting the truths of Christianity.

I have said there is little hope for the parents, whether Christian or pagan; I must modify this remark, for some of our sick call work is among those who are the mothers of these children. No one but the Catholic priest really knows how "the other half" lives. In his quest for souls that may be won back to God he gains a saddening knowledge of the depths of human misery. I have had varied experiences in hospital work in Bellevue, but Bellevue could never reveal the death-bed scenes of the pest-holes of Chinatown. Poor, unfortunate magdalens! It would seem that she, after whom they are named, must be ever pleading at the foot of the Eternal Crucifix in their behalf, for they rarely die without the priest, and if Catholics they invariably call for him at the end. Surely the vengeance of a just God on the men who first robbed them of that pearl without price, must be as terrible in its severity as is His wondrous mercy infinite to the poor forsaken victims.

Ashamed am I to confess it that a few of those unfortunates are Catholics. What brought them to these lowest depths of infamy? It was generally the brutality of a drunken father or mother, the neglect of a drunken husband, or the false-hearted, lying promises of a guilty lover.

In a short time after their advent to the slums, these girls, some of them only seventeen years of age, develop in addition to the inherited whiskey habit, a love of opium, and they become what is termed "dope fiends." There may be some chance to reform a drunkard, but once a woman acquires the opium or morphine habit, it is almost impossible to make her mend her ways. I remember being sent for in the dead of the night to administer the sacraments to such a

one. Chinatown was all ablaze even at that hour—half past one in the morning. Three white girls saw me approach, the word was passed along, a scampering of feet was heard, and at each landing I heard a slamming of doors till I arrived on the fourth floor, when two of the white slaves, not besotted nor bloated, but with all the grace of ladies, said gently: "This way, Father," and led me to a small bedroom ten feet square. On a little table in the corner was a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, while not far distant hung a picture of Confucius; surely an unhappy combination! On the bed lay a girl of about twenty, once doubtless a beauty, but now a skeleton of skin and bone, and who had apparently but about twenty-four hours to live. I shall never forget how those great black eyes glared at me out of the sunken sockets, as she tried to speak to me. She spoke with gasping breath, choked with phlegm; but even then, helped by a Chinaman, she was endeavoring to suck in the nauseating fumes of the "dope" from a large bamboo pipe which he was lighting for her at a small lamp. I begged of her to go to a hospital and leave this abode of vice, but it was useless. After a long appeal, first by kind words and then by threats, I finally told her I could not give her the sacraments unless she promised to leave the place. "Well," said she, "I leave myself in the hands of God. I hope He will be more merciful to me than you. I know He will forgive me." I went home with the awful eyes following me; I looked up my theology on the point, and the voice still rang in my ears, "I know He will forgive me," and I returned, saying, "Sacraments are to help man; I'll give her the benefit of the doubt provided she makes certain promises." She made them, God rest her soul! Perhaps it was the presence of that little image that saved her.

Among the well-known celebrities of Chinatown are Li Chung, better known as "Boston," and Lee Yen, commonly known as "Irish," who is a stockholder in a restaurant. Both of these men are especially friendly to the church in a financial way, and the latter even expressed a wish to join our communion. "Irish" was good enough to order his scared little wife to sit for her photograph for me.

Gambling seems to form the chief amusement of the Chinese, and they are at it from morning till night and from night till morning. When we lived in 30 Mott Street, which was the home of the Transfiguration priests for thirty years, often was I kept awake for hours by the slamming of the big ivory dominoes on the tables of the gaming houses. A raid takes place on a Sunday afternoon, twenty Chinamen are carried off to the police station, and immediately twenty others rush upstairs to continue the game. So cute are they that with some games they do not go near the "resort" at all. A select committee composed of members from hostile factions meet, play the game, and then hang a signal out of the window which informs the street who are the lucky ones at "fantan."

The zeal displayed by the police in trying to close the gambling shops, which do no harm to any save to the Chinese themselves, is as amusing to me as the story of Don Quixote and the windmills.

Can anything be done to check the great evil in this section? Nothing, except strict legislation to keep it within bounds and to prevent its becoming a public nuisance. We are told, however, that the New York Rescue Band are doing a noble work with their mission in Doyers Street by holding services from ten until twelve, and sometimes later, every night. Far be it from me to say that they are not in good faith. Neither can I say that they are not accomplishing good in their own way, but where, in fact, are the women to go when they leave there at 12.15 A. M.? The night mis-

sion does not solve the problem. What then? Patience! Old Transfiguration stands in Chinatown, with its cross pointing upwards, always in their sight. The statue of the Saviour is ever in front of the building with outstretched arms welcoming the penitent magdalen. Perhaps she has often passed the church, and seeing the reproachful, saddened look on the statue has said: "Have patience with me and I will pay thee all." The Confessional is the only means of bringing these unfortunates to a true knowledge of their state, and making them turn from sinners into saints; but alas! these priestly consolations come but rarely in Chinatown, except when death knocks at the door.

In passing through Mott Street one is astonished at the queer looking vegetables he sees; odd-looking cucumbers, covered with immense warts, lettuce that would easily pass for celery, curiously shaped potatoes, beans, etc. "John" wants his own vegetables, and as a result, some Chinese farmers in Long Island are reaping a fortune, by planting seeds of all kinds imported from the Flowery Kingdom.

Their weddings are very simple, and consist as far as I can comprehend them, in the groom being presented to the bride, having never met before, of saying: "I'm glad to make your acquaintance," and of taking a ride around the block in a carriage. Their funerals are more elaborate, for when a Chinaman dies, immediately is heard the bang-bang of the cymbals to drive away the evil spirits, and the noise is kept up till the body is borne to the undertaker's. There it rests for twenty-four hours, and then the immediate relatives and friends of the deceased go in two carriages, playing on those ungodly instruments mentioned previously in this article, and from here to Evergreen Cemetery in Long Island, one of the body-guard continually throws printed slips of paper on the street to divert the attention of the devils both of Hell and of New York, and prevent them from following the body. In one of the carriages are two roast fowls, a bottle of rice wine, some preserved ginger and dried fruits, all of which are brought to the cemetery and placed on top of the grave. This is to enable the departed to enjoy a hearty meal before he starts on his long journey to the home of Joss and Confucius. What becomes of the delicate little lunch placed upon the grave you may ask? It disappears miraculously, so many of the Celestials think; not so in reality, for it is well known that the workmen in a neighboring factory are in the habit of watching these peculiar funerals, and when the mourners have departed, they secure the viands, and enjoy a right good feast of these funeral meats. Many wonder why the Chinese persist in wearing the pigtail. It is because they expect to be hauled up into heaven by that very convenient appendage, and, without it, they believe they cannot enter into immortal life.

It is not generally known that besides the various clubs and secret societies that exist among these Mongolians, they have laws and governors of their own, and this explains why they so seldom appear in our courts in questions of litigation. The Council Chamber, where their Mayor presides, is a model of neatness, the walls being covered with pictures, and the large armchairs made of beautifully-carved, dark colored wood. The Mayor was in a bad humor when I called and would not allow me to photograph either himself or the room.

Do they ever come to have the babies baptized? Yes, very frequently, and sometimes the principal races of the world are represented at the baptism. For instance, lately when a child was presented for baptism, the grandfather was Irish, the grandmother Scotch, the father Chinese, the mother an American, the god-father an Italian and the god-mother a negress. Surely, Europe, Asia and

Africa have come very closely together in this little section of America.

To conclude, I must say that I find the Chinese, as far as my dealings go with them, shrewd but honest; generous, but usually with anticipation of some future return; apparently child-like and bland, but clever diplomatists; clean physically, though looking exactly the opposite; moral—well, just as moral as most of their white brethren, and certainly a great deal more so than civilized Christians of the Seeley type. Can anything be done to make them converts to the faith of Christ? I fear not, under existing circumstances, for in the first place, we do not speak their language, and very few of them have even a limited knowledge of English; secondly, the experiment has been tried in San Francisco and proven a dead failure, and in that instance the missionary spoke Chinese with a very good accent. The Lord has picked out in His unsearchable ways, some two or three of them in this city, and they are practical Catholics, though not members of this congregation. Why then send money to China to support the missionaries? Because they have there the outcast children, and are bringing up a race of stalwart Christians, well imbued from childhood with the principles of our Holy Religion, and these in time will become the fathers and mothers of an Apostolic race, that will in God's own good time, exert such a wonderful influence over that immense nation of 400,000,000 souls that through the intercession of the blood of her martyred children, crying for pity to God the Father, she will come to a knowledge of Christ and of His Church, and will be forced to cry out as have other nations that have persecuted those professing Christianity: "Too late have we known Thee, O Lord, too late have we loved Thee." This is our hope for the children of the Chinese Empire. Meanwhile all we can do for them is to pray earnestly for them as prayed the prophets of old: 'Thy Kingdom Come."

THE OPTIMIST.

If I a poet were with power to view
The world from Nature's throne, and could imbue
My thoughts with colors bright or grim;
If I could paint or storms or valleys trim
With opalescent flowers; could I attune,
Musician-like, a lute to songs for June
Or chill December fit; or could I grave
Glib fay or demon dread, — then would I brave
With joyful deeds a world of mockers. Men
As well may count the clouds their sky as den
Their race in sunless life — the vision's wry
In either case. Who bliss and worth decry
Are prophets false; their kingdom, blackest dreams.
Who will can sail with me Life's jocund streams.

E. F. Harkins.

THE SCARLET GLOVE.

By M. Gertrude Reynolds.

PART III. — *Continued.*

Jeane March tried in vain to knit away the hatred that like a dark bulk eclipsed the native light in her soul's edifice. Marris looked upon Hillary's deed as a great grievance; Jeane looked at it in the light of a meanness, more abhorrent than crime. Her restoration to health seemed but to intensify the feeling. She dropped her knitting now, and with a flush on her thin cheeks, and her eyes filled with smouldering fires, went out from the room over to the end window where the scene opened beyond and upward to the far-off crest on which stood Eglantine.

Marris watched her furtively, the girl's step was so slow, her attitude leaning finally against the window casement so frail. She loved her sister so she suffered with her, languished with her, and now let her own knitting drop, wondering how she could comfort her.

But Jeane's thoughts were not of Peasley Dighton. After the first thrill of joy at hearing of his presence through Marris, she put rigorously away the happy fancies that imagination might weave. "His is another world now," she said; "mine, too, is another world." Her thoughts were of Eglantine. Jeane's very life-pulse was tangled in Eglantine, like a tendril which surrounding multiplied root-fibres had wound to themselves, tenaciously, making its very life identical with their own. It seemed as another self. Where else could she turn for her sacred childhood, its first breath: what had she not known there of all that was bright and sweet and protecting? "Oh, Eglantine!" she cried in spirit, her hands caught in a clench of pain, "It seems as if you, too, must have soul, and will breathe upon me still."

A sharp knock sounded on the door. It was a well-known knock now, and one at which Marris' heart had shivered of late. Following it the doughty little form of Mrs. Michel presented itself. It was a panting, aggressive little form, quite different from the profusely obsequious Mrs. Michel of the first advance. Her arms were akimbo, her large, vulgarly expressive mouth and little wrinkled visage as silent and motionless as a sphinx. This awful silence had been terrifying Marris these late days. The woman had been coming and coming for her advance, and knocking that hard, startling knock with the loudness and prolongation of insolence, and would stand on the threshold waiting, giving out a sort of warning magnetism, never speaking, but looking terrible things that made Marris feel she was in the presence of some sort of Aetna.

The relief Miss Thorwalson's help gave her of being able to hear that ominous knock without a shudder, and to meet that awful presence without a heart-beat, turned Marris now into a little child with gratitude. The sense of emancipation was indescribable. Mrs. Michel, who had come with plumage, as it were, puffed out to the limit with the sense of her rights and wrongs as a landlady, was fairly overwhelmed now at the radiant happiness of Marris. It was joy to crowd into her hand the bunch of greenbacks that represented the amount due, and the girl cried out a promise of greater efforts, greater days, as if the officious little landlady had been her own mother and she wished to bring to her peace.

When the door closed again, and

Mrs. Michel, in a state of semi-stupefaction, had plodded back to her native region, Marris ran softly over to Jeane and gathered her in the closest, tenderest little hug.

"What is it, dear?" said Jeane, looking up in the mazy way peculiar to the sick, who in a measure have left the world to the care of others.

"I can hardly tell," whispered Marris back, "unless that light does seem to be coming through darkness, Jeane, dear."

On one of the old-time streets, in a mansion overrun with that quaint old plant, "the ivy green," dwelt one of Tarrytown's fashionable women, known to all Tarrytown as a woman of culture and affluence. She affected the daily habit of a drive to surrounding hill and woodland.

Passers by looked with interest at Miss Standish's ponies. Sometimes they came down through the arched elms in a glorious, prancing brace, sometimes tandem, high steppers usually, with arched necks and flowing manes. On the particular morning of which we write she drove a handsome pony through the principal street, at the far end of which she pulled up quickly, crying out: "Good morning, Miss Thorwalson. Won't you get into the carriage with me and enjoy a little spin? Do."

Miss Thorwalson nodded a cheery assent and her thanks, got in, and the handsome equipage rolled again gaily on its way.

They were old friends, and ceremony was not known between them.

"I am exercising my new horse and I want you to name him," said Miss Standish, disentangling the rein.

"What may be his estimate now on the roll of merit?" said Miss Thorwalson easily.

"Excellent."

"Then he shall wear his character mark, call him X."

"Very good," said Miss Standish, "especially good in case of emergency; simple X will not consume much time in a sudden call-out."

X bore his head high and his name amiably; he proved all attention to its signal, and this particular morning of his christening, with airy step and jaunty mien, pranced through the wooded roads of Tarrytown, while his mistress leaned back in her coach luxuriously, and assured her companion there was no need of anything but love and rejoicing in a world so beautiful as this.

All along that winding, silent, elm-arched road nodded varied species of golden-rod, flitted birds of yellow and scarlet plumage, and rolled costly turnouts like Miss Standish's own. The two companions had happy times together, though their circumstances in life were wide apart, Miss Standish being a woman of ample wealth and social renown, Miss Thorwalson the special correspondent of the Tarrytown News. X trotted them out of the beautiful road into broader fields and pastures now, and they fell into a lazy, dreamy mood, singing sleepy little snatches of song, until presently Miss Standish drawled out, "The open air does make one so sleepy."

Suddenly Miss Standish pulled up short, looped her whip, and pointed to a darkening in the west.

"Are we going to get anything out of that?" she asked.

"Look," said Miss Thorwalson, "how quickly it deepens to gloom. I believe we shall get a good drenching out of it."

A breath later and there came a splash of large raindrops. X, as if fastidious of his sleek coat, fairly flew over the flower-spangled way. Although the carriage top was hastily pulled up and buttoned down snugly, the rain, now driven by conflicting winds, was so violent that on reaching one of the public gardens, they turned in under the shadow of its great stone archings. Here the women alighted and stood beneath the palisades, while

X contented himself with rattling his harness furiously now and then, and nibbling (one could imagine with a sarcastic curl of the long lip) at the coarse half-stubble growth about the stone pillars. Presently a coaching party turned in for protection under the granite shelter. There was the retired banker, Mr. Stebbins, portly and gray, his lips pursed as he watched the progress of the weather; and there was the ominous Mr. Gibbs, who rarely spoke, but gave you the impression that his ears were ever on the alert listening. He owned the great stone mansion on Tarrytown heights and drove the fastest span in the place; and there was little Miss Templeton, effervescing with plans for setting the world right; there were besides a merry, laughing group of society men and women, and Sir Peasley Dighton, in whose honor the riding party had been formed.

"I have been wanting to meet you of late," said Miss Templeton, with a little friendly nod of recognition to Miss Thorwalson. "I wanted to get you interested in the little children of our city's poor; into enthusing our philanthropic element with your pen to organize special missions for their soul-training."

Miss Templeton was always at work on some special mission, regarding which Miss Thorwalson cherished some radical views. "I fear I should blunder on such an occasion, Madame," she said, perching on a jutting of the palisade, "into enthusing the people to begin with the bodies of the little waifs first."

Miss Templeton put up her eyeglasses as she might if viewing an agitator.

"I think if I should attempt the subject at all," Miss Thorwalson went daringly on, "it would be to exhort the philanthropists to strip the poor little things of their rags, and nourish them well, dress them well, give them a security of protection that they are not to run loose; after thus ministering to their forlornness in a substantial fashion, the providence of God thus adjusting their dispositions to a receptive mood, I would have them know the price of the soul and train them to its deliverance. Modern scientists prove," continued this incorrigible young woman, "that the gastric juices have much to do with immorality, that it pays to feed children with genuine nourishment; and that is, I fear, how I should write about it. Moreover, if I were only half as rich as any of you here I would drive out the poor miners at the Fells, who with their families are suffering cruelly through the failure of work, and I would teach them, too, the providence of God, in the same fashion, by first lifting from them the hard pressure which stifles oft times with its cruel weight even the very last breath of faith."

Miss Templeton arched her brows and looked quite ready to face the storm rather than listen further to such pronounced views. "To be sure," she said, stiffly, "every one has the right of opinion."

But the majority of the coaching party indulged in a little audible clapping of the hands, and Miss Standish decided openly that her friend had taken quite a practical platform. "Why, the idea is simply charming," she said, "it is genuine humanitarianism. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Gibbs, Sir Peasely," she ran on, "here is your opportunity, crown your lives with immortelles, contribute to the miners."

"Dear me," said Mr. Stebbins, running his hand into his pocket, "the miners again, dear me."

Mr. Gibbs lifted his chin, and held hard at its whisker, his ears seeming to prick out more eagerly attentive than ever, but he made no answer to the appeal.

Miss Standish, being an important factor in society, and thus taking a firm stand on Miss Thorwalson's sug-

gestion, helped to carry it. It seemed treason to refuse.

"How much will you contribute, Mr. Gibbs?" she insisted, with evident enjoyment of the situation.

The gentleman raised his face still higher, held firmly to his whisker, laughed, and hesitated.

"I will contribute fifty dollars to the miners' fund," said Miss Standish, charmingly.

X raised his head high, and whinnied, as if in approval.

"I will contribute ten dollars," said Miss Thorwalson, "I, the poor scribe."

"The spell of the fair auctioneer is upon us," said Mr. Stebbins. "We are to buy off, I believe, stark famine and warm it with happy fires of plenty."

"Who will make it a hundred?" laughed Miss Standish, falling merrily into the spirit of the suggestion.

Mr. Stebbins drew forth his hands from his pockets and one of them held his check-book.

"I will give a hundred," he said, and passed the check.

Mr. Gibbs faced around in time to witness the gift. "Put me down for fifty," he nodded.

Sir Peasely Dighton sauntered from the hedge-tops over which he was watching the radiant spanning of a rainbow in the clearing. He handed Miss Standish his share of the contribution; it was the largest offering yet made.

"I wish," he said, throwing an amount of feeling earnestness into the remark, "I wish it could be multiplied daily from my purse to my last hour, like the loaves and fishes. Miss Thorwalson has made a good motion and we are doubly wise in seconding it." Miss Standish placed the purse, representing some hundreds, into Sir Peasley's hand.

"Do go thou and solace the poor," she said, "a crowd would look like a boast."

"Sir Peasely is the man for that sort of thing," said Mr. Stebbins. "The deed is a chivalrous deed, and the gentleman the incarnation of chivalry."

There was another little spell of merry clapping.

"Think of the mercy of the thing," said Miss Thorwalson. As the storm having cleared they drove away, her mind taking in the burst of heaven-born relief Dighton's visit would prove to the starving miners of Tarrytown Fells. "People can make lots of rainbows if they try."

"Trot on, X," said Miss Standish with a little laugh, "you have had something to do with it all; you carried us to the arboretum, and dear me, what a merry fencing you have witnessed."

PART IV.

Tarrytown abounded in little groupings of woodland standing in the clearings, looking like something which had escaped conflagration. In one of these, some days later, three women in shade hats strolled arm in arm, chatting in serious vein. They were Miss Thorwalson and her two friends of the Briary.

"The horseman," she resumed, taking up the thread of her argument, "crossing the flood, who sets his teeth against the current and reining his drowning steed with nerved hand reaches the bank in safety, is surely grander warrior than he who takes fright at the breaker, loses his grip and gives the wave supremacy. It is simply a case of total gain, or total loss. Now, dear girl, why should you will to yourself total loss, by this morbid hatred, this fostering of revenge against your cousin Hillary?"

"Because the woman is a lie," said Jeane, "and because she brought the blight of her honeyed treachery upon my mother, upon our home, upon our fortunes."

"But does it pay to keep looking into

the dungeon?" said Miss Thorwalson. "Does it not pay to be heroic?"

"It is good to be heroic, Madam," said Jeane, "but does its reasoning always apply to natural law? If a poison wasp flies into your face you do not ignore it; you kill it if you can. Hillary has the right to foreclose the mortgage; it is not that, it is the studied treachery, the means she took to the end. She coveted Eglantine and planned this way of possessing it. She was mother's own cousin. Mother never dreamed that Hillary would set her own cousin a snare. Hillary could have waited years without personal loss and given mother a chance. Then her letter; I have it here." She unfolded it and holding it to the searching light, read with eyes aflame like an accusing angel—'I will never do anything mean, I will always be good to you, always take interest in you welfare.'

"Does not that tell of her as a traitor, a woman of false promise and trickery? Why, all this time when poor little Marris has been grieving through long night watches by the sick-bed, she has never risen, woman-like, human-like, to search her cousin's children out, or acquaint herself of their fate. No! the gay world of wealth and pleasure carries her ever in its current, heedless, hard, selfish, vain."

The Etna of hatred burned fiercely in the girl's heart, so Marris stole her hand into hers. To be sure it was all true. She herself had been so blinded by Hillary's deed that faith itself lay prone; but, after all, struggling as she was in the darkness, what was Hillary's deed, what was her own misery and perplexity in comparison to the joy of Jeane's deliverance from the same rankling bondage? Jeane was so fierce and deadly in her hatred, Marris felt her own spirit going plaintively out in a cry for peace.

"It's ruin, absolute ruin," said Miss Thorwalson. "To me it is a blasphemous act, this raising of one's own hand as it were by consent of will to the fair citadel of the soul."

Jeane gave a little mocking laugh. "Why does God ever permit that wrong should prevail, and innocence suffer?" she asked.

"Such dark reasoning in one's life," said Miss Thorwalson, "is much like stopping at dungeons on a journey. Why descend to the dungeon? The descent is disease, the calamities of life are intended to bring out the forces of faith and trust, intended to make the soul bound from the spur of pain to the Healer. The child searches for its parent, is satisfied only when he finds him. Have you searched for your Parent; have you searched till you found? Are you in His arms now, or are you tarrying at the dungeon to nurse a serpent that, unless you shake free from it, may yet incite your hatred to commit irretrievable crime." Her arm was around the girl's waist. "Is your heart tracing His way?" she said.

Jeane shuddered. His way seemed afar off now, a white, shining road, with besetting chasms between.

"Oh, Jeane," said Marris, closing her hand lightly on her sister's, an involuntary motion to force her back from fatality, "let us try, dear, let us try to reach His way."

"It will be harder with poverty," said the girl, despairingly. "Everyone will not give us gloves to knit." She removed a finished glove from the silk chatelaine hanging at her side, and, smiling pensively, patted it in her hand. "We are no match for the world, Marris. Everything seems to tear and hurt and prevail against us, and poverty beckons us its hard way to sow contradiction anew in our souls. As to there being a God—why should He see even the lambs of His flock ever crushed, morally and physically, under this Juggernaut—poverty?"

They were crossing from the woods slowly now through a colony of mine

workers, their rude homes here and there studding the pines. Staggering in ahead was a drinker. He wore the livery of the toiler; the knotted veins stood out in testimony of how he had wrung his strength for bread.

"Look," said Miss Thorwalson, "the man has exchanged the wage of his labors, the dollar which means to his family bread or starvation, life or death, that sacred dollar of toil, he has exchanged that for the demon that shatters. His every principle of manhood, his family, his home,—all sacrificed; and yet it is possible the credit of the misery sown by that man's intemperance will be laid on the shoulders of Christ. So with every other phase of intemperance, anger, hatred, revenge, for the destruction following their wake God the Saviour is maligned."

Though her words were severe, her voice was soft and appealing. The two sisters could not mistake the undercurrent. The fire of Jeane's eyes mellowed to reflection; something like a sob shook Marris's heart.

"Madam," said Jeane, turning suddenly. "I would give my life gladly in exchange for forgetfulness. I cannot forget the loss of Eglantine, the deception of Hillary. What would I not give to forget?"

Miss Thorwalson drew from her pocket a beautiful opal and held it up, the colors changing in the moonlight, flecks of pale, misty green.

It was close to Jeane's eyes. "How beautiful," she said. "How beautiful," she repeated softly. "But it is defaced. Ah, what a pity."

"What a pity," echoed Marris, fascinated.

"Any one will admit it is a pity," said Miss Thorwalson. "Any one would be sorry for a fracture in so beautiful an opal, and yet we can look upon the error, the covetousness of Hillary,—what gem more precious than a soul! And never perhaps give a thought to redeeming it from its deformity. What are you to do, dear girl? Cast from the heart everything that interferes with its peaceful rhythm, its harmony. This fostering of hatred, revenge, is simply disease; treat it as disease, put the destroyer from you."

They had reached the chapel now, one of those dim-windowed, ivied retreats, that shut out the world and embody the soul in a solitude of mediaeval art, sifting hues, stolen beams, atom-built of dusty gold. The red sanctuary light at the altar looked afar off like a mid-air star, and as the women drew nearer and nearer there was an indescribable something about that star, keeping perpetual watch there at the shrine of love, a caress, a thrill of light that fell on their hearts. It seemed to draw them on, that little red magnet. They knelt half prostrate as if with one impulse, holding each other by the hand.

The Divine Presence was felt in benediction resting like a fragrant breath upon them. After a little they looked up, their eyes bright with teardrops.

"Leave the burden here," gently counselled Miss Thorwalson.

"How?" asked Jeane.

"How?" asked Marris, with hushed awe.

"Pray for Hillary, and the burden will fall from you. I have never known it to fail, this prayer of the wronged for the transgressor."

And Jeane and Marris prayed.

When they reached the Briary again the evening bells were ringing. Miss Thorwalson had parted from them at the church portal to continue her rounds. A new light and peace were upon them; the divinity of forgiveness had dawned in their souls.

Some days after the meeting at the arboretum Sir Peasely Dighton set out on horse-back to visit the quarries. His chivalrous nature made the task doubly pleasant, and he spent the greater part of the day with the famishing families, spurring their slender

courage by means of substantial aid and manly words of hope and cheer, leaving behind him at every hearth a perfect tumult of gratitude. Night closed upon him ere his mission was ended. He had spent the day looking into the countenances of men and women whose strength had been sapped by hunger, and there came to him as never before the tremendous responsibility of the rich. Riding further, leaving the distressed district behind, he came upon a few scattered cabins, where he found a family needing his help, a motherless brood of five little ones. An irresistible desire to mystify the children came upon him, he would drop the treasure unseen among them. Then again he thought to enter in the usual way, but paused irresolute, whimsically striving to make up his mind. Just then the clear moonlight disclosed something lying at his feet, and picking it up he found it was a glove, a means to accomplish his purpose. Next to Santa Claus' stocking nothing could please the little ones better. He filled out the fingers with dimes and the body of the glove with bank notes until it stood out like a hand. Then he fastened it to the casement and looked in, to see the miner alone at the hearth; the children were not there. He would wait until they came back, he decided, and leaping on his horse took a turn from hill to valley, riding back leisurely to the cabin. The children were there, but the glove was gone, dropped from the pocket of his riding coat. He searched for it in vain, going back over the path, his eyes bent on the light-flooded way, but no glove could he find.

"Poor little ones," he sighed, regretfully.

Emerging from the copse, a figure advanced towards him, a little, slight figure, stooping as if in search of something. The presence struck him as familiar, and had the effect of hastening his step, at sound of which the seeking figure straightened up nervously.

"Marris," he cried.

"Oh, Peasely," she said, fluttering towards him, "You never came."

He dropped the bridle and took her hand, his firm grasp emphasizing his words. "Forgive me, Marris," he pleaded. "Forgive the carelessness that has brought its own punishment in the misery I endured searching for you in vain. I lost the address you gave me the night of the banquet, and none could tell where you had hidden away. This very night I thought to go back again to Eglantine, to stand on the knoll where I met you, and perhaps you might come to me."

"So much has happened," said Marris. "Oh, Peasely, it seems so good to tell you all."

He drew her arm in his and together they slowly paced the forest-walk.

"Jeane?" he asked, eagerly. "What of her?"

"She has passed close to death," said Marris, solemnly, "and has come back to more than physical life; her soul, too, has shaken off disease. We hated Hillary so. Jeane's hatred of her was awful in its strength, it held her fast. Hillary took our home, she took it craftily, deceiving and wronging our mother."

"Yes, Marris."

"She took from us the shelter of Eglantine, and we were no match for the world; our hearts were torn by contact with it."

"Poor hearts!"

"Everything failed us, everything was denied, Peasely; everything went wrong, all doors seemed closed against us"—she paused, the thought of her own encounter with starvation that Jeane might live, brought tremor to her voice. "Just when it seemed that we were never to know hope again, that God had forgotten us, a friend was raised up, a woman, Miss Thorwalson."

"God send many of her kind," he said with fervor.

"She gave us work when every door was closed. Faith gleamed a little brighter then; still neither Jeane nor I could pray. I doubted God, and Jeane denied Him, but He looked on His children with pitying love and drew us back to Him, back to our old selves before hate and despair were part of our lives. How, I do not know, except that it was through Miss Thorwalson, who learned from us our sorrows and kept them sacred; and to-day, just to-day, Peasely, in the sanctuary, we laid down our burden; the darkness passed away."

"Through prayer," he said, his eyes shining as they looked into hers. "Prayer is the bridge of faith, making safe the steps of the suppliant seeking to draw nearer to the Father. Who can say that your deprivation of solace, your dwelling in the shadows of life, had no part in teaching you to pray?"

"It had, Peasely," she said, gently. "God came to us through suffering; through sorrow He came to Jeane and me."

There was silence for some moments; then Sir Peasely spoke, his words telling of another love, the love of man for woman.

"Does Jeane ever speak my name?" he asked.

"Yes," said Marris, frank in admission, yet proudly careful of another's heart secret, "Jeane talks often of old friends."

"God bless you for that, dear girl," he said, and he kissed her forehead as he might that of a child.

And Marris in the presence of this friend felt that the old happy days had come back.

"When will you come?" she asked.

"At once," he made answer, eagerly.

"Oh, Peasely," she cried in sudden remembrance, "such a strange thing has happened, just like fairy days. Jeane lost her glove here today and I came back to find it, and see!" She held up the lost treasure. "It is crammed full of money."

"Good!" he cried. "Come, I will tell you the story of it."

When he had told her the mission of it, her spirit fairly danced with delight.

"Come," he said, "you shall share the glory of the deed," and leading the horse by the bridle, they went on hand in hand like children.

Together they looked through the window and beheld the miner with his little ones engaged in prayer. "Give us this day our daily bread" fell plaintively from the lips of want.

"Now is the time, Marris, for the loaves and fishes," prompted Sir Peasely, and with a thrill of joy he watched her cast her treasure through the window. They watched a moment for the joyous discovery, the stir and glad excitement, and then both hurried away.

PART V.

The little chime at No. 6 struck the hour of nine, and Jeane, wondering what kept Marris so long, paced the room feeling strangely strong and ready for life's battle. She planned first one line of endeavor, then another. She took from the file the latest edition brought by Miss Thorwalson and answered several of the wants. "We must keep moving, Marris and I, to get into the vineyard," she said. "Anything will do. Pride is a thistle in the way; we must cast it over the wall, a weeded-out nuisance. Who now has the poor mother, but Marris and me? Dear little Marris!" She snipped a rose from the cluster at the window, and fastened it in her corsage, put on her hat and taking up the letters hastened out to post them. Somehow there seemed a consecration in the night, a consecration streaming down from the little woodland chapel. Where was

the need of hastening when there was happiness in lingering? So she kept to the narrow shaded way, and, as she went slowly on, built her castles. The good time would come. Marris and she would fill positions in some useful field; they could have a little cot somewhere, set in the purest atmosphere of peace, and bring dear mother to the home they would make. If prayer had helped her to cast out hatred, why could it not bring to pass this blissful dream. The thought of Eglantine rose, but she put out her hands as if struggling physically against it. She had buried this rankling thought and would not tolerate its spectre. There was another thought that would not be put from her, a presence that haunted her to-night, so sweet, so real that she could almost speak to it. She looked up as if to meet its eyes, welcoming eyes, glad and true. Two years ago the owner of the face had laid his heart and fortune at her feet, and she in a romantic impulse to test her feeling had rejected his suit. "I shall go away, Jeane," he said, and had kept his word, leaving her to discover what his absence meant to her. Pride concealed the wound; she hid her regret, but the conviction that she had lost him forever made of her a serious woman ever yearning for the love she had put from her. Dear little Marris had brought such a glow into her life, by telling of his return. If she could only see him, only have him for a friend, she and Marris needed him so much. He was so chivalric that he would always defend them against the dangers of the way opening before them, so wise that he would always counsel them aright. "If it could be even that," she said, and set her lips firmly.

She had left her mail and was now on her homeward way. An odd impression came to her as her hand rested on the door, a thought that someone beside Marris was within. She turned the knob and entered. A surprise met her. The rose bush was stripped of its bloom and the roses clustered in a slender urn-like crystal; the grand old screen of painted silk was utilized to bar off the prevailing barrenness; the small round table, also a part of the glory of the past, held the slender crystal; and other fragments of the sacrifice were gathered within the artistic centre. Marris, with the light of suppressed excitement in her eyes, appeared on the scene, and took her sister's face between her little palms.

"What is it all about?" asked Jeane.

"You look so happy, Marris."

"I am happy," laughed Marris. "So many things have happened. First I found the glove, but you can have it back on only one condition."

"And that?"

"That you answer me this, dear: If Sir Peasly Dighton were to open the door and step in, what would his welcome be?"

Jeane reared her small head proudly, her eyes bright, her cheeks suffused with a charming bloom.

"Let him come," she said. "Pride spoke once, but now love shall answer. If he still wants it, a woman's heart waits for him."

"I claim it, Jeane." Sir Peasely Dighton advanced from the shadows. "Come, poor torn heart," and he folded her to him.

A few weeks later Tarrytown had the sensation of a wedding. Society received a shock. To think of Sir Peasely Dighton throwing himself away on a penniless girl! And Hillary? By whatever motive guided, policy or conscience, who can tell? Hillary took a high standard regarding this unexpected turn of affairs. She ordered the interior of Eglantine transformed into a bower of blush roses and orange blossoms, and presented it to Jeane as a wedding gift, and Mrs. Marsh, thrust suddenly from home, and the luxuries of the affluent was brought back by Jeane and Mar-

ris and Sir Peasely to reign again in the domain consecrated by memories of happy wifehood and motherhood.

Sir Peasely celebrated his wedding by banqueting the poor of Tarrytown, making of them the chosen guests at the marriage feast, thereby incurring the displeasure and severe censure of aristocratic Tarrytown, intolerant of social departures.

Another characteristic action was that of Miss Thorwalson, who, even while her bridemaid's honors were pressing on her, took thought of the answers received by Jeane in response to her application for work, and mentally decided just where she could place them for the benefit of unemployed friends. It was her last little votive offering before joining the bridal party on the out-going steamer.

As she looked at the gloriously elegant sea and the arching sky, with its changing lights, a great peace stole upon her; her face told of reverent recognition of divine goodness. "Thank God," she said, "for this lovely voyage, this delightful experience, these heart-friends—all bestowed in return for a little service in His name, a little care of His suffering children in those dreary days of their shadowed life in the Briary."

THE SEASONS' CHANGE.

When you were here 'twas Autumn drear,
Yet somehow, Love, it seemed to be
The first of Spring days fair and clear;
And so it was through all the year,
You brought such happiness to me;
Since you and I were not apart
It seemed like June within my heart.

When you died, Love, the trees and flowers
Were bursting into leaf and bloom;
The bees hummed through the languorous hours;
The roses from their sunny bowers,
Filled all the air with sweet perfume;
Yet in my heart cold Winter grew;
My Summer, dearest, died with you.

Mary F. Nixon.

THE LORETTO ORDER.

ITS FOUNDATION AND PROGRESS.

By Eleanor M. Parker.

America can look with just pride upon several religious orders, which have had their origin upon her soil, and which have grown to be powerful factors in the great work of Christianity and civilization.

Of these the eldest by some months, and, perhaps, the most thoroughly identified with our country is the Society of Loretto, or Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross. It neither takes its name nor borrows its rule from any other community. It is American in its birth, its heroic struggles, and gigantic work; American in every respect save in the holiness and fervor of its spirit, which would do credit to the primitive days of the church when man's faith was warmer and his heart more generous than in this age of cold skepticism.

Almost co-eval with the present cen-

Loretto Academy, Loretto Heights, Colo.

St. Mary's Academy, Denver, Colo.

tury, in the wilderness of Kentucky, budded the tiny tree that was to bear such glorious fruit, and whose branches were destined to reach to the shores of the Pacific, and from the snow-capped mountains of Colorado, to the smiling valleys of Mexico.

Let the cynic and materialist sneer at the ways of Divine Providence; one has only to point at the rude log cabins in which the first members of the community dwelt, and thence to the magnificent structures with their cloud-reaching spires, now occupied by the good Sisters.

Any attempt to give an accurate idea of this order, its objects, motives and work, would be fruitless without first briefly sketching the life and character of its saintly founder.

Rev. Charles Nerinckx was born October 2, 1761, at Herffelingen, Belgium. Coming of a family renowned for its virtues as well as for the number of priests and nuns it produced, young Charles early laid the foundation of the eminent sanctity that was to shine so brilliantly in the wilds of America. Fleeing from the fury of the French Revolution, he found refuge in the New World, and offered himself for the vast vineyard then in such sore need of earnest laborers.

Bishop Carroll gladly accepted his services for the abandoned and poverty-stricken mission of Kentucky. There he subquently joined Father Badin, and entered upon duties which on account of their hardships, dangers and sufferings, would have frightened one with less zeal than that of a Francis Xavier.

A Snap-Shot from Loretto Play-Ground.

THE OLD ACADEMY, NOW USED FOR THE NOVITIATE.

Thenceforward, his life was one continued act of self-sacrifice and tireless labor. Humble, learned and prudent, to himself most severe, he was to others a tender father. His boundless love for the Sacred Heart and his touching devotion to Jesus Suffering and Mary Sorrowful, are perpetuated in the order he founded. On each side of the black veil, worn by the professed Sisters, is embroidered a crimson heart, while all the prayers of the community are directed towards the agony of our Divine Lord and the sorrows of His Blessed Mother.

CHARLOTTE RAPIER.

One of Father Nerinckx' fondest desires was to organize a religious society for the training of young girls. He and Father Badin at one time seriously contemplated the undertaking, and, with their own hands, erected log buildings for the purpose. However, as the work was scarcely completed when destroyed by fire, the idea was temporarily abandoned. But the missionary was to realize the fruition of his plans in a most unexpected manner. In the year 1812, several young women removed to a humble dwelling with a view to withdrawing from the

MRS. BELLE PUTNAM SPALDING.

world and devoting their time to the instruction of the young.

MRS. BEN JOHNSON.

As yet, they had no thought of becoming nuns. But later, the inspiration came to them, and they begged Father Nerinckx to allow them to become religious, and to give them rules by which to regulate their lives. Accordingly on April 25, 1812, Mary Rhodes, Christina Stuart and Nancy Havern, the original three, took the veil and made their solemn promise in the parish church. They were too poor to have a uniform habit, and it was only after much toil and many experi-

MARGARET E. O'BRIEN.

ments in the art of dyeing that the present garb was evolved.

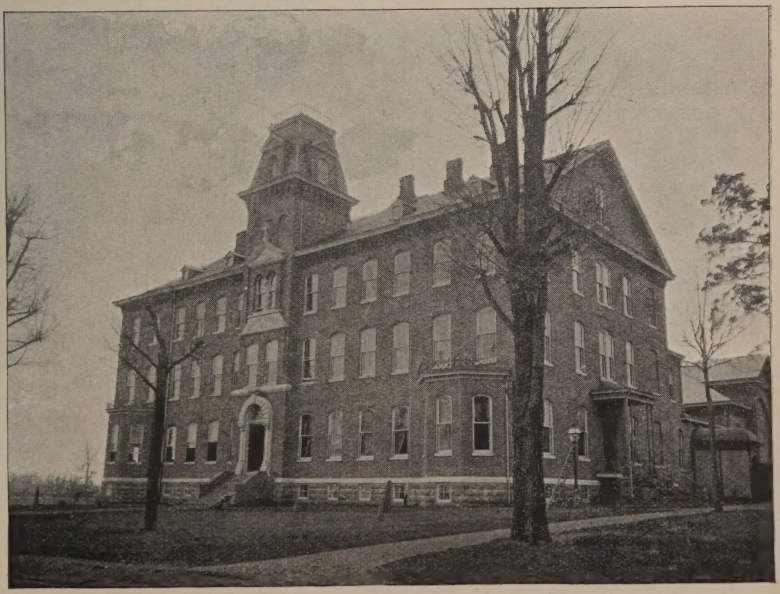
Several new postulants came to join them, and though reduced to the most extreme poverty, the infant community increased in number and sanctity.

Worldings were wont to shake their heads, and look upon the undertaking as a freak, a most impracticable piece of folly; but the holy women, animated by Father Nerinckx' spirit, and trusting in his motto: "Do not forsake Providence and it will not forsake

LORETTO ACADEMY EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, 1893.

you, never lost courage or wavered in their determination.

In June, 1812, was commenced the erection of more suitable buildings. When Father Nerinckx could find time from his vast mission, he very materially aided in the work by hewing the logs and lift-



LORETTO ACADEMY, MARON COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

MRS. OSCAR R. HUNDLEY.

ing them into position. The Sisters themselves cleared away the stumps from the grounds, and by dint of ceaseless labor all was at last complete. Though poor as Bethlehem, it was a veritable paradise to those devoted souls.

AGNES CORRY.

A severe affliction was in store for the little band in the death of their first and dearly beloved superior, Mother Ann Rhodes. She passed to her eternal reward December, 1812, and was buried coffinless in the snowy earth, according to a rule of the order, which has since been abolished.

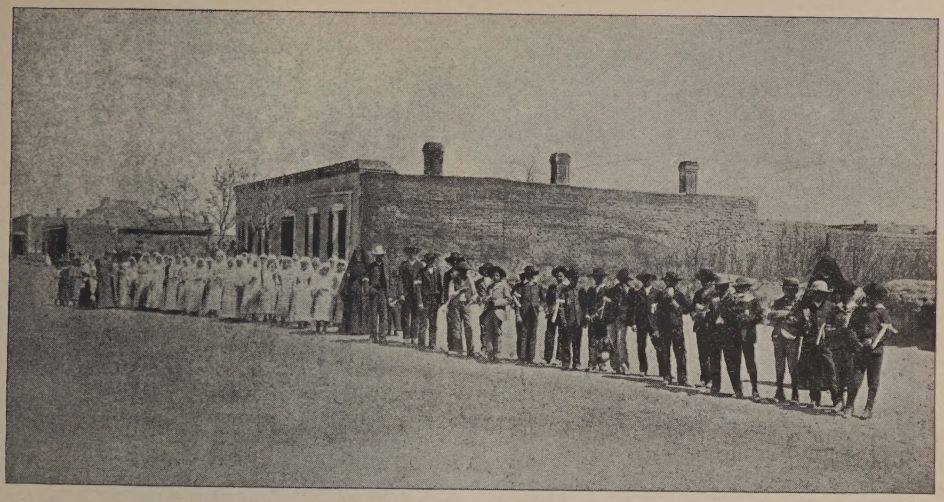
Four years after the foundation of Loretto, a branch house was started at Calvary, Kentucky, and two years

MRS. JOSEPHINE BISSELL THOMAS PORTRONDO.

subsequently, one on Pottinger's Creek, known as Gethsemane.

There is a tradition that on Pottinger's Creek a barefoot boy in coarse tow garments attended the Sisters' school, and that the same boy was none other than Abraham Lincoln.

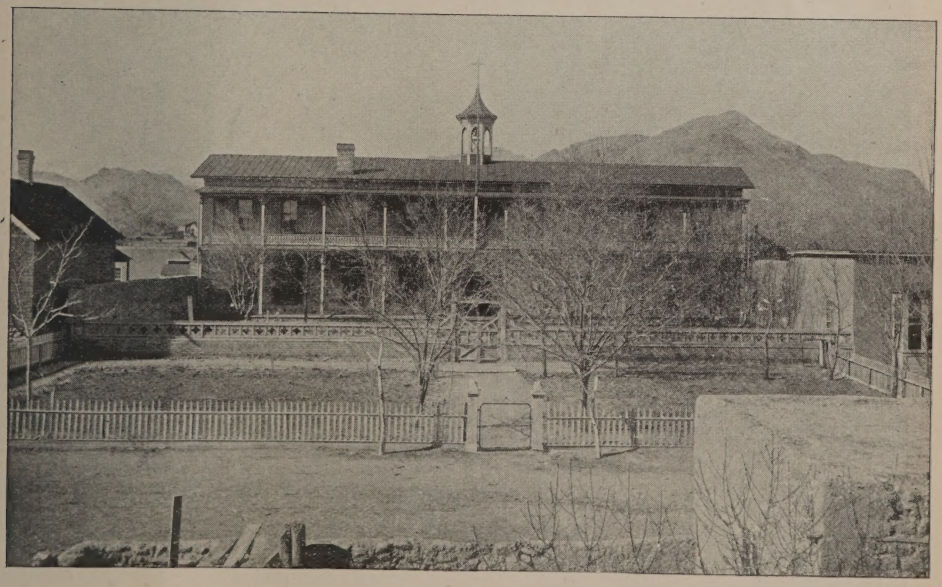
Loretto ever had a welcome for the homeless. There the venerable Father Sorin took some of the Sisters of the



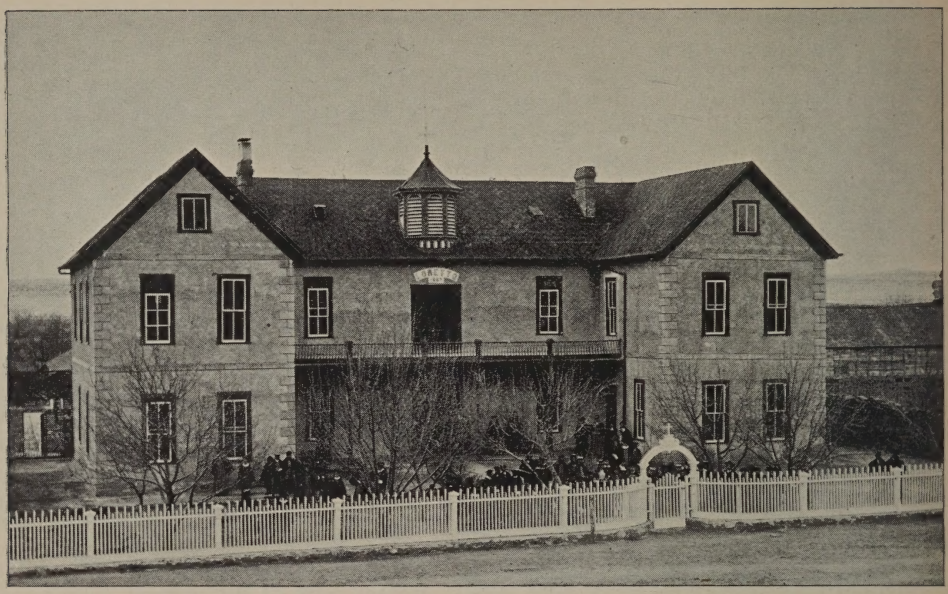
STREET SCENE, CONVENT AT EL PASCO, TEXAS.

Holy Cross before the completion of their own convent home, and there several members of the Poor Clare order found refuge.

In the year 1824 Loretto was removed to the present site in Marion county, known at that time as St. Stephen's. The buildings then erected remained until 1858, when the convent and church were burned. The greater part of the library, which was a very valuable and costly one, and a famous chime of bells brought by Father Nerinckx from Belgium, together with many other relics, were destroyed. The convent and church were immediately replaced by larger and more commodious buildings. In



LORETTO ACADEMY, SOCORRO, N. M.



INDIAN GOVERNMENT SCHOOL (LORETTO), BERNALILLO, N. M.

1887 the new Academy was completed and furnished with every modern convenience. Then the old Academy, that vine-clad abode, dear to so many

CLASS OF INDIAN CHILDREN AT BERNALLILO, N. M.

girlish hearts, was converted into the Novitiate.

In the most healthful portion of Kentucky, surrounded by noble forest trees and towering hills, far removed from the din and strife of the great world, stands this little earthly paradise, the Loretto of the present day.

There, year after year, go happy, artless maidens—there to be molded into the most perfect types of womanhood. No branch of their education is neglected in this splendidly equipped and well-ordered school. On the second floor is the beautiful reading room, which is supplied with classic and modern works, as well as with the latest periodicals; adjoining it is a museum, containing numerous curiosities from home and abroad. Far from the noise of the playground, in the third story, is a spacious and handsomely furnished oratory, where many a fervent prayer ascends from pure hearts to the Virgin Mother of Sorrows.

An important part of the institution is the Normal School, in which, for at least two years, generous young souls who desire to consecrate their lives to God are trained for the duties that await them. The Novice Mistress is Mother Francesca, a niece of the late Archbishop Lamy.

As at all convents, the cemetery is kept with scrupulous care and made a place of pious pilgrimage. In it sleep Father Nerinckx, Father Wuyts, for so many years Ecclesiastical Superior of the order, and other priests, friends and benefactors of the order, whose dying request was to be interred at Loretto. There, also, among the spiritual daughters who so loved and cherished them, rest the good Mothers Elizabeth Hayden, Berlindes Downs and Bridget Spalding, the last, cousin of the great Archbishop of the same name. A sister to Mother Elizabeth, Mother Bridget Hayden, labored for many years among the Indians, and it is related that on one occasion especially she came near experiencing the wrath of a chief whose child died in the school. The savage father, tomahawk in hand, sought Mother Bridget, and could not be dissuaded from his fell design until an Indian woman who was employed about the place assured him that the Sisters had given the little one plenty of water to drink.

Mother Magdalene Hayden, the eldest of this remarkable family of sisters, labored for years in New Mexico, founding numerous academies and schools. It was she who erected in Santa Fe the Convent and Academy of Our Lady of Light. Attached to these buildings is a beautiful stone chapel, quite a gem of architecture. Mother Magdalene died October 27, 1894, in Santa Fe, leaving a noble record of zeal and sanctity.

"Westward" Loretto's "Star of Empire" has taken its course, and the work the Sisters did in that wild region, when the light of civilization had scarcely dawned upon it, their zeal for the dusky savage, their long wearisome journeys, their privations and sufferings, are not to be written by pen of mortal. Only the Angels can record such deeds as those.

Now we find Bishop Lamy conducting a colony of Lorettines to Santa Fe. Cholera strikes the noble band; their Mother is taken from them, and, temporarily exiled from their fellow creatures, they are left to battle with the dread disease. Again their caravan is alone on the boundless prairie in the blackness and rage of a terrible storm. No human habitation is near, and only the howling of wolves can be heard. On another occasion they are attacked by Indians, and the youngest of their number, dying of fright, is left to sleep in the lonely wild. Eleanor C. Donnelly has commemorated this sad event in a beautiful poem, beginning:

"They made her a grave where the tall grasses wave,
'Neath the blue of the Western sky;
And they laid her to sleep where the wild winds sweep
Through the bending reeds that sigh."

Self-sacrifice so heroic must necessarily bear abundant fruit, and to-day throughout the great West the Society counts many noble institutions.

Historic Loretto Academy at Florisant, Mo., which this year celebrated its golden jubilee, has sent forth many distinguished pupils; likewise the school of the same name in St. Louis.

In the city of Denver is St. Mary's Academy, and, crowning Loretto Heights, in the suburbs of the same city, is the superb new Loretto Academy, built of red granite. Houses have also been established at Las Cruces, Socorro and Bernalillo, N. M.; Pueblo, Col.; El Paso, Texas, and many other points.

The school at Bernalillo is a government contract school for the education of Indians. This institution was recently made prominent by Morgan's infamous attack. By impartial judges this school is conceded to have done much toward civilizing the Indians.

The most interesting of the Kentucky branches are Bethlehem Academy in Hardin County and Mount St. Benedict's, Louisville. On the grounds of the latter stands a small building known as the "Bishop's House," in which Archbishop Spalding wrote the greater number of his valuable works.

Loretto may not be able to claim the distinction of having sent forth as many queens of society as some of our convent schools. Her ambition is rather to train useful, noble women. Loving daughters, devoted mothers and fervent nuns she can count by the score. Yet, not a few of her children have been called upon to play important parts in the great drama of social life.

Among the earliest graduates of Loretto was Mary Jane Lancaster, mother of Bishop Spalding, and only a few years ago the family relation with the school was renewed in the person of Mrs. Belle Putman Spalding, who is a niece of the Bishop.

Mrs. Boisliniers, Mrs. Provenchere, Mrs. Prim, Mrs. Hornsby, the Misses Garesche, the Misses La Motte of St. Louis, Mrs. Daisy Rice Smathers of North Carolina, Mrs. Brooke Hatchett of Tennessee, a daughter of Hon. John Parke, Mayor of Memphis for five consecutive terms, Mrs. Ben Johnson of Bardstown, Mrs. Emily Kincaid Spalding, the Misses Russell of Lebanon, Ky. (cousins of Mark Twain, but devout Catholics), Josephine Bissell Portuondo (nee Thomas), a grand-daughter of Gov. Bissell of Illinois, Mademoiselle De Hodiemont, grand-daughter of Baron De Hodiemont, Sarah Howard Benton Woolley, great grand-daughter of Thomas H. Benton, Belle Gross, a sister of Archbishop Gross, and now a distinguished member of St. Joseph's Order, Mrs. Kate Chilcott Price, daughter of Senator Chilcott, the late Countess Cassell, several nieces of the Hon. Zach. Montgomery, Assistant Attorney General during Cleveland's administration, Mrs. Oscar R. Hundley of Huntsville, Ala.—these and many other distinguished women proudly claim Loretto as their Alma Mater. Among those of Loretto's children who have gained distinction through their talents may be mentioned Marion Muir Richardson, a writer of verses for the Ave Maria; Margaret E. O'Brien of Birmingham, Ala., the clever author and editor; Ella Jackson, the journalist, of Sherman, Texas, and Minnie Foxe, a popular vocalist of St. Louis.

Long may Loretto continue in her sublime vocation and long may she send forth such worthy daughters as those who have formerly graced her halls. Not perishable temples of brick and stone does she build; but immortal edifices of heart and mind, of character and soul. Only when the great final reckoning comes shall the magnitude and depth of her silent work be revealed.

MY LOST ESTATE.

By Rob Lear.

My hair is white; and, as I gaze in wonderment over the scene of my early life, the tremolos of memory, like the peculiar sensations of an electric current, are tingling in every nerve. In my youth, I was the wealthiest of the wealthy. Now in the last years of my life, there is not an acre of land in my name, nor is there a building that I may call my own.

This reverse of fortune was not the result of speculation. My years had been spent in honest toil, and my earnest effort was to maintain my lordly estate. I was not accounted a spendthrift; and the close of each day was marked by a little advance towards greater wealth.

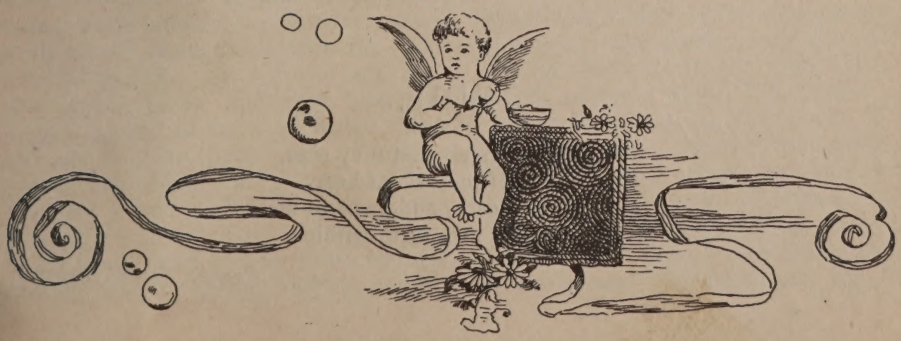
Sunset was my favorite hour for leaving the house to seek recreation in a ramble or ride over my domain. The clouds of the western sky were reflected, in all their beauty, in the waters of the vast river that flowed between my mountain possessions. The fruit in the various orchards drank in the kisses of the setting sun. And the flower-pots and fields, devoted to the cultivation of rare exotics, were abloom with nodding buds. A spacious farm sat on one of the hillsides. Through its well-tilled acres, I often rode on the back of my pretty mustang, occasionally dismounting to go among the sheepcotes and the heifer-sheds. Here and there little ponds, connected by miniature canals, graced the landscape, and the swans often came to take the bread from my hand. I found delight in watching the geese saunter about the yard; and then, as the pigeons perched on my hand for corn, I listened to the music of their cooing.

From my throne on the back of the pony, I saluted my workmen as they passed me; and their responsive smile made me feel that I was the happiest employer in the land.

The pale moon rose and found me lingering amid my palm groves, revelling in the sound of the fountain-spray, or wondering what the rustling corn was saying in its field beside the river. The broad expanse of the river shone away for miles in the clear moonlight, while the tall pines on the little island tossed their mighty arms in the caresses of the night wind.

The stars lit my path, as I journeyed homeward, back through the pretty lanes, with my hounds bounding over the old stone-wall in answer to my call, while the good St. Bernard sounded his greeting from the porch. I spoke a word of welcome to the poor pilgrim who had come to ask a meal, and when his wants had received attention, I went into the library.

This was an evening in my youth. But time went apace, and I left the scene of my early life. After years of toil in other parts, I returned and found only a little brook and a shabbily wooded hill. Time had robbed me of the rest—for they were only the castles that youth dreamed for me.



A MEZZO TINT.

By Frances M. Dwight Morass.

A mossy dell, walled in on either side with huge boulders. Into the innumerable crevices seaming their hoary surfaces, verdant shrubs and clinging vines have rooted themselves, making gladsome and bright the sombre gray. Ages agone, some stupendous convulsion of nature had caused an upheaval, and now through immense chasms, one gazes down on rugged rocks lying upon the ground beneath, or resting here and there against the sides of the mountain.

The white gravel road tracing its serpentine length towards the valley below, at this point deflects sharply from east to west. Across this bend trickles with faintest murmur, a tiny stream, gathered drop by drop from between the huge rocks that stand hundreds of feet above, like giant sentinels guarding the spot. From here the streamlet creeping on in its downward course, increases in size, and still widening, finally tumbles impetuously over stones and debris into the river flowing beneath.

The sun has passed the zenith. The air is soft and humid. From between the branches that meet above the road, are discernible fleecy white clouds floating in slow procession across the depths of their azure background, while the sun casting its warm rays between softly-waving shadows of leaf and branch, causes the little stream to glisten like a ribbon of silver. Here and there lie in its bed small bright-hued stones; bits of embroidery along its length!

Two white butterflies appear, chasing each other in the sunlight, now to right, now to left; then pausing lightly, they hover over the clear streamlet as if to behold their fairy forms mirrored beneath them. The shadows grow longer. The air becomes cooled, as the sun low in the west, reclining on a bank of rosy clouds, gradually sinks from sight.

In the branches above the stream are heard the soft notes of a bird calling to its mate; the notes still more softly answered. Again a faint twittering announces that the little songsters are settling to rest in their leafy bower.

Now all is profound silence! The moon slowly rising, casts her pale rays on rock and leaf and rill, till the spot seems touched as if with some enchanted wand.

So pass the hours in this holy stillness, till dawns another morn to dispel the illusion.

MUTE.

To some 'tis given that they sing,
To others that they silent hear,
Yet hearing learn, and grow to feel
A poet's heart give birth within.

Rosalie Isabel Stewart.

WESTCHESTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Henry Austin Adams, M.A.

CHAPTER I.

I, Nathaniel Broadbent, of Waverly Grange, in the County of Westchester, gentleman, being aware that it cannot be long ere I pass to the great account, have set down the truth concerning certain passages of my long life to the intent that posterity may know that touching my honor and my daughter's, men have dealt foully with us. Be my young reader a victim of the new itch of haste, he may pass by the first five chapters and so come at once to the meat of the matter. I advise this not.

It were three pities to set down on paper, to the hurt of one's neighbors, aught which Time—that tried mender of matters—might else procure to fade out from the memories of men.

But I long since had it out of learned Master Shakespeare, whereto the burthen of my seventy and eight years' observation answereth, that nought of the good men do standeth in the way of being remembered, whereas the ill they do sticketh fast enough and hath never a lack of those to mention it to others. This is our common fault. Moreover, my gossip, good Caleb Wilberforce, who hath, in my opinion, parts unsurpassed in these colonies—and is withal exceptional, being both lawyer and honest man—hath much goaded me with his "vita brevis" and his "per contra" and sundry legal quirps, and "for her children's sakes," to set it all down, since old age is at my heels with its known power to blur one's recollection; whereof friend Caleb knoweth better than I, he being little short of eighty years (whereas I am by three months not yet seventy-eight), and he, worthy man, already over much given to garrulous prolixities of speech and other like infirmities to be looked for in nature in one of his years—from which a merciful providence hath singularly thus far, as my friends cease not to felicitate me, entirely spared me.

"Get it writ, man; get it writ," says Caleb Wilberforce any night these dozen years, sipping the sound old Madeira which I was used to open for him and Mackenzie and—one other; "and publish it, Squire, in simple justice. Remember, old boy, that ye are no chicken, and vita brevis est."

Whereat we would fall to musing, and looking silent at each other through our tobacco smoke—no better than old boys, as we were, God knoweth, sitting there over our wine and our past and our memories—until Barker, forty years my butler and friend, would come in with his "the young gentlemen are going to bed, please, sir"; or mayhap until the voice we loved came singing a snatch of one of Mackenzie's songs, and we knew whose fingers were touching the harpsichord.

At that, when no one was in our company, we would stand and drink a last toast to the long ago—old lovers and boys as we were—and so, lighted by Barker, we would march into the great hall, Caleb whispering on seeing the boys scampering up the stairs: "Egad, Broadbent, for their sakes ye ought to get it writ. Vita brevis est."

And standing at the door of the drawing-room, offering me his snuff-box: "For their sakes; for their sakes. What sayeth our Mantuan bard? 'Forsan et haec olim'—how goeth it?" "Aye, aye, Caleb, I conceive you and thine eternal Horatian wit; but look

at her, man; look at her!" "Alas, true, true," says Caleb; "but the line, Broadbent, is Virgil's, please."

There was that in her who sat playing and singing which hath stayed my pen a thousand times. There came a day when she also passed out into the vast dim company of my sure friends, the dead.

At the very grave's side came a whisper to me from Caleb of "vita brevis est," and that night I began to write.

No song comes now to plead for the wrong and to set two foolish old heads to mooning and vaporing. The inches, moreover, that add to the height of the lads, pushing them up into manhood, seem to demand that this justice be done. "For their sakes. egad, for their sakes, get it writ," cries Caleb.

Not that I so much needed this entreating of my friends, since I perceive that we are fallen upon evil times, the which grow big with threatening the utter overthrow of most which in my day a gentleman held dear. These be not days wherein pure honor hath much weight. Caleb agreeth with me, that something—we know not just what the something is—hath much changed manners. And sometimes, when we have done justice to a third bottle, and in the company there be not any save whom we can fully trust, many a hint is broadly thrown out by us that honor among true gentlemen, and faith and virtue and all the pleasantries of right good living come not by act of Continental Congress more than by act of Parliament before. "Nay, nor so much," cries Dr. Mowberly—but wine doth give the rector too much the Tory air. A rule among old-fashioned gentlemen was, ever in politics and principles to judge no man, even by his own words, he having dined. But in these days twice hath the worthy man been secretly accused of treason, in my house, by my guests (whose fathers had died rather), and for no more, forsooth, than that the parson said (my port, remember, was fifty years old and over): "that in King George's time game was more plentiful about White Plains," and he, for one, wished the old days back. Morris and Hamilton and other hotheads being by, words would have risen had not I thereupon insisted upon our going to the ladies forthwith. Too evident it is, from all these signs of the degeneration in men's manners, and from this new-born spirit of rebellion against all authority, and from the upstart fashion to decry the old, that an affair of honor and the heart wherein the simple right lay on the King's side and the side of chivalry, can hope for but scant justice in a day like this.

By act of Congress hath this new land doomed any and all minorities to contempt and silence. So there be fools enough by one fool even, to set against the wise, the fools may rule. In the divinity of Bigness we must now believe not in the right of things. So be it! My sands are run. Let what remains to me of light and memory be used for the defense of one whose cause—not popular, not on the winning side—hath not a friend at court—nay, I should say, at all, did I keep silence. Who hath not heard of the traitor Weston, of his crimes and death? Who hath not whispered shame of my daughter's name? Who doth not know that my goods were taken, and my good name, the best of all life's goods, clouded for years by calumny?

Who doth not know that I am simply suffered to end my days here in my father's house by the mere generosity of friends, and that this ancient grange of Waverly shall fall, on my decease, into the hands of strangers? I have remained thus silent as best became a gentleman the son of gentlemen. When I am dead my voice, in the minute minority of one, may chance to witness, at the least.

CHAPTER II.

I was born, as my father was before me, in our ancient manor house of Waverly Grange, in the County of Westchester, and some twenty odd miles from the city of New York. My great grandfather, a cadet of the old house of Broadbent of Oakham, in Derbyshire, had done so conspicuous service under that unhappy monarch, James II., that he was advanced to the rank of major. Faithful to his unfortunate sovereign to the last, Major Broadbent retired with his family to France, and there, like many another exile, embraced the Catholic religion, and thereby cut himself off from all possible hope of reconciliation and preferment under the Prince of Orange, whom, indeed, we, as a family, have never recognized as lawful King of England. The tragic death of two of our kinsmen of the direct line left only one life—and that a frail one— between my great-grandfather and the barony of Oakham.

Pressure was brought to bear upon him to renounce his inconvenient faith, and to sue for reconciliation at the English court, at that time sagaciously desirous of winning back the contumelious if powerful. But Major Broadbent, true to his ancestry (we were ever an outspoken and indiscreet race) if not constrained by more religious principles, flew out into a passion, made use of every cavalier's oath known to the camp, and fetched up a declared Irreconcilable.

Dutch phlegm procured for him exemption from a traitor's brand. A very choleric and sound old gentleman withal, whom the Orange Prince did well to overlook. Thus it chanced that the author of these pages might have been brought into the world in France, along with that great company of Jacobites, still to be found there with their English names, had not some counsellor of the usurping William suggested tempting the exiled houses with offers of advantages in the New World. England hath ever wished to widen every channel 'twixt her and enmity. From Dover, if she might, she would most wish to see no land, but Sea, Sea, Sea! Now can she get a thousand leagues of good salt water between her coasts and these pestiferous men? She knows that no Englishman but would do much to found an house. And for this purpose upon a bleak, dark day embarked upon a packet at Dunkirk, one Major Broadbent, his wife, Dame Eleanor Broadbent (of the ancient family of Newtons of Hull in England), and their son, Harold, my own grandfather, to wit.

In the ship's strong-box was the official document (before me as I write) wherein one good at such curious deciphering may find recited the many services of our right-trusty and well-beloved subject, Major Percival Broadbent (thought safer beyond seas—this not set forth, however), to whom, by these presents we, by the Grace of God (to say nothing of Torquay landings, etc.), Sovereigns of Great Britain, etc., etc., did grant and give unto the said right-trusty Major a Manor in the county of Westchester, to him and his heirs forever! Time doth have many a quiet laugh, I doubt not, over the drafts lawyers and lovers make upon Eternity. Forever! The Major's great-grandson hath not now title to so much as a rood of that estate. An hundred years hence—but why digress to prove the evident? Thus did my fathers come to seek their fortune in the great New World.

Our Manor house, builded in Queen Anne's first year, was thought then, with its six Doric pillars, pediment and wings, a most prodigious folly. It did indeed, embarrass our exchequer, so my dear father said; but though it were more fitting that another said it, I dare maintain our hall had not a match on this side sea. For Waverly was known to be a gentleman's estate, and I have ever thought they build more wisely than they know who build what is to be a

home as splendid and as fair as may be.

I like not these chalets, mere mushroom nothings, the which I hear are springing up throughout our country.

Fleeting enough, God knoweth, is man's life. Why, therefore, must he needs camp like a fugitive? Caleb and I have frequently observed upon the fact that men care less than formerly about posterity.

Verily, democracy hath overturned more than one institution. Pacing my father's halls—mine now, alas! by sufferance only—I think upon the virtues that lie dead and gone with all that old world of romance and action. I see the doom of all that sweet, high past writ on our portals. I move among mankind a stranger—a mere life tenant, pensioner. I hear—or do I dream?—the roar of a vast city yonder; and a commercial, hard, materialistic spirit triumphant over all.

One by one perish these ancestral houses, and all they meant and harbored lost in a common wreck.

I find myself a gentleman therefore old-fashioned—to be referred to as "one of the old school." And yet methinks it was not for these things that the Almighty suffered the countless agonies and prayers America has known. I love America, I love my native land. I love the Grange—the soil from which I sprang.

Naught beautiful can perish, surely! Who knoweth but that, the tempest over, our children's children may awake once more to the old love of aristocracy and faith and honor?

Broadbents of Waverly, so it be given to the dead to visit once again these earthly scenes, who knoweth but ye may, at some far distant date, come back to find ye builded better, deeper, truer than ye knew?

What if ye find your very furniture prized above rubies? Your prints, your crockery, your patterns and your gowns? What if ye find those distant generations intent upon establishing descent from you? Building as ye have built; thinking your estimates of elegance the true?

These be the days of revolution and of change—but wait!

Ye shall be found not traitors, but true men, who braved the torrent of destruction, crying men, patience and a discriminating hatred of what is.

Your time shall come!

* * * * * *

Forgive an old man, pray you, gentle reader, who hath not much in life save pride and honor. Where was I? Ah! I had, I think, brought my belligerent old Jacobitish ancestor across seas, and got our family established at the Grange, and myself born.

Did I state that the main withdrawing-room at Waverly was twenty paces long, and that the green furniture of my mother's morning room was got out of the same maker's in France that was upholsterer to Louis XIV.? Such was the case. The portrait of my great aunt, who died a nun, my father ever thought was by Van Dyke.

CHAPTER III.

Here, therefore, was I in due time born at the Grange in the year of our Redemption 1722, my mother (cousin-german to the Carrolls of Carrollton in Maryland, and a staunch Catholic), dying in the bringing me into this life. God rest her soul. Amen.

Children left motherless are wont to become victims of every species of theory or system of nurturing the young. On me, defenceless, was there no end of educational experiment performed, as doctors use to cut away right freely upon the persons of the work-house paupers, whereby, no doubt, the science of chirurgery is much enlightened. It goeth hard, though, with the poor devils whose very vitals be thus invaded and ghastly exposed without so much as "by your leave, sirs."

So tenderly my broken-hearted father loved me, and with so prodigal a hand did he employ these moral and intellectual surgeons, that I might

have come to man's estate an ignoramus, and useful to mankind alone as illustrating the fallibility of many systems. Howbeit, the coming to us of Father Newton after the death of Father Dent (forty years chaplain and family confessor at Waverly), things mended with me, for that the new priest became as well my tutor, and henceforth I was held to be a soul. Though but a lad of twelve, I felt the difference I could not have defined.

Were boyhood better known, this world were saved most of its agonies. That patience which a boy demands from them that be his masters is deemed too great a price.

Strange! since it purchaseth, whene'er bestowed, a good, true life. Know then that I fell at my twelfth year under the influence of a powerful mind, and came into the intimate, sweet confidence of one whose out-look was commensurate with life.

Our neighbors liked not Father Newton. When hath a narrow local spirit been at its ease with breadth? The travelled gentlemen, of whom the county might have known a score, were pleased to say that our reverend inmate was a delightful and elegant companion, and I have heard some of these more exquisite gentry chatting in French with Father Newton, about Parisian manners, and life in Rome, and who knoweth what other delights of Europe, to the great wonderment (not to say consternation) of the company, mayhap being made up of worthy farmers from the White Plains, or merchants come from New York for a day in the country.

To the good priest, then, I owed my early love of the old world, and I well remember that being in my sixteenth year, taken to Virginia to visit an aged relative of my poor mother, living upon a great plantation there, I saw for the first time the sea—we went by sloop from Portchester—and that came into my heart upon sight of the open ocean which hath never left it. The sea broke once for all the child's horizon. I had been happier, could I have lived as became a simple country squire, and, like my neighbors, found a sufficient sphere in parish matters. But the sea had broke into my heart of hearts, and other shores and interests, and men and movements wrung from me thought and care.

Had not the sea possessed my fancy from the first, who knoweth but I might have died rich and respected, since but for it (for it and Father Newton), my zeal for the abolishing the King might not have been thus tempered, as it was, by veneration and by broad humanity. Who knoweth but I might have stormed at their pot-house meetings to their heart's content, using the English tongue to curse and to defame the English mother country?

Who knoweth but Broadbent of Waverly might have been honored to the last with Washington and Hamilton and Jefferson and Adams (was I not foremost in all their counsels?) had not the sea merged all my being into indissoluble sympathy with history and man at large? Could I have come to think as they did of issues in town meeting!

It hath befallen in their vestries and their new elections that men could not more vehemently have spoke, had the eternal welfare of the race hung in the balance. To these "finalities" which sent them all so bitterly into opposing factions, there never wanted (in my mind) a calm to-morrow, nay, endless morrows to bid me take middle ground as men are wont to do when looking backward. Nor could I ever, of Independence Day, forget much that is writ in history, the which the orators seemed to be able to forget complaisantly.

So came it constantly to pass that I was counted by my friends as little better than a cosmopolitan—a man not so much of no country, as one that hath a certain kinship with all lands; whereas Americans worthy the name in their eyes, were they who realized that in the untried boast (passing

amongst us as Liberty's own self) we had attained, first among peoples, the fond Utopian dreams of the ages.

I owe the sea my singular and sad position. My longing to behold the Old World was become hungry, when in my nineteenth year I trembled upon hearing that the desire—the passion, of my life was to be gratified. I went in company with Father Newton to Oxford, where, since my faith was that of those who founded and made illustrious those colleges, I was debarred from entrance! Whereat the father, I do now remember, said that he made no question Oxford would yet become the scene of Catholic revival: he hath uncommon disregard of To-day, and faith in Time, hath Father Newton.

But though I might not learn at her ancient Seat, England was lavish of impressions on me.

He that can measure and define that which a man first feels in the aisles of Lincoln, or as he gazes silently upon those rural, those historic scenes, hath certainly great powers of speech I shall not envy him. Little did I suspect that what I felt go forth from me at old Stoke Pogis Church, at Melrose Abbey, or at the scene of an hundred of the events of history—that this out-put of heart, this tribute of deep reverence, was to have power to shape my whole long life. Yet so it was. Burning, as no one more, for the emancipation of my beloved America, I ever found my heart bound by a thousand tender cords to England; and, as hath been set forth, I being of an outspoken and a most indiscreet descent, I was found pleading for that dear motherland as for a mistress, when they, my neighbors, found nothing but insults and threats to fling at her. Nay, I was told after that memorable outburst at the White Plains, that I did not offend the Tories more by my opinions than I did scandalize the Whigs by sentimental references to English history and scenes.

Whereby it may be clearly shown that by the singular misfortune (or good, think I) of my peculiar training, I had a way of thinking of the past and future, to the much damaging of my repute with men as a sound partisan.

Five years I spent in foreign countries with who may say what influence upon my soul?

Certain it is that never more could I, as did my happier neighbors, conceive my end achieved when that parochial and county questions had gone my way. As Doctor Franklin hath wrote me more than once from Paris, and his life at court there: "Much cometh daily to my notice here which they that are the wisest in our country's counsels have never dreamed. I understand thee better now, Broadbent, the world doth make sad havoc with one's paper plans once that one cometh face to face with men." Franklin knew Europe. Who hath not seen the largeness of his views?

CHAPTER IV.

The philosophical and studious life to which I fancied I was to return, for which our ample fortune promised me leisure, befell not, for that I was had home again by news of an alarming illness of my father.

Alas! despite all haste, that venerable and noble man had lain within the tomb three weeks when I reached home. And the same event that placed me in so great responsibility and duty had robbed me of my wisest counsellor and truest friend. "I shall not look upon his like again." An hale and staunch true man, that was a child throughout in simpleness and faith. Loving good company, good wine, good living, and ever answering the challenge of good friendship. Who that hath seen him upon his favorite chestnut, making his morning calls; or sitting in his hall dispensing that fine old hospitality long since unknown to us; or that hath heard his downright, blunt convictions, dare think our

modern fashion of a man all betterment?

Out of the master he hath so much admired, Shakespeare, to wit, oft have I thought upon these lines:

"Such a man might be a copy to these younger times, which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now. But goers backward."

The which were never truer of any man than of my father. Those times be not all good which have beheld, if not compassed, the dying out of the old country gentleman.

There was wont, twenty and more years since, to gather at our inn a goodly company of venerable men, now all deceased; and I have much affected them (upon occasion of their suffering those of a younger generation to sit at meat with them); for that there was a flavor to their gallantries and humors sweet to my mind as were the memories of my lamented sire. Old bucks were they, jovial and free and true, whose broad, downright vulgarities a squeamish generation can no more brook than it can boast the honor or the airs of these old gentry. They have departed, hence leaving the world the meaner for their loss. Requiescant in pace! Shades of that fine old chivalry, farewell!

As hath been heretofore recounted, my mother gave her life that I might be. Scores of times do I remember old Father John Dent's saying, that all those first black days my father would eat naught; but that he held me in his strong arms, silent and calm and stern.

There was not in those days the unseemly haste now common; so the brave man was suffered to behold the cold sweet face of his dead wife for many days. That day they laid her from his sight, I was baptized; and Father Dent declared (he lived much in the details of the past) that at the font my father spoke the first word he had uttered since he had whispered, no one knew what, to my poor mother.

"Call him Nathaniel," my father said. At which all were at pains to comprehend so singular a choice, for that nobody of that name was of our family.

Father Dent said that that name did in the Hebrew tongue signify "God's gift," to which the witness of my mother's nurse gave loving color; she stating that in my mother's blushing confidences during those months of waiting, she oft had said God had been gracious, having bestowed the gift her heart had hungered for, a little child.

Verily, these lives of ours be sanctified from the womb. There be at Waverly two graves—now other's property—which have spoke to me. I have found life sweetened and fortified by them. God hath in motherhood his strongest ally. Never a parent yet but hath helped God to save the child.

CHAPTER V.

In that all-wise ruling of our affairs, I found that I was to sacrifice the pleasures of studious life to the stern duties of a large proprietor. And I at once addressed myself to the responsibilities of my new station. But though in conscience I can say that to the letter I did fulfil the duties bequeathed me by my father, I was in that unfortunate position of one compelled to act a character not found in the current play. The old found not in me their gossip, the old squire, heaven rest him! And to the rising generation I did present a wall of prejudice. Yet as God reinforced me, I did comport me with dignity and justice, and passed among the county families as a sound gentleman and of uncommon parts.

My tenantry have ever found my justice tempered with kindness I can humbly trust; and as a magistrate, vice did not more respect me than misfortune loved.

He that hath had ancestral nobleness hath naught whereof to boast, though in all outward bearings he be well approved. Else men might

boast that they do speak the language of their country, or that their skins be white. It is all matter of congenital, and of hereditary circumstance. But he that hath maintained a pure and open mind may pass for the true man. His credit be his own—and God's. None knoweth half so well as I how far I have done sore despite to her who gave me birth, nor how unlike my father and his son have been in worthiness; but to what measure of good living I may have reached, I can ascribe for cause my wife's companionship.

In 1748 I did begin my long sweet life with her; a life which hath brought to me my daughter Madeline, whose tragedy it hath become the duty of these, my dying hours, to write. My wife was of the old distinguished family of Mertons, whose vast estates upon the borders of Maryland and of Virginia are yet held by them.

She was a Catholic, but notwithstanding this, her grace of character and charming disposition won her a place throughout Westchester County second to that enjoyed by none of our society.

Then came and went those years, like nations, happiest, having no history.

Madeline came not till we had been some twelve years married, no other offspring having blessed our bed.

And when the girl was grown into her early teens we passed five years in Europe, to the intent she might acquire pure accent, and add a foreign ease to native charms. The sea had not required of me its last heart tribute. Returning with my all, my wife and child, our vessel labored for two months with storms and tempests, which more than once deprived us of all hope. Then came a night of blackness and despair, when we were at the mercy of the sea. Something past midnight we were summoned all, for that the lurching of the ship had sprung her timbers, and there was danger of immediate sinking.

Bearing my loved ones to the deck, I did return to offer what assistance I might give to other ladies.

The darkness was the terriblest of all my life. The wind howled dismally, the sea ran hissing madly by, the heart grew sick.

Searching for my poor wife and child, I found them thrown upon the deck by an enormous sea, and though my daughter did soon answer to the efforts of the good ship's doctor, my wife spake never more. The sea had taken her. This one experience more the sea would give me.

I might have been all narrowness, centred in self, a partisan, a worldling, but for the sea! Its further side was now become "where Mary is."

The week that fetched us into port was one in which life and its purposes and heart were changed. On a calm night we, standing there upon the packet's stern, Madeline and I, saw the white form slide down into the dark cold sea.

Ripples may have the force of hurricanes; those which did circle round where she went down, shall prove the ground swell of my lonely life.

But I had Madeline. I had my multifarious duties in my county. Duty once more made that endurable, else certainly nowise to be endured.

We sorrowfully found ourselves at Waverly in the midwinter of that eventful year, 1775.

And at length began the tragic episode of my existence to the telling of which I am come after so tedious a preface.

Caleb hath shaken his old head at these unnecessary pages, bidding me recollect that I am writing to an impatient public. "Since ye be quoting thy favorite bard of Avon," quoth he, "call to mind what he saith of them:

"'Whose constancies expire before
their fashions.'"

"Odds, Broadbent, but many a young gallant shall toss thy book away before he hath smelt of thy real matter."

But it seemeth to me that I should meet with scant justice, were my subsequent actions not beheld in the light of those influences which, in the hands of my merciful Creator, have combined to fashion me.

And so without further delay I come to the history of an egregious wrong which an angry and passionate day hath failed to recognize, but a calmer and juster future may, an it please God.

CHAPTER VI.

Barker had announced dinner, and with my daughter upon my arm I was proceeding to the dining-hall, when there came a clatter of horses upon the court-yard pavement, and directly a prodigious clanging of the great gate bell.

We were used to dine not earlier than eight o'clock, the which hour, as custom was in the country, found few honest folk abroad.

It was with not a little consternation, therefore, that I perceived that we were about to be honored by a visit from one something unceremonious in his impetuosity, and out of season withal.

But dinner at the Grange was ever attended (after the good old fashion) with all decorous formality; and I had said that it had broken Barker's honest heart, had aught befallen to prevent his ushering the family into the dining-hall with all due ceremony.

Accordingly, notwithstanding the bell did keep up an alarming din without, my daughter and I proceeded through the long hall, the worthy butler bowing before us, and sat us down, grace being said, as though court company were by.

Not until he had poured the sherry and removed the soup (which I do well remember, since it was clear green turtle, ever my favorite), did Barker so much as by the annoyance of his look, give any heed to the increasing racket and mar the dinner!

Madeline and I had fell into discoursing of the last bad news from France, when in rushed Barker, not now our commonly serene attendant, but wringing his hands and scarce able to express the cause of his so sudden agitation.

"Hath ill news come?" cries my dear daughter, springing up and coming to my side.

"Aye, Miss, the worst." By this I had arisen, and bidding my daughter await my return, I hastened into the hall to learn the nature of the report.

As I stepped into the little office, or study, whither men's voices led me, I saw two of my neighbors endeavoring to calm and forcibly restrain a third, who was a stranger to me.

"To what am I indebted for this honor, Morris?" I said, addressing myself to the brilliant young brother of my life-long friend, Lewis of that name.

Gouverneur Morris was not at that time past three or four and twenty, and yet he was become so famous in the politics of those ill days, that it much concerned me lest his untimely visit imported too good foundation for the alarming rumors with which the country was then beset.

I much loved this young man, and his whole family, whose beautiful estate at Morrisania lay not four leagues from Waverly, and never yet was wanting in welcomes for me.

I had not seen young Morris for many years, and what I had most recently learned of him, I do confess, disquieted me much.

I therefore watched him there standing so unexpectedly within my house, booted and splashed with mud, and whip in hand.

"An altogether disagreeable duty, sir," he said, not meeting my own calm look, but something sheepishly.

"Speak not in riddles, gentlemen," I then protested hotly; "I am advised men's very lives hang on the raising of an eyebrow in our distracted country."

"Never a truer word than that same, Squire," cries out my other neighbor,

Jonathan Bray, whose hospitalities and humors two generations of travelers have much enjoyed at the "King's Arms"—not two miles from St. Peter's Church, upon the turnpike.

"Then hold thy tongue, Bray," says Morris; "or thou shalt come, in spite of being all things to all men as thou canst be——"

"What were become of my poor tavern else?" cries Bray.

At which Mr. Morris and he that seemed his prisoner, burst into laughing at mine host, and Morris said: "Then mend thy ways, for thy rebellious words mayhap shall trip thee yet."

"Shouted I not till I was fairly hoarse over their new committee? Did I not broach the best cask in my cellar? Did I not suffer mine old enemies, the village boys, to burn the sign of the good 'King's Arms,' the which hath creaked and swung on the old elm since before Queen Anne's days? And who can say what the new sign shall cost me? To make no mention of the loss that may ensue, an the King's side win, for then who would so much as provender an ass at the 'George Washington.'"

This sally was received by yet another roar by the unknown; but Morris, having not failed to note my growing choler, cut off the simpleton's patriotic lamentations and turned to me.

"Well, sir?" I said.

"This gentleman, Squire Broadbent, hath been commissioned to place your person——"

I stood up firmer and faced my young friend at this.

"Pray do not prejudge, Squire," says Morris, gently and with much respect. "This gentleman hath been commissioned, sir, to place your person under a mild restraint."

"Arrest, ye mean! Call things by their true names!" burst in the gentleman, Morris and Bray endeavoring to hold his mouth the while.

Something of pity mingled then with my most natural heat, so that I have been ever thankful I answered Mr. Morris thus: "This gentleman arrests me, sir? On what charge, pray? And he hath been commissioned to restrain me by what authority?"

"Upon suspicion, Squire," echoes Gouverneur Morris in such wise as plainly showed he much wished he were well rid of the odious business.

"Upon suspicion, Squire," echoes the braying landlord; "and that crime, Squire, is held the damnablest crime in these parts now."

The fellow whom a mysterious commission had introduced into my house sate there so maliciously enjoying the outrage done me, that I would certainly have struck him, had not my young friend interposed.

Shame lendeth force to any admonition youth giveth age. I owe the honored family of Morrisania many good services, this not the least.

"Your absence, sir, in Europe, hath doubtless in great measure hindered your perfect knowledge of affairs here in America," said Morris. I bowed, but held my peace. "All efforts of these colonies to obtain from England even the slightest recognition of our rights have signally failed," he went on.

"To the point, pray, sir; to the point! These insults, this invasion of my house, this man's commission, sir, and my arrest?"

"He'll come at that, Squire, and soon enough," squealed Bray, and the other fellow would have entertained us with further oaths with the which his hideous jaws seemed full, but that my neighbor's riding glove did stop that vent, as he went on:

"Squire, I rode from Morrisania post haste to-day, news having reached me that the committee was to sit at Westchester."

"At the 'King's Arms,'" says Bray; "Nay, nay, I meant at the 'George Washington'"; a muttered imprecation having squeezed out between the fingers of the riding glove.

"Aye, at Bray's tavern. And fearing that that violence which hath become

too common might mar their counsels, I hastened thither, this neighborhood being as ye are well aware, full of my worthiest friends."

"Spoke like thy brother's brother and thine own good self," I answered him; "but in a word explain this most unwarranted eruption into our privacy?"

"I will. It hath been matter for notorious comment, that many in this county, as in New York, be most unfavorable to the best interests of the new government."

"So I have heard."

"Hear that, now," saith the great fellow through the glove.

"Hush! let us hear all," puts in the landlord.

And Mr. Morris goes on:

"It cannot be gainsaid that many of those most weighty in these parts have not a half a heart for independence."

"As, for example," I ventured to break in, "the De Lanceys, the Van Schaaks, the De Peysters, the Bayards, the Wilkinses, the Apthorps, the Wallaces, nine-tenths, that is to say, of them whose the land is, and the Episcopalian clergy to a man, and thine own mother, sir."

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" bawls their committeeman, "he hath by heart the very bead-roll of their names."

"Yet he hath not spoke lies, nor mentioned half of them," cries Bray again.

"Thyself included, Bray, I dare to swear," says Morris; then confronting me; "It hath been necessary for us at length, dear Mr. Broadbent, to get a formal declaration of opinion. It is too late to argue. We be committed to certain war with England. Which be our friends? Those whom their conscience or their interests withhold from public declaration in our favor, we needs must hold to be, frankly, our enemies." Never was there more pain and dignity united.

"Who be the we?" I asked. "Granting that a majority of the King's subjects be for rebellion, surely this most respectable minority have rights?"

"Nay," broke in Bray; "there ye are found at fault, Squire, for that with mine own ears I did hear sundry most consequential gentlemen from Boston say at the King's—nay, I would say at the 'George Washington,'—that as for minorities, henceforth here in America they might be damned—saving your presence, Squire."

"Peace, fellow," saith Morris; "there be considerations, squire, more near our hearts than ties of neighborhood and friendship and of blood, the interests of our country, namely. For these it hath become our painful duty to sever those, when it no longer seemeth possible to doubt disloyalty."

"It is late, gentlemen," muttered the unknown man impatiently.

"To the point, in God's name," I then urged.

"Then," answers Mr. Morris, "upon your solemn oath to me, that ye will do as much as lieth in you to further and procure the independence of these colonies, I doubt not I can spare you and your family all further mischief. I came here, sir, to beg this assurance from you. Will you sign this?"

He thrust a declaration of vague nature into my hands. I read it thrice.

"But," I began.

"Hear that, Bray, will ye? I shall take note of this most certain treason."

I stared into the fellow's face until he, even, had not the impudence to bait me more, and then to Mr. Morris: "But to what government, what principles, what laws and what authority doth this refer?"

"The same old quibble," cries the commissioner.

"Can so tremendous ends be hit at in the dark?" I asked.

"Sign it—for my sake!"

I turned aghast at this, for it was Madeline, my daughter's voice that spake the words.

Bray and the miscreant fell to one side at sight of that young lady, while Mr. Morris, changing somewhat in

color, advanced and kissed her hand, wishing he saw her very well indeed.

The anger which I felt at my child's intrusion into that company, was not a match for the pride which I could not repress on noting a new, strange dignity about her bearing.

"For thy sake, Miss Broadbent?" I asked, taking her within the protection of my arm.

"Aye, sir, for my sake. Did I not hear thee say a thousand times that God had made this land to be the theatre of freedom? Did ye not silence them that would have made the King's cause true only last night at dinner? For my sake, sir, suffer not one whose heart is sound as thine to be entrapped as they have done to others."

"What mean you, child?"

"To-morrow, sir, I may explain, not now. Sign! Sign!"

"Pray do, Squire, sign," cries Morris.

"And then back to the inn, where what old port is there shall flow like water to wash away their foul insinuations against ye, Squire!" quoth honest Bray.

"Will ye sign or no?" saith that other fellow.

"No!" I replied fiercely, in his face, all that I was by both descent and principle causing that I repudiate the right of such an one to prod me. Then, though both worthy Mr. Morris and Bray expostulated, and Barker (having been summoned by Miss Broadbent's screams) would have instanter broken the fellow's pate, I was declared arrested, and I accompanied my captor at dead of night to the Court of Inquiry then holding at the tavern which was none other than a rabble assembled in the tap-room of the old 'King's Arms.' As I entered into the low close room, filled with tobacco smoke, and reeking with foul odors, a silence fell upon the company.

(To be continued.)

WAR AND PEACE.

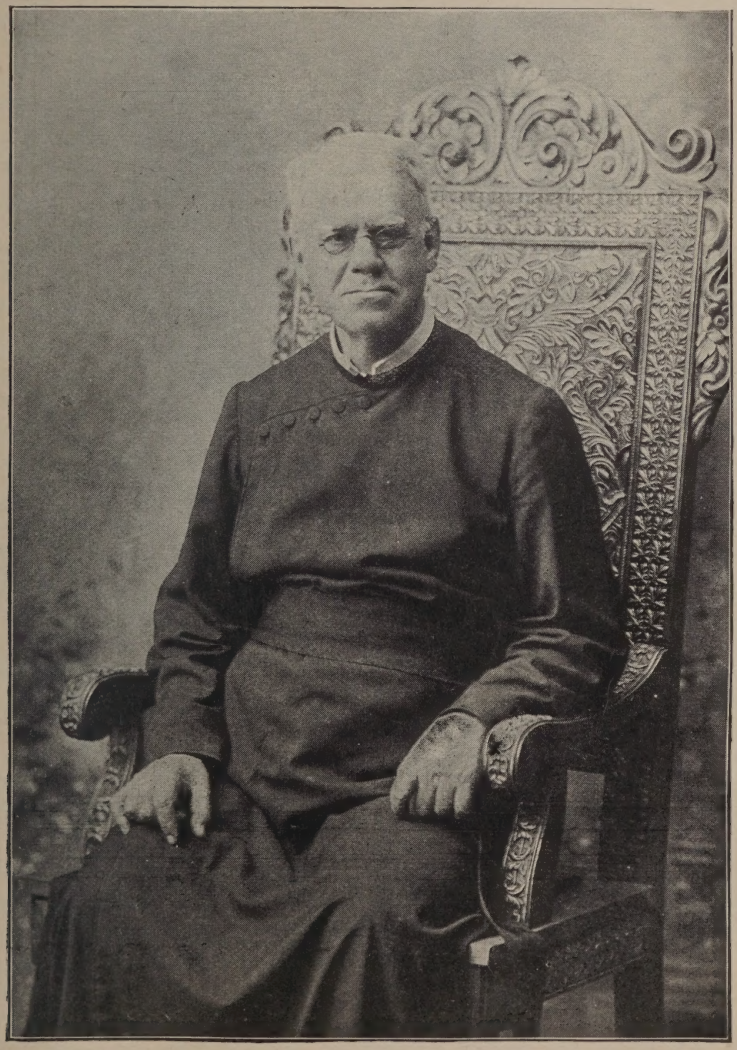
Two men, fate-born, on either side of a pass,
Battled, in hate, till their life-blood reddened the grass:
A century gone — when lo! from their mingled clay
A lily arose and gave new light to the day!

John Jerome Rooney.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.

Father Deshon, who succeeds the late Father Hewitt as Superior General of the Paulists, is the last survivor of the five priests who separated from the Redemptorists to found the Missionary Society of St. Paul ,in the state of New York. He was born in New London, Ct., seventy-five years ago, of Huguenot stock, and it is interesting to recall that he was educated at West Point, where he was a classmate of General Grant. He graduated at West Point with distinction, and remained there for five years as an instructor. The special interests of his society include the social improvement of the people, the promulgation of temperance, parochial labors,



Very Rev. George Deshon.

Superior General of the Paulists.

and missions to non-Catholics. Father Deshon is widely known as a preacher.

During the month of October, St. Peter's parish, Dorchester, celebrated a double event of great importance, namely, its forever Wedding Day as well as Silver Jubilee of pastor and people.

Father Ronan came young, strong and zealous to his work. The first mass was said in Lyceum Hall, now a public school, under the very shadow of the old Meeting

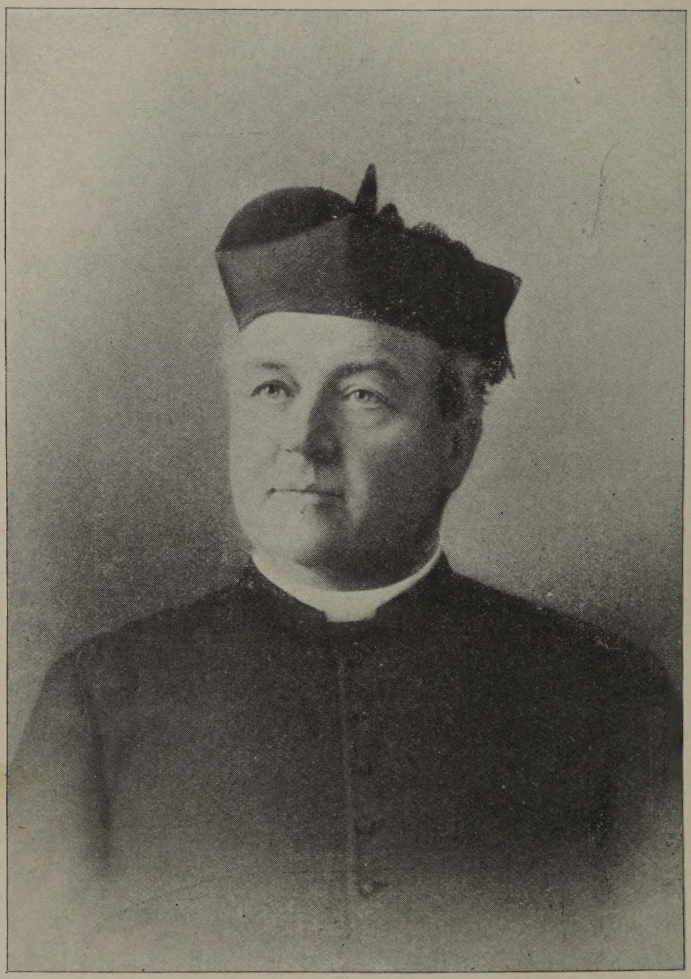


Photo by Frank Conlin, Boston.

REV. PETER RONAN.

Rector of St. Peter's Chnrch, Dorchester, Mass.

mation and the coming of its only pastor for twenty-five years.

Rev. Peter Ronan came from his curacy in New Bedford to Meeting House Hill, Dorchester, in October, 1872, and this has been his parish for a quarter of a century. The event celebrated has therefore been what we may fitly term the Silver House, which gives its name to the well-known hill.

The town had small love for Catholics, and a little imprudence might have done great harm, but the young priest had a wise head, a charitable heart, and a singular power for removing prejudice. Twenty-five years passed by; a stone's throw from

Lyceum Hall stands a magnificent Gothic church, the handsomest building by far in Dorchester, set on a hill and founded on a rock, a sermon in stone teaching perpetually the beauty of holiness. Beside it is the noble parochial residence, and opposite it, nearing completion, is the great parish school, perfectly competent to compare with any school of this proud old town. In the upper story of the school is the parish hall, a gem of beauty.

On Woodward Park street is the mission church of St. Paul, seating eleven hundred persons. St. Margaret's parish, North Dorchester, was, until recently, a part of St. Peter's, of which a portion has also been given to St. Ann's, Neponset. It is gratifying to state that this noble parish property is nearly free from debt.

The beauty of the church, interior and exterior, is of so high an order and excites such constant admiration that St. Peter's deserves to rank among the architectural beauties of all Boston.

Father Ronan now takes rank as senior pastor in Dorchester, among all denominations, and his place in the esteem of the citizens of that town is correspondingly high. Such has been the influence of his genial manner, his blameless life, and of his deep wisdom displayed in the accomplishment of so much work, quietly yet surely, that all alike acknowledge him a power in the land, and grow each day to consider him more and more a friend and father to all.

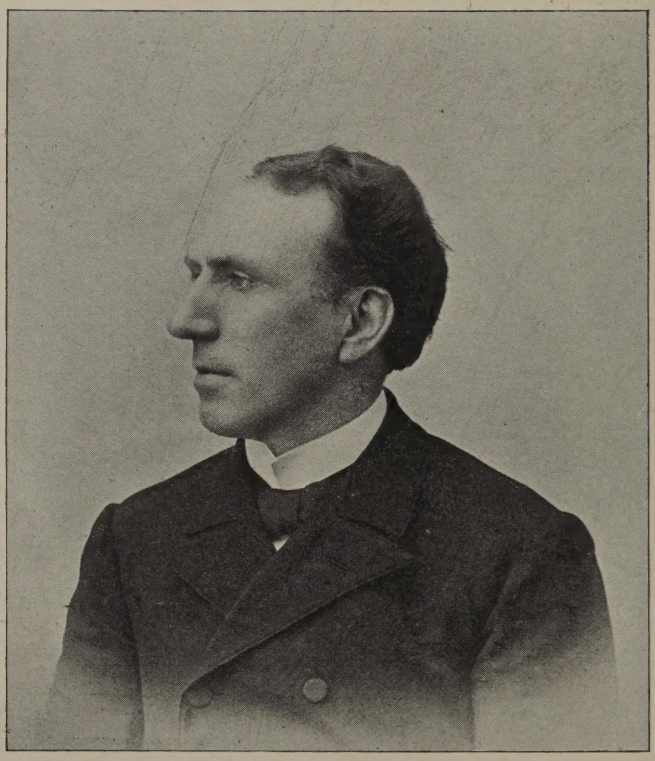
Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, C. S. P.
Editor of "The Catholic World.

Father Doyle was born in San Francisco forty years ago, and has been ordained eighteen years. He has spent thirteen years in active missionary labors, in all parts of the country. Five years ago, the Paulists, realizing the opportunities the printing press afforded for the preaching of the gospel and the defense of the truths of the church, erected a printing house at a great cost, and placed Fr. Doyle in charge, giving him immediate supervision of the literary side of the Paulist Aposto-

late. During the last five years the work of the printing house has grown to very notable proportions. The purpose aimed at was the placing of large quantities of polemical and spiritual literature on the market at a price just sufficient to cover the expenses of production. The following report from the New York Sun shows the work done during the past year:—

The Catholic Book Exchange, which is patterned after the Catholic Truth Society of England, of which Cardinal Vaughan is president, in the publication of Catholic Literature, has made its annual report to the community of the Paulist Fathers, under whose direction it is conducted. The report shows that during the past year no less than 1,750,000 books, pamphlets and leaflets were issued by the institution. The most successful work placed upon the market in that period was "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," by the Rev. George M. Searle, C. S. P. Of this book over 204,000 copies were printed during the year.

The latest, and what perchance will be the most useful move in which Father Doyle is interested, is the work of the non-Catholic missions. He is an energetic worker for the Catholic Missionary Union, a legally incorporated body, having Archbishops Corrigan and Ryan among its directors, for the purpose of sending missionaries into parts of the country that are entirely non-Catholic. Father Doyle edits "The Missionary," which is the organ of this movement; the "Catholic World Magazine," and "The Temperance Truth," which is the organ of communication among all the temperance societies in the country.



HON. DAVID N. BURKE.
U. S. Consul to Tangier.

David N. Burke is one of the most distinguished Catholic members of the United States Consular service. At present he is very successfully engaged in straightening out the tangled affairs of the consulate at Tangier, in Morocco.

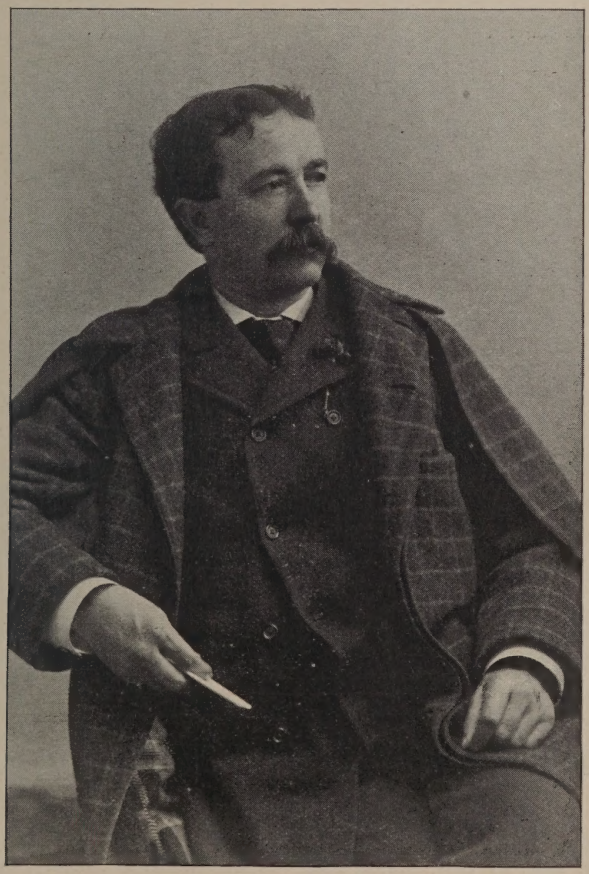
Consul Burke is a native of Vermont, and was graduated from the Middlebury College. He was a school teacher for twenty years, and in 1886 entered the con-

sular service. He was first at Puerto, and then at Bahia. Later he was sent to Pernambuco, then to Malaga, in Spain, where he remained two years. Therefore, when he went to Tangier, he was a veteran in the service.

The mention of the name of James Jeffrey Roche conjures up that of another eminent Bostonian, John Boyle O'Reilly. They were literary brothers; and, when O'Reilly passed away, it was but natural that his accomplished associate should succeed to the editorial management of the Boston Pilot.

Perhaps one of the best estimates of the character of Mr. Roche is that of his friend, L. I. G., who wrote of him: "A man of activity, eminently social, interested in all public matters, sensitive and independent, he has done much energetic and brilliant work.

"Mr. Roche is, first, a scrivener and chronicler, utterly impersonal, full of joy in deeds, a discerner between the expedient and the everlasting right, wholly fitted to throw into everlasting song some of the simple heroisms of our American annals. We have in him an admirable ballad-writer. His muse, like himself, is happy in her place and time."



JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

The name of Linehan is a distinguished one in New Hampshire; and, during the G. A. R. encampment at Buffalo, Col. John C. Linehan gave it a national significance, for he was prominently in line for the position of commander-in-chief.

Mr. Linehan is a native of the south of Ireland, and was born February 9, 1840.

He came to this country with his family in October, 1849. Since 1852 his home has been in Penacook, a suburb of Concord, N. H. Circumstances obliged him to go to work when he was barely twelve years old, and he pursued his studies at home under the direction of his father, who was endowed with a superior education.

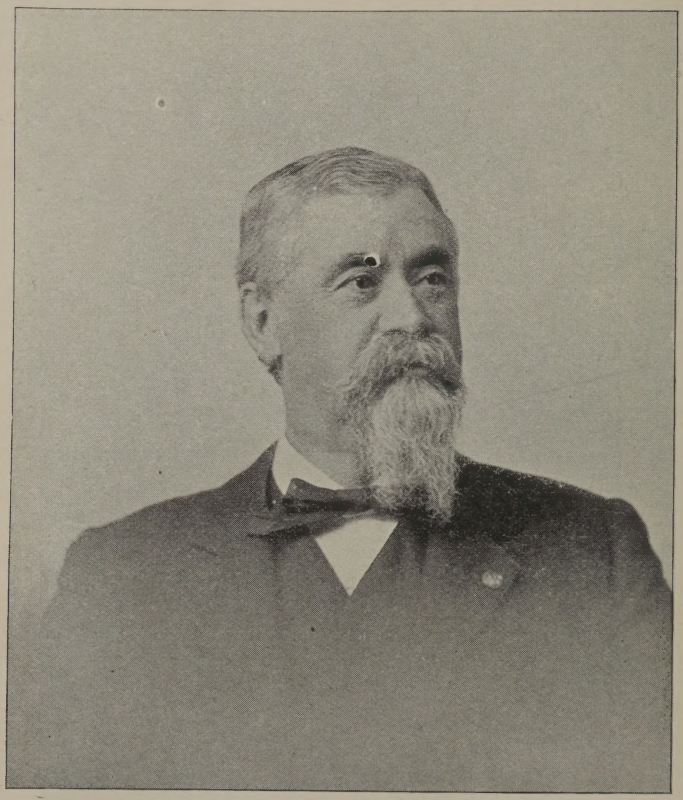
In September, 1890, he was appointed Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, by Gov. Goodell; he was reappointed in September, 1895, by Gov. Smith, and again in October, 1896, by Gov. Busiel.

For nearly fifteen years he has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the State Industrial School, and at the present time is president of the board. He was one of the committee to select a location and design of the Soldiers' Monument in Concord, and to prepare the inscription thereon. Dartmouth College honored him with a degree in 1887.

In January, 1873, a temperance movement, originating with Father Barry, resulted in the formation of a total abstinence society, and in this work Mr. Linehan took an active part. A State Union was organized, and he was chosen, in company with the late Lieut.-Major T. B. Crowley and Major P. A. Devine, as the first delegates to the national convention.

He is a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, a trustee of the Concord Loan and Trust Savings Bank, and is treasurer of the new "American-Irish Historical Society," in whose welfare he takes a deep interest.

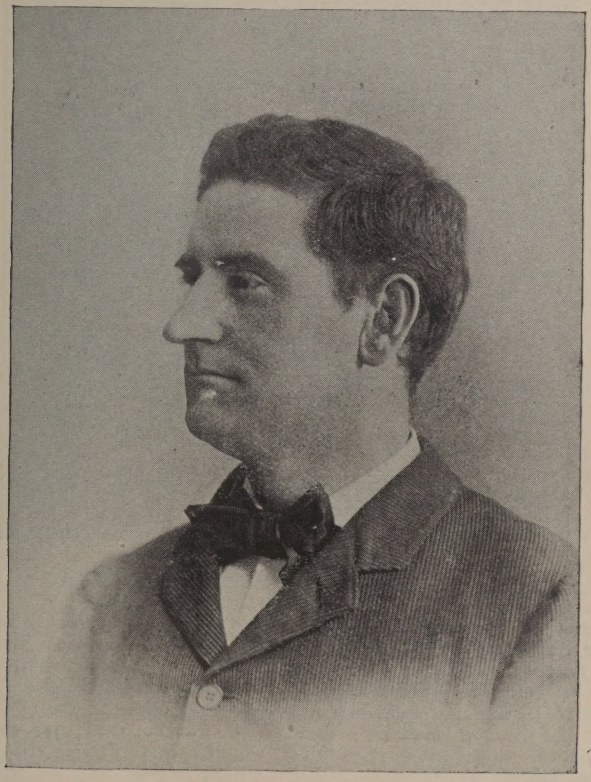
His venerable father, who was one of the pioneer Catholics of New Hampshire, died last July. Rev. T. P. Linehan of Biddeford, Me., is a brother of Col. Linehan's, and his only daughter is a Sister of Mercy in Portland, Me.



HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN.

The United States Sub-Treasurer, Joseph H. O'Neil, was born in Fall River, March 23, 1853, and was educated in the public schools. In 1874 he was elected a member of the school board, and in 1879 the Demo-

crats of Ward 16 sent him to the Legislature, where he served for four years. While in the Legislature he served upon many important committees. He was president of the Democratic organization of the House in 1880, and for five years served as a member of the Board of Directors of Public Institutions, serving as president in 1880 and 1886. In 1887 and 1888 he was elected city clerk. In 1888 he was nominated for Congress in the Fourth District by the Democrats, and received the largest majority



Hon. Joseph H. O'Neill.

ever cast for a Democratic candidate for Congress. He was re-elected to the fifty-second and fifty-third Congresses, but failed of an election to the fifty-fourth.

It was in Congress that O'Neil made a national reputation. While a member of the House he presided over its deliberations in the absence of Speakers Crisp and Reed.

Acting with his party upon all measures that required partisan action, Mr. O'Neil by his adherence to Democracy won the confidence and esteem of those who differed with him politically, numbering among his personal friends while he was in Congress, President McKinley, Speaker Reed and the lamented Gen. Cogswell of Massachusetts. The Democratic leaders like Holman, Bland, McMillan, Mills and Crisp were his personal friends, and there was no favor required by New England that he could not secure. He was instrumental in securing the passage of a bill for the survey of Alaskan territory and the settlement of the boundary question, which plays a prominent part in the discovery of gold in the Klondike region, and aided in preventing the payment to Great Britain of the Behring Sea seal award.

In debate, while a party man, yet he was liberal to his opponents and independent when measures should be settled outside of party bias.

Of the young men who have sprung from the people, he typifies the self made of the present generation, proving himself a careful observer and a close student of events political and social affecting the community at large.

Perhaps no man in the state stood nearer to the late General Butler than Mr. O'Neil, and that man of the people had the greatest regard for his young friend.

Besides being a constant contributor to current literature, Miss Donnelly has published some dozen volumes of poems. Her "Life of Father Barbelin, S. J.," won from the press most flattering comment, and she has excelled in religious compilations, such as "Liguori Leaflets," "Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart," "Our Birthday Bouquet," and "Little Compliments of the Season."

Her latest works have been "Poems," "Petronilla and Other Stories," 'A Tuscan Magdalen and Other Legends and Poems," "Amy's Music Box," and "The Lost Christmas Tree."

It is claimed that one of Eleanor Donnelly's poems, "The Vision of the Monk Gabriel," furnished Mr. Longfellow with the theme of his "Legend Beautiful," written eight years later.

Miss Donnelly has represented Catholic literature on all occasions of national interest, wherein women have figured during the past ten years. She was selected to compose the "Odes," for the Golden Jubilee of both the Priesthood and Episcopacy of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., receiving in return the Papal benediction.

It was her pen that was selected by the American Catholic Historical Society, of which she is a valued member, to prepare an "Ode" for the Philadelphia commemoration of the adoption of our National Constitution, as also the Columbian "Ode" for her native city's celebration of the quadricentennial of the discovery of America, she having been born in Philadelphia.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A MONSTER LIE.

(Respectfully inscribed to Farmers and their Middlemen.)

By M. T. Elder.

There is a Lie that every tongue is telling,
There is a Lie that every pen is selling: —
"We cannot live, we cannot love,
We can't be glad a minute;
We must not value anything
Unless — there's money in it!"

This is the Lie that o'er the world is reigning—
"No good at all except in money gaining;
Not wisdom, friendship, honor, health,
Can make our pathway sunny,
Unless we're shrewd enough to turn
Those values into money.

A monstrous Lie, — and ever growing vaster;
All peoples kneel and suppliant call it Master;
And voices raise in fawning praise,
In higher tones and higher: —
"Life has no joy unless we find
A bidder and a buyer."

Of all the slaves this giant falsehood captures,
Of all the fools this grinning Lie enraptures
(Ah! if 'twere not so very sad,
It really would be funny),
The worst is he, that farmer fool,
Who builds his plans on — Money.

Of all the slaves this despot Lie is binding,
Of all the fools this glittering Lie is blinding,
No slave, no fool, so lost as he
(Ah! well may we remark it),
That farmer slave who plants a crop
And seeks a distant market.

He could have sunny lanes and shady bowers.
Orchards, vine-yards, nut-trees, fruits, and flowers;
"But where's the good of all of that?"
He says, "Why slave to win it?
Might please my children and my wife,
But—there's no money in it!"

He could have barns with golden grain o'erflowing,
And meadows green with fragrant clover growing;
He could have home-made sweets, and wine,
And milk, and wax and honey;
"But Pshaw!" he says, "I'd lose my time,
I'd not be making money."

He could have friendly neighbors, kind and loyal,
He could have sports right princely, aye, right royal;
But no, Oh! no, he has no wish
(Ah! how I blush to tell it!)
No wish, no aim, but only this:
To make a crop and sell it!

What has no market value, he despises;
'Tis only foreign, distant goods, he prizes.
For homespun wares he never cares,
Such things he cannot treasure;
And all is trash that brings not cash —
Such is his only measure.

And when his hopes of money profits languish
He howls calamity, he groans in anguish.
'His only prop, his single crop,
Has failed! Ah! melancholy!'
What does he then! Why straight again
He starts the self-same folly.

'Tis money, market, merchant, mortgage, borrow —
The same today and just the same tomorrow.
He cannot cease, there's no release
From such infatuation.
Alas! 'tis sure — there is no cure
For money adoration.

So long he's bowed before the Money-Giant
He ne'er can stand erect, be self-reliant.
Beneath the Trust he licks the dust
(What folly could be ranker?)
And slaves, not for himself indeed,
But to enrich the banker.

Ah! farmer friends, if still there be among you
Some wiser ones who like this song I've sung you,
Who would be freed from money greed,
And leave to your descendants
A better plan whereby no man
Would groan in dire dependence,

Then try the little plan that I've been hinting,
A truly rural plan of—money-minting:—
In frequent trade, (no money paid)
Let each one to the other
A market be, exchanging free,
As brother unto brother.

Most wise the man and worthy of our praises,
Who keeps at home the product that he raises.
Who ne'er again through middle-men
Will waste his time and labors,
But buy and sell, full oft and well
Among his nearest neighbors.

With generous soil and many a kindly season,
Who so disloyal as to find a reason
We cannot live and love and give
A moneyless example
Of prosperous lives — like honeyed hives—
Each year a brighter sample?

Thus only may we crush that Lie alluring,
And safely build a rural wealth enduring,
And prove how free and strong are we.
Ah! haste we to begin it—
This joyous life most freed from strife
When there's no money in it!

A MAN FOR THE TIMES.

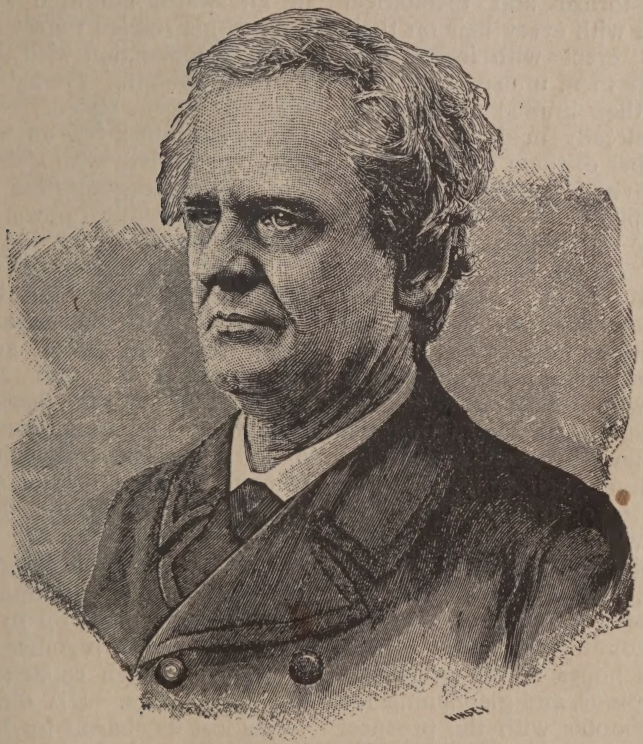
By William D. Kelly.

In the days when the fell spirit of Knownothingism enjoyed the brief domination which it gained in various portions of this country, nearly half a century ago now, few, if indeed any, places suffered more from its blighting sway than Louisville, Ky.; which fair city, by the way, has in our own times been grievously injured by the ascendency that its citizens, to their misfortune and grief, have allowed those lineal descendants of the "native Americans," the Apaists, to obtain there. So widespread and great was the ruin then wrought in Louisville by Knownothingism that, to quote the words of Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, whose honored uncle, the great archbishop, took so prominent a part in combating its destructive principles and operations, "There was no market for real estate; no new enterprises were started; grass grew in the streets and hogs sunned themselves in the filth of the gutters; and this stagnation did not pass away until the awful storm of civil war had passed over the city and purified the air."

There died recently at Louisville an honored octogenarian who won a national renown by the vigorous and victorious warfare which he then waged against the unworthy organization that entailed these disasters upon the chief city of the commonwealth, and by his valiant championship of his Catholic fellow citizens and their creed. This was Benjamin Joseph Webb, who was born at Bardstown—as Louisville was then called—in February, 1814, his father, Nehemiah, being a Pennsylvania Quaker of Dutch descent, who had emigrated to the Blue Grass state, and his mother Clotilda Edelin, the daughter of German parents. Nehemiah Webb and his wife became converts to the Catholic faith before Benjamin's birth and of the former it is told that he walked eighteen miles in order to receive confirmation from the hands of the saintly Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia; while of the latter the venerable Father Badin, the proto-American priest, who did duty after his ordination for awhile in Kentucky, said that before her marriage she bothered him more than any other girl in the place of her residence because she troubled his confessional every time he visited that locality.

The early studies of the son of this worthy couple were of rather desultory character, for schools were not numerous then in Kentucky. By dint of reading whatever books he could procure, however, Benjamin managed to gather considerable knowledge, to which he added materially when he, subsequently, spent some years at St. Joseph's College, in his native place. The death of his father made it necessary for him to end his college career in his seventeenth year, when he entered the office of the Louisville Journal to learn the printing trade. Five years later, in 1836, he became the publisher of the Louisville Catholic Advocate, the first paper of its character to appear west of the Alleghanies; and whose columns, in its earliest existence, were often graced by the contributions of such writers as Mgr. Spalding, not then, however, invested with the purple; Dr. Reynolds, who subsequently became the second bishop of Charleston; Dr. Elder, and other distinguished divines. The Advocate experienced the usual fortune

of Catholic publications of its day, until the outbreak of the Knownothing fanaticism, when, naturally, it undertook the defense of those citizens whom the "native Americans" were endeavoring to proscribe and persecute. And right valiantly and ably did Mr. Webb's journal, of which he was the editor as well as the publisher, conduct this defense, by exposing the un-American character and dangerous designs of Knownothingism, by vindicating Catholic loyalty, and enumerating the many and great benefits which the Church had conferred, and was still bestowing, upon this country.



BENJAMIN JOSEPH WEBB.

Editor Webb's articles on these different subjects, appearing first in the columns of the Advocate, were subsequently republished, so great was the demand for them,in pamphlet form, under the title of "The Catholic Question in Politics." So trenchant, and yet so temperate, is the language wherein the argument contained in these papers is stated, that Mr. Webb's pamphlet may be quoted from, very availably, against these modern fanatics who would revive the principles of the organization which he then overthrew, in Kentucky at least. What better condemnation, for instance, of Apaism can be penned than this assertion written over forty years ago: "Proscription, in any sense, has no affinity with republicanism. From its very nature it seeks the advancement of one portion of the people through the degradation of another. But when proscription is based on the idea that the religious convictions of men are just cause for its exercise against them, those who adopt the principle are guilty, not only of warring against the

very genius of republicanism, but also of usurping the prerogative of the Deity." And how exactly this pen-portrait of the Knownothing advocates describes the modern Apaists: "Ignorant men, reared in the bush, and small-fry village politicians, at the cry of 'The Pope! The Pope!' have suddenly started forth, armed cap-a-pie with historical and theological weapons, and with every hair on their empty heads erect with inspiration! Some of these men, unused to such a pressure on their limited modicum of brains, are already mad; and an indefinite number of them are but a few degrees removed from that sad state." In another place the Protestants of Kentucky are warned that if they permitted the Knownothings to carry out successfully their designs against their Catholic fellow citizens, they would themselves be the next to feel the rod of persecution; and to the misguided individuals who joined in the anti-Catholic crusade, is declared that the day would inevitably come when they would repent of their folly, for "the handwriting is even now upon the wall which will consign these pernicious principles to the pit whence they had exhaled, as a dark cloud in the moral atmosphere, causing the true lover of his country to tremble for the safety of his hopes in the perpetuity of our institutions, and gladdening the political freebooter with the prospect of plunder in the general devastation which it threatened."

Strange as it may seem to the present generation, the Kentucky Knownothings of forty years ago, had the sympathies and the assistance of a few of the most intelligent men in the state. Among these was counted the famous editor of the Louisville Journal, Mr. George D. Prentice, of whom Mr. Webb said that, although there never was a non-Catholic who had less of anti-Catholic bigotry, he was the one most responsible for the Knownothing outbreak which, on August 5, 1855, resulted in the death of nearly a hundred persons and the destruction by fire of twenty residences. Mr. Prentice lent the columns of his paper to the propagation and defence of Know-nothing principles; and his conduct was all the more reprehensible because he did this, not from principle, but simply for policy's sake, as he afterwards admitted when he expressed his sincere regret that he ever had any connection with the proscriptive movement. Henry Wilson, it may be here stated, Nathaniel P. Banks and not a few other Massachusetts celebrities, who sided with the dark lantern organization in the hope of securing political power, shared Mr. Prentice's experience in this respect and lived to be ashamed of the parts they then enacted. Mr. Prentice experienced more than shame and regret, however. His advocacy of Knownothingism, and Mr. Webb's exposure of the real character of that conspiracy and the Journal's support of its principles, caused him the loss of many of his subscribers and advertisers, a fact which the Journal publicly acknowledged after the issue of the contest was decided against it.

Editor Webb continued his work upon the Advocate up to 1866, when he was elected a member of the State Senate, in which capacity he served for eight years. His old occupation never lost its charms for him, though; and during his legislative career he performed considerable literary work; and at the end of his term he went back to the Advocate and resumed his editorial labors. About a quarter of a century ago he retired from public life, but his pen by no means became inactive. On the contrary, he then undertook what is undoubtedly his best work, the compilation of the Catholic history of Kentucky. For twelve years he labored at that task, and in 1885, the centenary of the establishment of the faith on the banks of the Ohio, he published his me-

morial volume, which, as its title states, "in addition to the history of the Church in Kentucky for the century of its existence just closing, contains the details of Catholic emigration to the state from 1785 to 1814, with life sketches of the more prominent among the colonists, as well as of the early missionary priests of the state and very many of their successors." Besides this volume and the pamphlet already mentioned, Mr. Webb wrote two biographies and many sketches of Kentucky life; and the ungathered productions of his versatile pen would make several volumes. Since 1885 his life was practically a private one, though the venerable octogenarian was always delighted to entertain his friends and talk over old times with them. He lived to see Bardstown, which at the date of his birth possessed no church—his father's house being used therefor whenever a missionary visited the place—made the seat of a see and to behold a second bishopric established in his beloved Kentucky. He knew Bishops Flaget and David, those pioneer prelates of the state, and he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the great Bishop Spalding. He saw the downfall and disappearance of Knownothingism, and if he was not permitted to witness the total extinction of its bigoted progeny, his observant gaze could not well have failed to discern the sure coming of the day when that foul offspring will share the oblivion of the vile organization which he in his prime combated so valiantly and victoriously.

MISGIVINGS.

No shine of friendly star
  Across the gloom;
Night, utter, deep and drear,
  Doth flood the room.

And fears inordinate
  Upon me crowd;
With great foreboding is
  My spirit bowed.

O, would a voice were near
  These doubts to hush!
O, would a hand were by,
  This dread to crush!

Redeemer! Father! Lord!
  I fly to Thee!
Against impending ill
  My refuge be!

E'en as a bird the young
  Within her nest,
Ah! Saviour, cover me
  Upon Thy breast!

Ida I. Summerscales.

BEFORE KODAK DAYS.

By Harvey Wickham.

"Speaking of short courtships, did you ever hear of the way that old Mr. Stebbins came to get married?"

The speaker was a solemn-looking young man with a contradictory twinkle in his eye. He had been introduced to the company a minute before by old Mr. Stebbins himself. I didn't catch his name at the time, and I don't believe anyone else did. We learned it afterward, though, in a way not to be forgotten. At first I thought it was Mileson or Miteson, and though it wasn't, I will call him Miteson for the present.

"You wouldn't think," he continued, "that a sedate gentleman like Mr. Stebbins could have been guilty of a hasty marriage in his youth."

"I don't know what you call hasty," responded young Hyson, who had been looking furtively at a large photograph of Miss Stebbins which graced the mantel. "Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins corresponded for three years; he told me so himself."

Hyson relapsed into another contemplation of the photograph and every eye followed his. Even Miteson seemed to forget his story and gazed musingly at the likeness. In truth, it was a beautiful one, and nature and Aime Dupont had outdone themselves to make it so.

"It's a wonderful art, isn't it?" said Miteson. He seemed glad of an excuse to change the topic, after having betrayed his ignorance of the family history of our host. Indeed, to my mind, it would have been a timorous proceeding to contradict Hyson on such a subject. Any one with half an eye could see he was in love with Agnes Stebbins, and just in that stage when everything connected with her family was most interesting to him. There are other stages, but they belong to another tale.

"I wonder what young people did before the camera was invented," volunteered Hyson in a sentimental strain. "The means of travel were so slow, and the mails so uncertain, that, with no telegraph or telephone, I should think that lovers would have absolutely required photographs."

"Sometimes they were better off without them," contradicted Miteson. "Yes," in response to our looks of incredulity, "some were undoubtedly benefited by the absence of modern conveniences. "Why, I myself owe my very existence to the tardy appearance of Daguerre."

Having at last enlisted our attention and silenced young Hyson, he rattled on like a bolt-polisher.

"You gentlemen have all been to college and remember how blank and empty the world seemed when you first came out. I know I nearly died from sheer lonesomeness the year after I graduated. There are times when your heart goes out toward the old associations, and if there was a girl there you half liked, you begin to love her, and if you didn't make her promise to write to you, you wish you had. And if you can't remember her address, you try to find it, or guess at it. Isn't it so?"

Even young Hyson admitted that it was, and sighed in the direction of the photograph, though he is only an undergraduate.

"That," continued the speaker, "is the way it was with a young man who was born away back in the early thirties, and consequently in the days of eight and ten cent postage and no daguerreotypes. He isn't sorry for that, though, even if it does make him a pretty old man by now, whom nobody but his wife dares to call Henry any more.

"Education was hard to get when

he was a lad, but he managed, poor as he was, to matriculate in an old college that is in existence yet, not far from the Catskill mountains.

"About a year after he got his degree, he was one day feeling blue, or spoony, to be exact, thinking of Molly Sharp, whom he had flirted with in the silly fashion of a student. Then he saw in an old newspaper, a personal to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. John Sharp, with their daughter Molly, had just returned to Tarrytown after a brief visit to relatives in the East.

"The East, in those days, meant New England, and Henry was vexed to think that Molly had been in his own section without his knowing it. But he had her address now and could write. She could do nothing worse than leave his note unanswered.

"It happened that when Miss Sharp read the epistle, she was day-dreaming over her memories too. There was a certain Henry who figured in them largely. She, too, had gone to the little college up in the hills, which was one of the first co-educational institutions in the country.

"She, too, felt glad to get the address of an old school-mate; so she answered as soon as maiden reserve would permit.

"You can imagine how things went after that. They corresponded regularly. They recounted old interviews, stolen ones of course, indulged in at their peril. The experience of everybody at school is practically the same, so I needn't recount the particulars.

"Then they drifted to sheer love-making of the old-fashioned, practical sort, in which the words husband, wife, and housekeeping bore a prominent part.

"Neither of the young people were rich, and it wasn't the custom to waste in useless galavanting and courting, the money that should be used in purchasing household furniture. Besides, they had met frequently during the blissful six months of their early flirtation and were, consequently, as well acquainted as they thought necessary.

"Finally the day was set and Henry, after three years of wooing, undertook the difficult journey to his intended for the first time. He arrived three days before the wedding, and found her waiting for the stage, ready to accompany him over the two or three lonely miles that lay between them and home."

Miteson stopped, heaving with inward laughter.

"I don't see anything funny in that," cried Hyson, "I think it was rather nice." He had voiced the sentiments of all, but we listened when the narrator recovered himself.

"Nothing funny about it? Why, he found himself face to face with a perfect stranger, and she advertised to be his bride within three days. He had been writing to another Molly Sharp all the while. I told you that all people had about the same experiences at school, especially at the same school; and lovers are all alike too, in one respect: They don't write much about sublunary matters. So, it was small wonder that he never found out his mistake until he saw her. If they could have exchanged photographs, it would have been different, and the romance spoiled.

"But what did he do?" asked young Hyson.

"He fell in love with her on the walk home."

"And she?" I demanded, "she had been writing to the wrong person too, er——"

"You must ask my mother," interrupted he, with the contradictory twinkle more in evidence than ever.

"What yarn has my son been telling you now?" asked old Mr. Stebbins, who, with his smiling wife on his arm, entered the apartment.

My son! So that was what our host had said when he introduced the young man, who had just returned from abroad and was consequently even a stranger to Hyson. And Miteson was just a name created by my fancy.

RURAL DECADENCE.

By Mary A. Desmond.

The chief cause of our rural decadence is the soul-destroying spirit of worldliness, that during the last half century has taken such deep root in the hearts of our people. The millionaire, with more than enough of the world's goods; the street urchin, with barely enough to keep soul and body together; the American youth and maiden, whether city or country born—all are possessed with this debasing spirit; and the immigrant who seeks shelter 'neath the eagle's wing soon becomes infected with the discase. "Wealth! wealth!" is the cry of the deluded multitude. "At any cost give us wealth!" And at what a cost! Where lies the root of this evil that is eating into the vitals of society, draining the life-blood of our republic? The principal root lies in our modern educational system. Let the philosophers of the day point out to us the advantages derived from so over-educating the minds of a people, that they are unfitted to satisfy the fundamental requirements of a nation's happiness and prosperity.

What benefit does the country lad derive from an education that unfits him for the plough and causes him to look with scorn on the humble tillers of the soil?

What blessing does all the education of to-day bring to the country maiden, who looks with disgust on the idea of becoming a farmer's wife, and who prefers to face life's battle in the large cities surrounded by every danger, where she reaps little, if any, happiness; but, as is more often the case, is wrecked on the ocean of sin and misery.

Look at the hundreds of boys and girls who graduate from our city schools every year.

What are they fitted for?

Ask a graduating class of boys what field of labor they are about to enter. Will they become mechanics, agriculturalists, sailors or soldiers? Perhaps half a dozen out of every class may desire to enter any of these fields, but the other members of the class have no desire to earn a livelihood by the sweat of their brow. A genteel occupation, requiring little labor and less brains, is what they seek.

And are they taught to look with respect and admiration on honest toil?

Nothing of the kind is ever taught them.

Again let us ask, What about our college graduates? Are they fitted to become great statesmen, glorious orators, brave soldiers?

Emphatically No!

Are they fitted to govern a people?

They are better fitted to preside over a banquet table, or umpire a ball game, or bet on a race.

Have they any respect for authority, parental or governmental?

None whatever. When they break the laws, money condones the transgression, and doting parents smile on their boy's ebullition of feeling: "The dear boys must have some recreation."

If "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," our world will have to wait for rulers. City-bred maidens rock the cradle! Rocking the cradle is an occupation entirely at variance with the up-to-date education. Matrimonial felicity of many of our city

maidens now depends largely on the wealth of brave Lochinvar. Home, that synonym of all that is sacred and best on earth, is now looked on as old fashioned. From the moment the modern maiden enters the arena of society she hears nothing but wealth, station, position. Honor, virtue, manliness, chivalry—all are minor considerations.

While our young women are taught nothing better than this, what can we expect? While the divorce court stands ever ready to untie the marriage knot, and send adrift the unhappy creatures who have not the Christian courage to bear their curses and trials of married life, how can we hope for a future republic?

And yet this is all modern education, up-to-date teaching, new philosophy. As we sow, so must we reap; and while this educating the mind continues, leaving the soul to die for want of moral, wholesome food, we may not hope that the next generation will be better than that of to-day.

A second cause of the present rural conditions is the Press! Free Press! Free Press! how many crimes are committed in thy name! Look at the quality of the mental food our young minds have been fed on during the last quarter of a century! Novels overflowing with filth and sensuality; story papers filled with all that is base and degrading, and—a blot on civilization—daily papers that are even more pernicious. Deadly poison is poured into the minds of our young people, setting their imagination on fire, and parents seemingly give no thought until some terrible misfortune arouses them to their sense of duty.

The authorities do little to suppress this evil. Books of all kinds are sold as readily as the bread we eat. Authors (if I may be permitted to use the term) pouring into the market the refuse of their vile imaginations with little hindrance from the rulers of our land. Where does erotic literature work more grievous harm than among the rural inhabitants of our country?

Intemperance also has played an important part in rural decadence. This terrible evil has drained our country of some of its best blood, and, from all appearances, will continue to go unchecked, dragging to the lowest depths rich and poor, learned and ignorant.

Let our modern teachers instruct their pupils in morals as well as in mathematics, and inculcate in their youthful minds the nobility of an upright life. Let the parents teach their children that labor, in any form, is honorable. Let our young women learn that in the choice of a husband sterling character is of first importance. It is to be hoped that the woman of to-day will at least endeavor to encourage honest labor. Let young men be encouraged to take the plow and cultivate the deserted farms. Let the government colonize our deserted suburbs, not with the refuse of human society, but with honest, respectable people, who can, and will, if given a fair opportunity, set the wheels of prosperity rolling.

If the necessary steps to prevent further decadence in our rural districts are not taken no human power can prevent the increase of crime and general discontent so plainly discernible in our cities to-day.

Every avenue of labor is overcrowded, and there must come an outlet. We are a young nation and have much to learn. Let us profit by the experience of other republics, who were more powerful, stronger and far more intellectual than we are, but who wrought their own destruction. The soul of our people is slumbering, drugged with luxuries, dazed by a small draught of national prosperity. We have chosen the world and its goods, rather than the Creator, and, if this state of things continues, we cannot fail to reap the whirlwind.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A cleverly conceived plot, artistically worked out to a satisfactory solution, distinguishes "The Touchstone of Life," by Ella McMahon. Ivor Clay, a young Cambridge graduate, who has known no relative with whom he might claim kinship, hears from the lips of the lawyer, who has been his guardian, the strange mystery which surrounds his life, and its recital changes the whole course of his future career. A strange and pathetic story the old lawyer reveals to his young dependant, involving the honesty of his birth, and engendering a bitterness against his father and the youthful scion who had succeeded to the title and estates which Ivor Clay, according to the principles of natural justice, might justly claim as his own. Fate brings the destinies of these two sons into extraordinary contact, and the threads of their lives become entangled in a most remarkable manner. Each love the same woman, and the careers of both are wonderfully influenced by this singular occurrence. Both are brought face to face upon the same theatre of action, the one as the legal governor of English South Africa, the other as the real governor and the man of the people. The play of human passions, the struggle of conscience and principle in perplexing situations are graphically described in a way that renders the interest of the story sustained throughout to the very end. The happy close has the approval of the readers' sense of justice. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The peculiar cowboy temperament, its unique manner of expressing its sentiments, and its native mode of procedure are happily brought out in "Wolfville," by Alfred Henry Lewis, the correspondent of the New York Journal. The author has gathered together many interesting tales of cowboy life, and puts before us the rough and sturdy characters of the knights of the plains in a way that appeals to our sense of truth. They act and speak in such a natural way, and with such native abandon, that they seem almost instinct with life and move before our very eyes. The sketches of rough pioneer life which the author brings to our attention are interesting and readable in the highest degree. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Boston: Damrell & Upham. Price, $1.50.

The purpose of Eden Philpott in writing "Lying Prophets" is to prove that Art, Nature and Chance are not the true foundation upon which a noble life may be built. He succeeds in proving his thesis, but we cannot help thinking that the readers of the novel may receive harm as well as instruction from the detailed and minute description of the progress of the carnal love of the young artist for the fisherman's daughter, which is put before them by the author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Boston: DeWolfe, Fiske & Co. Price, $1.25.

The strong and unwavering devotion of a woman to a man, guilty in the eyes of all but herself, makes "Sheilah McLeod," by Guy Boothby, a pathetic and interesting story. Australia is the scene of the events which form the substance of the story, and the peculiar conditions of Australian life in the early days of the growing colony are impressed upon the reader's attention. The strong loyalty of Sheilah to her lover, however, forms the chief interest of this tale of Australian life. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Price, 75 cents.

Imaginative and interesting is "The Eye of Istar," by William Le Queux. It is a story of India, and a romance pure and simple. The kingdom of Queen Istar, enclosed on all sides by mountains, was little known to the outside world, yet there were vague rumors of its fabulous wealth and magnificence. Only one secret passage led to this empire of magnificence, and the reader's interest is sustained in observing the wonderful adventures of Zafar-Ben-A'Tiz, who penetrated into this land of the no-return; made his escape from it after a series of most wonderful and perilous adventures, and finally makes conquest of this magnificent empire. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The great desideratum of this day is healthful and instructive stories for the young; and Marion Ames Taggart again succeeds in giving us just such a story in "By Branscome River." Interesting and pathetic in the highest degree, its youthful readers are bound to admire the sturdy character of Jim Upper, the exquisite sweetness and gentleness of little Phil, with his poetic love of nature and God's creatures, which finally overcome the stony-hearted Kenturah Flint and the thoughtless and giddy Ella May. We are sure that all readers will be charmed with this de-

lightful tale, and while they are pleased, they will receive no slight instruction from the grand moral lessons which it conveys. An admirable book for any boy or girl, and entirely suitable as a school premium. New York: Benziger Bros. Price, 50 cents.

If the succeeding numbers of "Tales of Good Fortune" should prove as interesting as "A Born Grandee," just published, they will meet with a wide appreciation and generous patronage. These tales are adapted from the German of Canon Schmid by Rev. Thos. J. Jenkins. The one before us is simply and beautifully told, and contains the highest moral teaching. It may be read by young and old with edification and profit. Chicago, New York: D. H. McBride Co. Price, 25 cents.

We welcome with pleasure the republication of Cardinal Wiseman's "The Lamp of the Sanctuary." The story of the young Spanish girl's devotion and self-sacrifice, her offering up of her own life for the conversion of her father, and the acceptance of the sacrifice deeply moves the reader and arouses his sympathy. New York: Benziger Bros. Price, 25 cents.

The "Catholic Home Annual" of Benziger Brothers, which made its first appearance fifteen years ago, has just been issued for 1898, and will, we are sure, meet with a hearty welcome from its ever-increasing army of friends. The present number is unusually interesting, and in its pages will be found contributions from the foremost Catholic writers.

A glance at the number shows a delightful choice of reading. There are stories by Maurice Francis Egan, Walter Lecky, Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert), Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Marion Ames Taggart, and Margaret M. Trainer; more serious articles by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty of the Washington University and Very Rev. Father Girardey, Provincial of the Redemptorists in the Western province; the history of a famous pilgrimage, told by Very Rev. Dean Lings; an interesting sketch of Nassau by a resident priest; and a brief biography of the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Martinelli, by Rev. Joseph F. McGowan, O. S. A., and of St. Vincent de Paul, by Ella McMahon.

From the start this Annual has been a success, and every year has seen an increase in its circulation. Nor is this surprising, for it is intended for the many rather than the few, and it is so made as to insure its popularity; and both in the quality and the variety of its reading and its illustrations is the best of its kind.

We can heartily recommend it for family reading, and he will be hard to suit indeed who cannot find in it much to his taste.

Novenas have always been a favorite mode of prayer, but though many have appeared, from time to time, there has been no attempt, until now, to collect the best into one volume. This, then, is the only complete book of its kind published. It contains novenas for almost every possible occasion and applicable to every devotion. It is divided into four parts The first embraces such novenas as pertain to the feasts of our Lord, the Infant Jesus, the Sacred Heart, the Precious Blood, Jesus Crucified, the Holy Face, the Holy Ghost, and Almighty God; the second, those relating to the Blessed Virgin, the several feasts of Our Blessed Lady, the Immaculate Heart, the Seven Dolors, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of Good Counsel, the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, Our Lady of Salette, etc.; the third part is made up of novenas to the Angels and Saints, and has a greater variety of these devotions than can be found anywhere else; while the fourth and last part contains the most necessary prayers for the use of the faithful, with devotions for Mass, Confession, Communion, etc., and the Vespers for Sundays.

Religious.

"The Little Path to Heaven" and the "Prayer Book for Children," are two books of devotion recently published for children's use. They have been carefully compiled, are attractively illustrated and durably bound.

Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 20 and 35 cents.

Miscellaneous.

A vast amount of valuable information is stored in the special double number of the Catholic Reading Circle Review, containing complete and graphic reports of the Champlain and Madison Catholic Summer Schools. The number contains 120 pages, including nearly one hundred halftone photographic views of distinguished men, scenes and events, illustrating summer school life. This number contains full and comprehensive abstracts of over fifty subjects, embracing nearly one hundred lectures on history, art, science, music, pedagogy, ethics, philosophy, psychology, social problems, biography, and other branches of knowledge. It is an invaluable compendium of general knowledge. The average reader as well as reading circles and study clubs will find it useful and instructive.

Besides the proceedings of the summer

schools, there is also contained in this number an outline of the courses of reading and study of the Reading Circle Union for 1897-98.

The Catholic Universe, Cleveland, Ohio, has just published a Jubilee number, a valuable edition to all interested in the growth of Catholicity. Speaking of the remarkable progress made the Universe says:

"The figures which describe the almost incredible dimensions of Catholic growth in this city of Cleveland alone, within the past fifty years are inspiring to contemplate.

"A half century ago there was one church here, a poor little frame structure, "down on the Flats." One priest ministered to the handful of Catholics. Today, behold thirty-three churches, most of them massive and magnificent structures, supplemented with fine school buildings, and comfortable pastoral residences; three hospitals, two orphan asylums, one foundling asylum, one maternity home, one home for fallen women, one home for the aged poor, one home for working girls, nearly fifty colleges, academies, convents and schools, attended by fifteen thousand pupils and a Catholic population of more than one hundred thousand souls.

How this great work was accomplished is most entertainingly told in the special issue of the Universe, which devotes more than forty pages to a resume of the progress of Catholicity in Ohio. The founding of parishes, the erection of churches, institutions and schools, the formation of societies—in brief, all movements tending towards the spiritual development of the people are dwelt upon, and biographical sketches of the pioneer Catholics add much to the value of the edition as a reference.

Fine illustrations, including views of the church property and portraits of priests and people embellish the text.

Other books received:

"Catholic Gems and Pearls," by Rev. J. Phelan. J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago.

"The Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge, by A. J. George. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"Outlines of Church History," by Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. S. F. B. Herder, St. Louis.

Pamphlets:

"History of the Catholic Religion in the Sandwich Islands," by Rev. A. M. Clark, C. S. P.

"A View of the Life of Father Hecker," by Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, before Catholic Congress at Fribourg.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF LOVE.—A PASTEL.

By Frank Earle Hering.

The willows drooped with the weight of the moonlight.

Vagrant drops trickled down the sides of the moss-grown watering trough. A willow leaf drifted on the water's surface.

Hand in hand they walked silently.

The pink petals of the peach-tree, white in the moon-flood, sank downward whirling noiselessly upon the air. The faint breath of the lilacs perfumed the night.

Silence was on the meadows, broken by the occasional tinkle of a bell buried in the soft fleece of a grazing ewe.

Timidly she raised her eyes, but let them fall again, for he was looking at her wistfully.

The chestnut tree in the wheat-field cast its silhouette upon the pale grain. A whip-poor-will floated through the night, intoning as it went.

A thin wisp of brown cloud was drawn above the moon like a veil flung back from the chaste face of a nun. From the motionless grass came the multitudinous chirp of crickets.

Hand in hand they walked silently.

On the old bridge they stopped and peered into the creek, gurgling and splashing over roots and stones.

"Can you love me?" he asked softly.

Involuntarily she raised her eyes for a fleeting glance at the deformity which birth had given him.

He understood. Gently he drew her hand to his. She trembled in the presence of a power greater than words—than thought.

He spoke: "When God sent my soul to earth He showed to me in vision my soul's soul. The face was yours. But you bore on your back a burden such as I now bear. Straightway I pleaded that He would give to me the burden meant for you. God heard my prayer, and I came down to earth."

Hand in hand they went, silently, happily.

Far, far off, out of which the moon rises, a white mountain peak upreared its head.

The moon shone through the trellised vines of the wild grape and latticed shadows danced on the waters.

They went onward forever, toward the shimmering of the mountain.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Our Lady's Lullaby.

Go to sleep, my precious one!
  Close thy heavenly eyes,
For our loving Father
  Watcheth from the skies;
And thy guardian angel,
  Silent vigil keeps,
O'er the world's Redeemer,
  While he softly sleeps.

Press thy halo'd golden head
  Close to mother's breast,
Like the gentle little dove
  In its cosy nest.
Little birds seek shelter
  'Neath their mother's wing;
Then go to sleep my gentle dove,
  While lullaby I'll sing.

Soon the clouds shall gather
  O'er my loved one's head,
And a sword shall pierce my heart,
  Thus hath Simeon said.
But what e'er befalls thee,
  Mother will be near,
Whispering prayerful lullabies,
  O'er her baby dear.

When thine own shall scorn thee,
  On the fateful day,
And through streets shall lead thee,
  Clad in mock array,
Though by all forsaken,
  Mother will be near,
Whispering words of comfort,
  To her loved one dear.

When thy life work's ended,
  On Mount Calvary,
And my darling's thorn-crowned head
  Rests upon my knee,
Though thine eyes are closed in death,
  Thou wilt know I'm near,
Whispering requiem lullabies
  O'er my baby dear.

—MARY A. DESMOND.

The Over-Careful Housekeeper.

I have been thinking a good deal about her lately, and am moved to speak my mind. She has received more than her share of adulation and flattery, and if I can do even a little part in bringing about her suppression, I shall know that I have not lived in vain.

After all what good does she do? She is a constant irritant with her everlasting saving and scrimping, measuring everything in life by the length of the gas bill or the shortage in the milk cans. Apropos of the latter, I am reminded of one saving mortal who, learning some news she deemed calamitous, hurried up-stairs to a room where a tired young teacher was enjoying her Saturday morning sleep. It was such a delightful sleep, smoothing out all the cares of a week's turmoil in a big mixed school. Every moment of that rest was worth gold, and yet the prudent housekeeper bent over the foot-board and called, excitedly, "Mary! Mary! wake up." And Mary woke up with a jerk that might have destroyed a stronger nervous system.

"What is wrong?" she gasped, noting the troubled look on the face turned to her.

"The milk has gone up a cent a quart," said the prudent one, and the little teacher, who spent hours inculcating the importance of controlling temper, deftly aimed the pillows at the disturber of her peace.

The prudent housekeeper is a suspicious creature. She is always thinking ill of others, suspecting every one of a wish to do her out of her just dues. She measures everything measureable, and quails only before the gas meter, being rarely mathematician enough to master the figures it registers.

And the plots she lays for the family to induce them to eat crusts, stale cake, unappreciated pie and the other flotsam and jetsam of the pantry! The fires are great trials to the over-prudent woman of the house, and when she isn't worrying over feeding the family on the smallest possible scale she is studying how to delude the range into believing cinders are as lasting as fresh coal.

This pet of the press, the saving woman, is generally a nagging, nervous individual, driving everyone, everlastingly devising schemes of economy. Take her out for a walk, and she refuses to be diverted.

"Isn't that a beautiful sunset!" exclaimed a young enthusiast to a careful housekeeper, "See how the colors gleam through that mist rising over the bay!"

"Yes," assented the housekeeper, doubtfully; then, more cheerfully: "The mist will make the clothes just right for ironing."

Now isn't that a nice state of mind for

a woman to get into—utilizing even the mist!

Where a saving woman runs a household young minds have little chance to soar. I am thinking now of a little group of motherless girls, who loved to get away to the top of the house, where they could discuss their plans and carry out their special fads with less fear of interruption. Just at the top of the stairs there was a broad, sunny landing, with a window overlooking the bay, and in the winter the pipe from the big hall stove was carried across this upper hall to the chimney, making the spot a very snug one for the young people. Their individual tastes showed plainly in the fittings of the retreat. There was an easel with a canvas on it, where the elder girl, an amateur artist, worked patiently, producing results that were very satisfactory to herself and her critics, and would have been more so if the little invalid of the family did not at times insist on sketching in a corner or intensifying the colors; there was a box of tools for modeling and carpenter work, and a very disorderly desk, belonging to the second girl, who divided her time between manual work and literary efforts; there were books on mathematics, poetry, and works of devotion, showing the trend of the third girl's mind; the invalid was a little trifler, with no special bent of her own, but endowed with a pretty adaptibility that lent itself pleasantly to the pursuits of others, not always to their entire satisfaction, but always accepted lovingly as an indication of improved physical condition. And lastly, there was a conglomeration of toys, books, fancy work and dolls, belonging to the baby, a straggling young person with very yellow hair in great long plaits, very blue eyes, and very frank expression of her views of life and people.

Well, one day this group had gathered, the baby coming in last with a copy of Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, hugged closely in her arms. It had just been published and the young person had secured a copy, a very cheap one, but very satisfactory to the assembly.

The baby sat on the top step, the mathematician dropped her algebra and got out her Tennyson, and presently a learned discussion arose on the respective merits of the two views of Locksley Hall. The baby contended that the latter poem showed senile weakness, a statement the mathematician strove to refute, her three more years of life making her resentful of the baby's reflections on age. The litterateur was drawn from her work, the artist dropped her brushes (an opportunity the invalid improved to paint in a daisy), and warmer and more erudite grew the argument. Sides were taken, and presently the landing rang with Tennyson, the baby's voice leading in an impassioned arraignment of a man who could say—

"As the husband, the wife is: thou art
mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down."

Just at this point another voice was heard. It shrilled up from the lower hall in fretful, complaining enquiry. It belonged to the careful housekeeper.

"Who washed the molasses pitcher?" she queried. "Which ever one of you did it wasted half a cup of good molasses; and molasses is gone up."

Fortunately some people do not yield as readily as others to the influence of environment. Those girls still read Tennyson, and are still indifferent to the price of molasses.

Far be it from me to decry wise economy, but it is this everlasting, penny-scraping, paring-saving spirit I would condemn. There are better things in life than a bank account, or a house pieced together with bricks and mortar purchased at the expense of family comfort.

The Work of Expiation.

The many members of this work will be glad to see an account of it, taken from "The Universe," an English journal. "One of the greatest religious marvels of this century is undoubtedly the rapid spread throughout the world, and especially the English-speaking world, of the blessed Oeuvre Expiatoire of Chapelle Montligeon within a dozen years. It was established in an out-of-the-way little village in the Orne by a holy devoted priest, the curé of that little country parish. His name is Paul Buguet, and this name is now a name of benediction on the tongues of millions and millions of people in every country of the world. He is another Curé d'Ars, and the inspired work he set on foot—for surely inspired it must have been—with the warm approbation of his Bishop, the late Mgr. Tregaro of Seéz, has already spread to countries beyond the seas, where the name of the Venerable Jean Marie Vianney was never heard to the day of his death in 1859. But still thousands of people in France believe, and so does the justly-venerated Father Buguet himself, that the holy curé of Ars had not forgotten his poor France when his blessed soul went up to Heaven from his poor worn body, so that he pleaded before the great white throne for the poor suffering souls * * * and that in response to his pleadings the first ray of

light, of divine grace, came down to Father Buguet's heart, and incited him to establish the blessed Oeuvre Expiatoire. It was the very thing the hearts of the faithful were longing for, and the short time of a dozen years has proved this to demonstration. By the end of last year over six millions of people had associated themselves in the blessed crusade, and at their head was the living Peter, Leo XIII., who at the Vatican enrolled all his near and dear ones passed away as associates, and enrolled himself as a living associate. He there and then raised the association to the highest rank of the order—to a prima primaria—and enriched it with many indulgences as the printed Propaganda documents show and prove."

Last year the Rev. Canon Buguet came to America to see his many friends, and was received with affectionate greetings in all the large cities between the Atlantic coast and the Mississippi. In Canada, too, he met many old friends and made many new ones.

The Work of Expiation for the Souls in Purgatory, forgotten by their own friends, is well known to the readers of Donahoe's Magazine. It is well to remind them, however, that all details of this lovely work of charity can be had by writing to Rev. E. Didier, St. Joseph's Hospital, Caroline street, Baltimore, Md., who is a director; to Miss L. V. Keevan, 49 Regent street, Roxbury, Mass. (promoter), and to Miss Emma F. Cary (directoress), 92 Brattle street, Cambridge.

The terms of subscription are within the means even of the most limited purse—one cent for annual subscription, and one dollar for all time.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Suggestions for Women.

The arrangement of a woman's hair either mars or enhances her appearance. The fluffy style of coiffure should be confined to evening wear, when the wearing of pretty gowns set off the soft wavy tresses to advantage, imparting an artistic touch. For street wear the smooth, neat coiffure is in better taste. The style of wearing the hair so as to obscure the ears will become the girl with the sweet Madonna face, whose pretty contour can defy criticism. But even so, it seems to me, if her ears are small and prettily shaped, they are features to be seen and not hidden.

The true gentlewoman pays scrupulous attention to her hands, for, like her manner, they are evidence of her breeding. One need not spend much time in the care of the hands if spare moments are utilized in giving the finger nails the proper crescent shape. Plenty of warm water and good soap, and a little cold cream rubbed well into the skin at night before retiring, are the necessary appliances to make soft white hands.

Carlyle says: "Work alone is noble," and no hands, however beautifully-shaped and white they may be, can win admiration—that is, the admiration that is worth having, unless they do some noble good in the world. Francis Osgood says:

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be is ever so lowly;
Labor! All labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God."

Truly beautiful hands are those of which Gray eloquently speaks:

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Good nature is the beauty of the mind, and is a producer of health and happiness. It is the indispensable quality of a truly charming woman, for it is more agreeable than wit, however sparkling a beauty, however attractive. By the good-natured woman I do not mean the woman who laughs for every slight occasion hardly deserving a smile. A smiling countenance must be backed by sound intelligence before it can charm, and the prettiest face imaginable can become positively inane and expressionless when its owner has recourse to little senseless bursts of laughter, which characterize a woman as silly and undignified.

Equally foolish is the woman who cries and frowns and makes herself generally miserable for every slight offence. Her character wants strengthening, and to do this she must face her cares with a brave heart and a willing hand. "Life is what we ourselves make it." It is ours to make it lovely or unlovely, and it is not so short but that there is plenty of time to make it fruitful in good deeds and kind words.

JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

The Woman Shopper.

If she wants a coat or cape (and nearly every woman needs a wrap now) she makes up her mind before she leaves home just about how much she can afford to spend upon it. When she arrives at the especial store whose advertisement she has seen, or where she is accustomed to go, she asks

at once for a wrap that will not exceed her price.

Dozens are shown her, of course, and she proceeds to choose something that will be suitable for all occasions.

The greatest error a woman can make (if her income is limited) is to buy a coat or cape that is conspicuous in cut or color; she will weary of it in two months, whereas a plainer style would be like a comfortable friend—all the better for close acquaintance.

Her coat or cape purchased, the careful shopper will go off to the hat or bonnet departments, or will seek her favorite milliner, and here again she will spend much thought before she parts with her money, for every woman alive knows that her head and its covering are seen by twenty people where only two or three have time or opportunity to examine her gowns. The prudent woman, then, never buys a cheap hat or one that has a startling individuality. And just here, an extra hint, please—never buy a hat because it is fashionable if it does not suit your face; the world will forgive you anything rather than an unbecoming bonnet.

Serene in her self-possession our careful shopper then secures her hats or bonnets with an eye to the fitness of things, and here again she has an eye to service if her purse is not plethoric. And so she goes on her way for shoes, gloves, underwear—for any and all the things that must be bought just now. If she is not very robust she buys her boots a size too large, and puts a felt sole inside to keep her feet warm; if her circulation is none too good she sees to it that her gloves are roomy without being too loose, as she knows well that a tight glove on a cold day is torture enough to atone for countless shortcomings.

She is out today, and she will be about tomorrow—this woman who shops with her wits as well as with her gold—and to her belong the best bargains that are to be found in town.

Helps Keep the Housewife Young

No matter how dull things might be elsewhere, the kitchen work must go on constantly, for people will eat, and the plaintive cry from women that their work is never done has led men to make many time-saving and labor-saving inventions, of which one of the most meritorious is the Enterprise Meat Chopper. This machine has been steadily improved for fifteen years, and is now perfected—simple, durable, economical. It is found in kitchens all over the world, and besides the great saving in time it effects, it induces the cook to prepare many delicious and economical "chopped up" dishes she would not prepare before the meat-chopper came in use, because of the time and work they required. It saves the housewife's health and good looks by lightening her heavy burdens. For preparing hash, scrapple, hamburg steak, hog's head cheese, croquettes, meat cakes, chicken and lobster salad, also for chopping suet, tripe, codfish, clams, vanilla beans, scrap meat for poultry, corn for fritters, etc., the Enterprise Meat Chopper is simple, perfect and economical. The makers, the Enterprise Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia, Pa., will send for four cents in stamps the "Enterprising Housekeeper," a book containing 200 choice recipes.

A Good Thing for Women to Remember.

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham they are communicating with a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's ills is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

A woman can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate her private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they should have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examination of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician living.

The following invitation is freely offered; accept it in the same spirit.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to freely communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America, which has never been broken, and has induced more than 100,000 sufferers to write her for advice during the last four months. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your goodwill, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Three Little Fays from Frostland.

Three little fays from Frostland
Came floating to earth one night,
When the moon was high in the heavens,
And the stars were big and bright;
But these three little fays from Frostland
Were by far the loveliest sight.

They were dressed in the finest lacework
That by mortals ever was seen;
For the cold North wind had wrought it
With his mighty breath, and keen,
And these three little fays from Frostland
Were dressed as befits a queen.

They trailed their shimmering garments
O'er meadow and bush and tree,
And over the city pavements
They skated in elfish glee;
You see they were out for a frolic,
These fairies from Frostland, three.

Nobody saw them coming,
Though the moon was shining bright;
Nobody heard them passing,
For a fairy's step is light;
They came and they went in the silence
Of the cold and starry night.

Next morning the grass had jewels
That naught but a fay could wear;
On the window panes were pictures
That no mortal hand traced there—
But the three little fays had vanished
To their home in Frostland fair.

M. L. RICHARDSON.

For Young Writers.

Will the would-be writers among our young people give their attention for a few minutes?

A letter lying on the desk prompts the request. It is a pretty letter, evidently written by a bright, sweet-tempered, anxious girl, who does not know how much she asks when she asks an editor (one of the busiest people in the world) to answer a lot of questions that our intelligent young friend can answer for herself, if she will just sit down for a quiet hour's study of Donahoe's. This will tell her the length of the stories generally used, the style and many other things necessary for a young writer to learn.

Bless those ambitious young writers! Don't we know just how they feel! If time permitted, we would like to write to every one of them, but this message must do for all.

Perhaps it may interest you a little to be told how one girl began to write. Her first effort was a poem, but very fortunately she used the word "disperse" instead of "dispense," and the particular stanza in which this slip occurred was read aloud to the class by the teacher, who added some remarks of her own on the presumption of people who used words without knowing their meanings. You can imagine the poet's feelings. However, it cured her of writing poetry; she never wrote another stanza. That is why we say "fortunately." There are too many bad poets in the world.

Her next attempt was in the serial story line, and being a generous little soul she decided to share the glory with her deskmate, who had no literary tastes whatever, and couldn't construct a sentence properly if by doing so she would gain possession of a castle of gold. This did not prevent her from entering heartily into the collaboration idea, and when the author had scribbled out the chapters her literary partner copied them neatly, and they were submitted to the teacher. That teacher must have enjoyed many a laugh, but she leaned more kindly towards prose than she did to poetry, so the story progressed happily till one unlucky day, when the chief author was too ill to attend school, and the girl who wrote a pretty hand but could not compose was moved to complete the serial. Now this completion was something very dear to the author's heart, and she had planned a brilliant ending. Perhaps she had been too arbitrary in expecting her partner to accept her views for the heroine's future, and then again, for a girl of eleven her ideas were very advanced, and a marriage she had witnessed in the Cathedral had furnished her with a suggestion for a very pleasing conclusion. Unhappily, her co-worker still dwelt in the realms of childhood, and wound up the story to suit her fancy.

After school she called on her sick friend, and in her cheery way told her the day's doings.

"I finished our story, Blanche," she said, blithely.

"You finished it!" gasped Blanche, "without me!"

"I didn't think you'd mind," faltered the delinquent. "I worked very hard to get it done."

"Did you give it in?" asked the author, sternly.

"Mother James took it. It's all right

though, Blanche. Everyone will know it is the end, for I wrote 'end' at the bottom."

"What did you do with Josephine?" was the next question.

"Oh, her father came back and brought her a pound of candy," said Bessie, rather proudly.

"She was an orphan!" cried the author. "Don't you remember it began 'It was a bitter night, when the orphaned Josephine—' "

"I forgot," gasped Bessie. "Whatever shall we do?"

"I don't know," was the gloomy response. "I had such a lovely ending."

"There was the pound of candy," suggested Bessie, more hopefully. "Don't you like that?"

"She was going to be twenty years old at the end," said Blanche, scornfully. "Do you suppose when we are twenty we'll eat candy?"

"I think—I—will," faltered the culprit. "But what did you mean to do with Josephine?"

"I was going to marry her to that man who was married in the Cathedral last week. He was a lovely man," lamented the author. "And I was going to have the chimes play, and a carpet down the steps; and—and—you've spoiled it all"—and fairly overcome by disappointment, combined with illness, the author broke down and wept, Bessie joining in heartily.

The next day the partners appeared at the teacher's desk, and Bessie preferred a request.

"If you please, Mother James, may we have the story back? We're going to have two ends to it."

"Two ends, my dear!" said Mother James, looking suspiciously serious. "That is rather unusual, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mother," explained Blanche, "but you see there were two writers, so we have decided we ought to have two ends."

Thus the difficulty was adjusted very happily. One of the writers is now a nun of the Sacred Heart Order, and the other—well, after a while she wrote stories that were accepted and published, but she will never write anything that gave her more pleasure than did those early efforts.

The Story of the Dull Boy.

Bancroft, the magician, in an address at a press banquet lately, dwelt at some length upon a man's natural aptitude to the vocation in life he pursued, and attributed as a result of so many failures the fact that a majority of mankind were following vocations not in bent with their natural inclinations. He told an interesting story, illustrating his meaning from one of his school boy recollections, as follows:

"At my first school there was a boy to whom the teacher could not succeed in imparting the simplest rules of elementary knowledge. Try as she might, her efforts were failures. Her patience, after numerous trials, turned to despair. One day, when he seemed duller than usual, she sent him from the recitation bench to his seat with a severe reprimand, promising to recommend his dismissal to the trustees.

"Shortly afterward she observed him bending over some pursuit at his desk. His eyes were lighted with an expression that seemed inspiration. Anxious to know the cause of this almost miraculous transformation from sloth that was sluggish to activity that was life, she passed down the aisle by his desk on some pretext that would not disturb him, and found the cause of his glowing study to be the examination of a fly which he had caught and was examining, having dessected it into parts. The truth dawned upon the teacher. The boy's mind ran to entomology. He was a born naturalist. The teacher said nothing, but that afternoon called up the entire class for general recitation. The boy's appearance was as dull as ever.

" 'Boys,' said the teacher, addressing the entire school, 'I want to see how far your general powers of observation on trivial subjects go. For instance, you have all seen thousands of flies. Now, I want each one of you to tell me his impressions of a fly.'

"Beyond the fact that a fly was a fly and had two wings, not one of the school could say anything further. At the first mention of the subject the dull boy was all aglow. He held up his hand and snapped his fingers. He realized his superiority. It was his day. He told of the fly from a general and analytical standpoint, its interior and exterior construction, its habits, its food, its generation, and its propensities. The rest of the school sat astonished. The boy went on and launched into a general description of bugs and insects he had caught in the woods. From that day the teacher encouraged his peculiar aptitude, and troubled him no more with the rules of grammar and arithmetic. She went into the woods with him and helped in his studies of nature. She brought the attention of the school trustees to his case, and, to make a long story short, he was sent to Europe for study. In Leipsic he was made Moderator of the Natural Conservatory of Sciences. He held for a time an important position in the Smithsonian, at Washington, D. C., and he is now in Paris, one of the leading entomologists of the world."
—Washington Post.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

E. D. writes: Have we the same belief and conception of hell today as had the early Christians?

2. Does the Old Testament as well as the New give us a clear understanding of this place?

3. Did the Catholic Church, as some Protestants state, add for reasons of its own that hell is a place of fire and torment?

4. Is it true that in the Hebrew and Greek no such place is mentioned, and that it is a conception of the Catholic Church?

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1. We who are Catholics believe the same as the early Christians regarding this place of eternal punishment which we call hell. It is an article of belief that they who die in mortal sin are God's enemies, and as such they shall be separated from God for eternity, and consigned to a place of everlasting punishment. This, like all articles of Catholic belief, is the same for us as for those who have preceded us in all the centuries. Outside the Catholic Church, however, this belief has to a very great degree been set aside. Even those who call themselves Christians make of it a mockery and a laughter. Still, it is revealed doctrine, and it is as necessary that we believe in the existence of a place of eternal punishment for the fallen angels and unrepentant human sinners, as that we believe in an abode of everlasting bliss for the faithful angels and for men and women who depart from this life in the grace and friendship of God.

2. There are many passages in the New Testament that give us a distinct knowledge of the existence of hell and of its character. Read St. Matthew xviii, 8, and xxv, 41-55; Mark ix, 46-48. In the New Testament, a special name—Gehenna—is given to the place of everlasting torments. Consult St. Matthew v, 22, 29, 30; x, 28; xviii, 9; xxiii, 15, 33; St. Mark, ix, 43, 45, 47; St. Luke xii, 5; St. James iii, 6.

The Old Testament has also its passages pertaining more or less directly to this subject. Some are not of so certain an interpretation as to not admit of controversy regarding their meaning; as, for example, Isaiah xxxiii, 14. But Isaiah lxvi, 24, is interpreted as applying to the eternal sufferings of the lost. So the Targum interprets them, and these words are applied in Ecclesiasticus, in Judith, and by our Lord Himself. We do not say, however, that either of these books quoted or our Lord gives us a recorded explanation of the prophet's meaning.

Ecclesiasticus vii, 19, and Judith xvi, 21, evidently borrowed the language of Isaiah, to which we have referred, and with more definite application to the future sufferings of the wicked Isaiah wrote: "And they shall go out and see the corpses of the men that transgressed against me, their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be quenched, and they shall be a loathsome sight to all flesh." Ecclesiasticus writes: "Humble thy spirit very much; remember wrath, for it will not tarry long, for the vengeance on the flesh of the ungodly is fire and worms." The book of Judith says: "Woe to the nation that rises up against my people; the Almighty Lord will take vengeance on them, in the day of judgment; he will visit them, for he will give fire and worms into their flesh, that they may burn and may feel for ever." And our Lord (Mark ix, 46, 47) says: "It is better for thee with one eye to enter into the kingdom of God, than having two eyes to be cast into the hell of fire, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not extinguished."

3. From what we have already stated, it should be evident that the Catholic Church has accepted the doctrine of eternal punishment, like all her other articles of faith, from divine revelation. As regards the nature of this eternal punishment this is to be said: The great punishment of hell is to be deprived of the vision of God, and of the possession of Heaven. This is spoken of by Christ, when he says that the sentence pronounced on the reprobate at the last day shall be: "Depart from me, ye cursed." Compared to this pain, the knowledge of an eternity of happiness forfeited by sin, the perpetual thought of the God for whom the soul was made, and who alone could content it never to be seen or enjoyed, all other pains pale into insignificance.

But there is also another intense punishment, which in our present condition as creatures familiar with sensible pain, appeals most strongly to us; this is the pain

of sense. This means and includes all punishment other than separation from God. It cannot mean merely punishment inflicted on the senses, as the demons are not sensible creatures, nor can the souls separated from the bodies from death until the general judgment suffer in the senses. Still, it is generally accepted as common doctrine that the chief punishment here spoken of is by fire. While we cannot affirm that this fire corresponds with such fire as we use, still we find that the common belief of the faithful, and of the theologians, is that this fire is not something metaphorical, but a fire truly and properly so-called. The Scripture in all kinds of language, poetical, familiar, dogmatic, historical, judicial, uniformly speaks of the fire of the everlasting punishment. Nor can any good reason be advanced for leaving aside the literal meaning of the word fire in all these allusions, where every law of interpretation is to hold to the literal meaning. To sum up in the words of Petavius, "At present, all theologians, nay, all Christians, are agreed that the fire of hell is corporal and material, though, as Velasquez rightfully observes, the matter has not as yet been settled by any decree of the church."

What has been said surely proves that the Catholic Church does not manufacture doctrine, whether in the matter of reward or of punishment. The sacred Scriptures, both of the Old and of the New Testament, tell that hell is a place of fire and of torment. While the Hebrew books are not so explicit, other books are certainly plain, and the positive statements of our Divine Lord make the matter certain that there is a place of torment, where the reprobate shall suffer forever. In Matthew xxv, 41, He says: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Our correspondent has not inquired of the duration of hell, and yet that is the most frightful thought: the eternity of punishment. One remarkable circumstance deserves our attention. It is not to the Apostles that Christ has left the statement of this doctrine of eternal punishment. He has Himself declared it in no ambiguous terms. We should find in this cause for grave thought, and realize whom they contradict who deny either the existence or the everlasting duration of hell.

One final remark: Some people find fault with the word hell, or say it is not found in Holy Writ. The word is of no consequence—it is the idea conveyed by this word in English, by other words of the same significance in other languages.

Polemic writes: What is required of a Protestant who desires to enter the fold of the Catholic Church; to what articles of belief must assent be given, and what ceremony is necessary?

The natural and ordinary method to be pursued is that the Protestant should present himself before a Catholic priest and begin under his directions, or of some priest appointed by him, a course of instruction in Catholic doctrine. Thus, the applicant becomes a catechumen. When, in the priest's judgment, the instruction is sufficiently advanced, and the catechumen's disposition warrants the proceeding, steps will be taken to admit the applicant to the Catholic fold. He will not think of professing himself a Catholic, unless he has in his mind and heart given assent to Catholic teachings. In the Catechism which we teach the children, the question is asked: Where shall we find the chief truths which the church teaches? Answer: We shall find the chief truths which the church teaches in the Apostles' Creed. And as for every Catholic, so for this prospective Catholic, assent must be given to all articles of the Apostles' Creed. In a more specific manner, the catechumen will make a special profession of faith at a specified time, generally at the time of his baptism, as prescribed by the church for the newly-converted from heresy.

The priest has an important question to decide as to the conferring of baptism on the convert. He is governed by the knowledge the convert gives him as to the certainty of a previous baptism or not, or as to doubts in the matter. This knowledge also governs him in the matter of having the convert go to confession at the time of his baptism, and as to the giving of absolution at that time. The priest will investigate and explain to each convert as to what he shall do in reference to baptism and to confession.

The convert will make his profession of Catholic faith before baptism in a solemn way. The priest, clothed with surplice and purple stole, will be seated, and the convert will kneel before him, holding in his right hand the book of Gospels, and will then read the prescribed profession of faith, as follows:

"I (here the convert pronounces his name), having before my eyes the holy Gospels, which I touch with my hand, and knowing that no one can be saved without that faith which the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church holds, believes, and teaches, against which I grieve that I have greatly erred, inasmuch as I have held and believed doctrines opposed to her teaching.

I now, with grief and contrition for my past errors, profess that I believe the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church to be the only and true church established on

earth by Jesus Christ, to which I submit myself with my whole heart. I believe all the articles which she proposes to my belief, and I reject and condemn all that she rejects and condemns, and I am ready to observe all that she commands me. And especially, I profess that I believe:

One only God in three Divine Persons, distinct from, and equal to, each other—that is to say, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost;

The Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation, Passion, Death and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the personal union of the two Natures, the divine and the human; the divine Maternity of the most holy Mary, together with her most spotless virginity;

The true, real and substantial presence of the Body and Blood together with the Soul and Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist;

The seven Sacraments instituted by Jesus Christ for the salvation of mankind; that is to say, Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, Matrimony;

Purgatory, the Resurrection of the dead, Everlasting life;

The Primacy, not only of honor, but also of jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, successor to Peter, Prince of the Apostles, Vicar of Jesus Christ; the Veneration of the Saints, and of their images; the authority of the Apostolic and Ecclesiastical Traditions, and of the Holy Scriptures, which we must interpret and understand only in the sense which our holy mother the Catholic Church has held, and does hold; and everything else that has been defined, and declared by the Sacred Canons, and by the General Councils, and particularly by the holy Council of Trent, and delivered, defined, and declared by the General Council of the Vatican, especially concerning the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff, and his infallible teaching authority.

With a sincere heart, therefore, and with unfeigned faith, I detest and abjure every error, heresy, and sect opposed to the said Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church. So help me God, and these, His Holy Gospels, which I touch with my hand."

The convert still remains kneeling, while the priest reads certain prayers. After this will come the baptism and the confession, according as the priest has judged necessary.

Several months ago, the Japanese Tea Guild sent to this country a special commission, composed of Mr. S. Mitsuhashi, President of Shizuoka Prefectural Assembly, and Mr. J. Ohara, member of Japanese Parliament, to investigate the condition of the Japanese tea trade in the United States and Canada and to co-operate with Mr. T. Furuya and Mr. T. Mizutany, the American representatives of the Japanese Tea Guild, in giving publicity to the merits of Japanese teas and the method of preparing them for drinking which would insure the best results.

Mr. Furuya and Mr. Mizutany are planning to open tea bazars in many of the principal cities in the United States and Canada, where ladies can enjoy a cup of fine Japanese tea made by experts, and at the same time receive instructions which will enable them to make it equally well at home. More than half the tea consumed in the United States and Canada is of Japanese growth, yet the majority of Americans apparently do not understand how to prepare it so as to develop the delicious qualities which it contains. It is believed by these gentlemen that, when Americans are in possession of the secret of making good tea, the consumption in this country will fully equal that of Europe in proportion. The Japanese government has appropriated a large fund to aid the Japanese tea growers and tea merchants in prosecuting this educational work, and it is hoped that American ladies will be apt students.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"When a Man's Married"

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The Finest Full Cream.

Best plain	12c
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PORK AND LARD.

Best short cut, clear Pork	7c
Best short cut, mixed	7c
Best pure Lard, 10-lb. pails	65c
Best pure Lard, 5-lb. pails	35c
Best pure Lard, 20-lb. tub, per lb.	6c

CANNED GOODS.

1 doz. best New York Corn	75c
1 doz. Fancy Corn	90c
1 doz. Fancy Marrowfat Peas	$1.00
1 doz. Good Morrowfat Peas	85c
1 doz. Early June Peas	95c
1 doz. Fancy Sifted, small Peas	$1.10
1 doz. Best Lima Beans	75c

MOLASSES.

5 gal. keg Very Fancy light colored Porto Rico $1.50
5-gal. keg Very Good light colored Porto Rico $1.25

CONDENSED MILK.

Very Best, per doz.	$1.00
Challenge Brand, per doz.	90c
A good Milk, per doz.	70c

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Minnesota Patent, warranted as good as is made, per bbl	$6.25
Best Pastry	$5.75

STICKNEY & POOR'S SPICES

1 lb. Strictly Pure Cream Tartar	33c
1 lb. package Best Black Pepper	15c
1 lb. package Best White Pepper	25c

SOAP.

Fels-Naptha Soap, 10 bars	38c
1 box Best Laundry Soap, 100 bars	$2.15
1 box Fancy Laundry Soap, 32 bars	1.00
1 box Mineral Soap, 36 bars	80c
6 full sized cakes best Castile Soap	25c
6 full sized cakes best Olive Oil Soap	25c

TOILET PAPER.

10 packages Medicated Toilet Paper	25c
Box 10c packages	$2.00

SUGAR.

100-lb. bag	$5.00
20-lb. bag	1.00

JELLIES AND PRESERVES.

5 lb. Stone Jar, all kinds, Home Made Preserves	45c
5 lb. Pail, all kinds, Fruit Jellies	22c
2 lb. Glass Jar, all kinds, Fruit Jellies	15c
5 lb. Pail, all kinds, Fruit Jams	28c

A large variety of Cigars and Tobacco.

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An especially fine Coffee compounded the same as served in the best French restaurants. Full in strength, rich in flavor.

5 lb. cans	$1.00
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5 lb. cans	$1.00
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TEAS.

Our tea buyer has been a tea taster and a tea broker for 28 years. He has always sold to the wholesale trade, and you can buy of us as cheaply as any large or small dealer in Boston can own them.

8 lbs. good Oolong or English Bkfst	$1.00
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4 lbs. first pickings Formosa or Eng. Bkft., usually sold at 75c. lb.	1.00
3 lbs. private growth Formosa,—nothing finer has ever come to this country	1.00

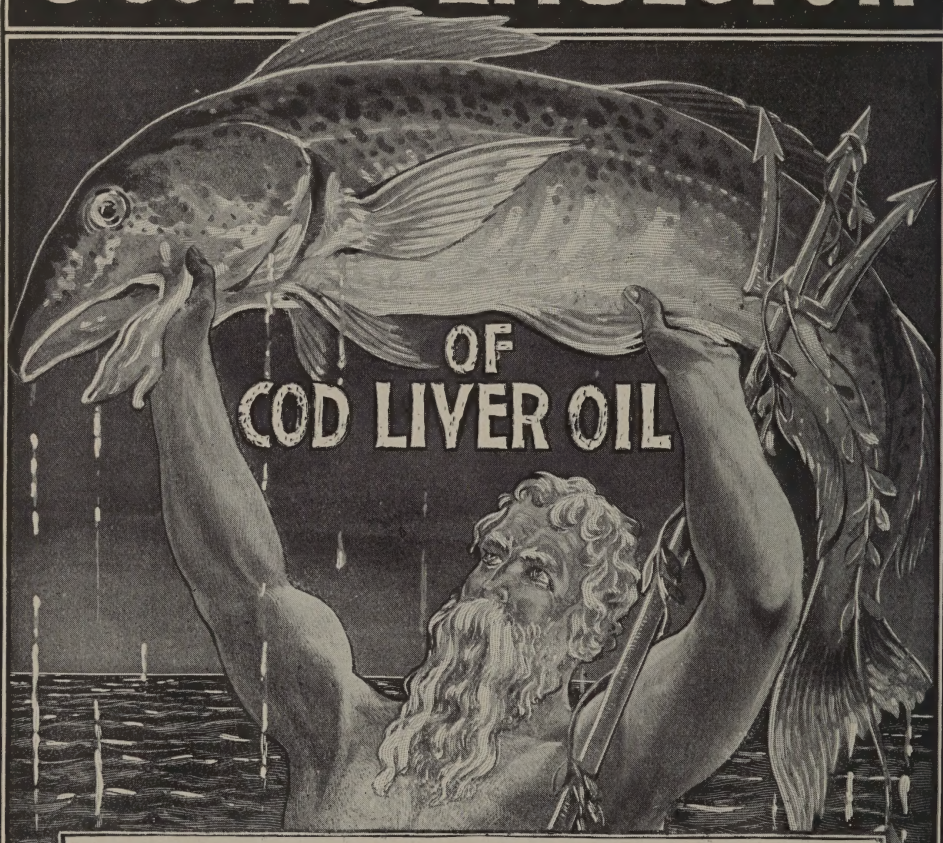
These prices are lower than those quoted by any house in America.

The readers of this Magazine are especially commended to this house as regards to low prices.

"Fings is so dear!"

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS.

SCOTT'S EMULSION



Persistent Coughs

A cough which seems to hang on in spite of all, certainly needs energetic and sensible treatment.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD-LIVER OIL

has, for twenty-five years, proved its effectiveness in curing the trying affections of the throat and lungs. The cod-liver oil, partially digested, strengthens and vitalizes the whole system; the hypophosphites act as a tonic to the mind and nerves, and the glycerine soothes and heals the irritation. Can you think of any combination so effective as this?

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. 50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

BINNER CHICAGO

A TREASURE OF THE DEEP.

JERUSALEM. *See page 525.*

"Unknown to the world, unheralded by its clamorous voices, unexpected by its carnal wisdom, unheeded by its multitudes and its great ones, He comes into the world and the world knows Him not." *See Emanuel, page 525.*

Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! When all is said and done, this is not such a bad world — is it? Just think of the ocean of love and good-will that is heaving and rising heart-high around us, a limitless sea of deep, human tenderness which will overflow all its banks on the night before Christmas!

I can see pale, thin, tired mothers with scant, ragged clothing climbing wearily up to the top floors of tenements with the pitifulest little brown-paper parcels in their hands. The boys are asleep. The father is at work in the night, or he is dead, or he is lost — never mind. In the bundles these white-faced little women are carrying are bits of candy, and tinsel and two or three candles, and a scrappy branch of evergreen.

And the children are sleeping — to wake to behold the wonders of such a fairyland as never could be but for that miracle which God has made of Motherhood. The first child awoke in a stable on the first Christmas morning. I can see stern, care-hardened men, in great palaces, the monuments of their ambition and the tombs too often of their ideals — I can see, I say, cold men of the world bending over the cradles where innocence opens its glad, eager eyes in the dawn of that day of a whole world's beneficence.

How the bitter old year brings those merry Yule-days when warm charity forgives and forgets and vows to fight on with light heart in the coming new year! Blest moment when a selfish world learns the unspeakable joy of unselfishness.

Miraculous twenty-four hours of all men's endeavor to make others happy. Good God! what had been history, what were our life, and what the issues of the dumb, awful future, were we to wake to find that Christmas was not, and had never been!

But this Day of Days is ours. We have crowded about our altars. We have beheld the Child and Mary His Mother. God is with us, and forever and ever.

Come, then, I pray you, my masters all, for the evening falls; 1897 is gone. Draw the curtains, gather about the hearth, the children sitting on the rug before the blazing log. You hear the Angelus. Pity and mercy and love and joy unspeakable — tell me, are not these pouring into your tired and world-worn heart? Of course they are. Be a man. Be gloriously strong — weep. Yield yourself to the nameless glow which strives to melt your heart.

These happy faces of children, these gladdened lives, these mended breaks,

these bitters sweetened — the vague, unearthly, universal, lowly magnificence of a sentiment enwrapping a world — these, weary soul, are the forerunners of Eternity; clutch them, hold them fast desperately, for whatever of Peace and Light and Rest that shall be yours here or hereafter shall spring from their source also, Jesus the Son of Mary.

Liars formerly styled Historians, it would seem, have about had their day. The historical temper has so decidedly improved that some publishing houses now refuse to print any manifestly false statements — except, of course, the lies have to do with the Catholic Church. It is still considered reputable for learned authors to repeat and great publishers to reprint the worm-eaten fabrications which Catholic scholars long ago triumphantly proved to be such.

But there are signs of improvement. Here and there a college president or other erudite authority happens to be a gentleman with the idea that to lie about a Pope or a Council is nearly as indecent and immoral as lying about anything else would be.

In fact, one or two eminent non-Catholic scholars have recently startled the educational world by declaring that much of the current "history" of the Church is a tissue of lies made out of whole cloth. This is cheering. It means that very soon history will be re-written, with the inevitable result that Catholic Truth will be visible over that hemisphere of learning to which it has been practically in total eclipse. I am convinced that all reading Catholics have a duty and a delicious one in view of the changing conditions. Wherever you see a lie — nail it! Write to your friends, write to the publishers, write to the papers. Think nothing insignificant, nor feel that your modest obscurity means that your protest shall return to you an empty echo. The world is growing more generous: most men would be glad to know the facts. Tell them. I earnestly beg you, valiant reader, to write to me whenever in book, newspaper, or conversation, you come across a palpable misstatement of Catholic things.

A Choice Specimen of the common lying which pervades the pages of our "books of reference" may be found in Rand & McNally's voluminous and very useful atlas. In speaking of Rome the learned authority throws off this elegant bit of mendacity: —

"During the reign of the Emperor Constantine (324-337 A. D.) Christianity was established, and from that time Rome became the centre of the new religious movement which culminated in the establishment of the Roman Catholic Church."

And so St. Peter, St. Paul and the other Apostles did not establish Christianity after all? And Christianity became "a new religious movement" some four hundred years after Christ! Such are the standard books of reference! Need one wonder at the ignorance abroad?

Down in Trenton where Washington crossed the Delaware, a great priest and man, the Reverend Thaddeus Hogan, has been crossing another river not free from ice. Next to the noble parish church he has built a commodious club-house whose drawing-rooms and library have the look and the feeling of a private residence.

Here during the winter a fortnightly reception is given, to which the ladies and gentlemen of the parish bring their non-Catholic friends in the most informal and charming way. There is music, there are lectures by scholars, by professional men, by civilians, by any man who has a word on life or letters to give to his friends. These Trenton affairs are not like those ghastly "receptions" at which a miserable and long-suffering public stands around uncomfortable and wishing itself at home, while the local

talent recites "Manuel's Revenge" in hysterics, or sings "Jerusalem" out of tune; or eats indigestible collations at 75 cents a head. The Catholic Club of Trenton is doing, in my belief, a quiet, beautiful work which needs desperately to be done all over this country. Long life to Father Hogan and all succcess to his refining, elevating educative and Christianizing Club!

DR. PALLEN'S beautiful essay which we give to our readers for a Christmas present has set me to thinking that it is twice a pity that his remarkable book on the *Philosophy of Literature* has not a wider reach of influence. It is a profound work, yet with a touch so light and a play of imagination so winsome, that it becomes a poem, a beautiful vision, a quickening motive. I hope presently to give an extended review of the book from the pen of a learned Jesuit.

Meanwhile I commend it to every man and woman to whom the Incarnation has become the key, the chord, the unutterably sublime interpretation of this "overture of Eternity which we call life."

HENRY GEORGE was a true, strong man, with a pure heart and clear head. He loved the people. Injustice broke his heart. He gave a long and earnest life to advocating ever higher and broader life for every son of God.

The philosophical soundness of some phases of his teaching is not our concern. The world is a nobler world and man is better for the work and the life of Mr. George. His tragic death adds a pathetic influence to the honor and esteem in which he had before the end come everywhere by true men to be regarded. A gentle, generous soul. May he rest in peace.

THE COMING CENTURY.

Hail to the blushing dawn in eastern skies,
  Approaching symbol of a new-born day!
  Night's gloomy garb is changing into gray,
And morning's glory on the verdure lies.
Ill-omened birds from coverts low arise,
  And on slow wing steal through the mists away,
  Half gorged from some ill-fated, helpless prey,
Lured to its death by foe in friendship's guise.

The sun of Progress lights a waking world;
  Wrong is dethroned and war has ceased to be;
    Mankind is linked in lasting brotherhood.
The king of Mammon from his throne is hurled,
  While peace triumphant reigns o'er land and sea;—
    The sign foretold of God is understood!

Edward William Dutcher.

CHECKMATE.

By Helen Francis Huntington.

Every one had said the correct thing from an individual point of view, but the hero was rather tired of it all; not that the theme bored him in the very least, but being a man of artistic tastes, the manner of broaching annoyed him. It sunk the subject to the level of the commonplace. He had made for himself an enviable reputation by his master stroke in the rout of Kasimir Singh, and to add to his notoriety, had written a book describing the brilliant achievement. It was very cleverly done, gratifying to his compatriots and delicately flattering to himself. It recorded the overthrow of an Indian tyrant (as the British understood it), a rajah who had believed himself justly entitled to the absolute government of a certain hill province which his ancestors had held since the rather remote age of King Alfred's rout of the Danish invaders of Briton.

Talavera had reserved for himself the distinction of extirpating the tyrant, the manner of which was so modestly told as to impress the credulous public with a due sense of his brilliant militant power and the possession of subtle qualities which go to make a hero all the world over. All London knew the history perfectly, and all London had told him that it knew. But when he discovered among his avowed worshippers a woman who had made no mention of his chef d' œuvre, he set himself resolutely to exact his just tribute for the sake of conquest, pure and simple.

She was a dark brunette, rather oddly gowned in straight garments of pale yellow stuff that seemed to envelope her like a golden-hued mist of sunrise. He thought her small and slight until she rose, when he saw that she was, in fact, unusually tall, with rhymic curves of outline and superb carriage. Her face was not beautiful in repose, but her eyes were wonderful, deep, dark, flower-like, inscrutable, coldly repellent and smilingly seductive by turns.

By a singular chance he found himself assigned to her company for a short interval between ceremonials, and her nonchalance piqued him unreasonably. She sat beside him quietly, her hands folded on her lap over a few long-stemmed yellow roses that drooped forlornly in the heated atmosphere, observing much and speaking little; meantime tolerating his presence with simple complacency of good breeding.

Presently Maxwell came up smiling affably. "You two should have a great deal to talk about," he said; "Miss Merwin takes enthusiastic interest in all things Oriental."

"Indeed!" said Talavera, rather lamely. He was thinking of a minutely described incident in his book. There was a woman concerned therein who had Miss Merwin's inscrutable, splendid eyes and the same fleeting, shadow-like, scornful smile which had misled him into precarious undertaking.

"You have read Talavera's book, of course?" Maxwell said jauntily.

"I have seen it," she answered indifferently.

"And found it charming?" he persisted.

She hesitated markedly, and the hero filled the pause with a laugh which was intended to carry off his chagrin lightly; but it missed its mark widely.

"To what particular instance do you object?" he asked with finely-turned irony.

"To the misstatements generally. One or two vital points should be corrected," she answered evenly, fixing her eyes on his expectant face. Her voice rose thin and fine above the confused murmurings of the assemblage like flute notes through the heavy drone of a bass-viol. A sudden hush succeeded the babble of voices, and Talavera felt himself inexplicably isolated from the throng of worshippers.

"For instance?" he demanded.

"In the raiding of the palace, for instance. Enoyt, the lady in question, did not importune your officers for her life and liberty. You will remember that she refused to accept your terms of surrender. She was finally accompanied by proper escort to the English mission at Hurdwar."

"Yes," with an involuntary quiver of strained expectation; "and then?"

"In the meantime you set about taking the prince prisoner — and failed. In the stress of confusion a faithful servant effected a hurried change of dress with the prince and — it was he that you killed instead of Kasimir Singh. For that mistake perhaps you were not to blame. You struck him in the back, you remember, and he fell on his face so that you could not see him; and you were prevented from further investigation by the servants. That cannot have escaped your mind."

She paused and drew a little breath of subdued emotion, and the company divined unspoken trouble and lapsed into the cruel silence that compels diversion or explanation, neither of which Talavera could give. He smiled feebly, but his face bore the impress of untold emotions and the look in his eyes was not good to see in a hero.

"And the rajah?" he asked in quick, nervous tones.

"When he knew that defence and escape was impossible he fell honorably by his own sword, as a rajput should."

Talavera drew in his under lip with a deep-drawn breath that ended in a ghastly smile of derision.

"May I ask the source of your information?" he said.

"It is very direct," she answered, with a slowly dawning smile of scornful assurance. "Enoyt, the lady, was the rajah's sister —"

"She told you?" he broke in incredulously.

"I am she," she answered with inimitable dignity.

THE RESTLESS SOUL.

Moving, rolling, ever restless,
  Her heart is always throbbing,
Wanting, asking, ever seeking,
  The ocean's breast is sobbing;
Sighing, moaning, ever weeping,
  Foaming in her ire.
Thus the human soul is creeping,
  Never waiting, ever passing,
Angry at delay in crossing
  O'er to her Desire.

Rev. John J. Donlan.

SOME POPULAR BOOKS OF '97.

By Maurice Francis Egan.

There was a time when we believed what the rhetoricians told us. For instance, we held that the object of poetry was to please, and the object of the novel was to amuse. Later, the critics, rebels against the old rhetoricians, announced the doctrine of art for art's sake; the province of letters was to translate the forms of life into the forms of art; — that ended it!

Under the diction of the majority of the fashionable critics, the reputation of men like Louis Veuillot, who was something more than a mere writer of weekly polemics, suffered greatly. As a critic of literary artists, he would not distinguish art and morality,—that is he would not extinguish morality for the sake of art. But the artists in letters have suddenly changed their tone. As the young Emerson said, in one of the earliest essays he ever wrote, there is no study more worthy than ethics; and the artists in letters,—who are mostly novelists,—endorse this sentiment inductively. The aspect of the struggle of modern men to discover some solution of the problems of life is best studied in the pages of the novelists. It is a pathetic struggle; and the fact that such a struggle is going on ought to make us optimistic.

The unsuccessful writer pretends to despise the popular voice. If he has aimed to secure that voice and failed,—he is wrong; if that has not been his aim, he cannot be called unsuccessful. But, as a rule, the unsuccessful author is he who has never been applauded by the people. This is a vulgar way of judging success; and yet the taste of all the persons who laud and praise such books as "Quo Vadis," "The Christian," "The Martian," "Jerome," "Captain Courageous," Corleone," "Le Curé de Favière," "In the Days of Jeanne d' Arc," "The Falcon of Langéac," "The Grey Lady," "Hugh Wynne" and "St. Ives" is not degraded, and their morals are not corrupt. To return for a moment to Emerson,—a dip into any book by Bishop Spalding always sends me back to Emerson for comparison,—and to quote his story of the Friar Francis, who went forth from his desert, to denounce the corrupt Romans, one finds, like the friar, so much humanity in these books, that, again, like the friar, one comes back in hope rather than despair.

Let us take Hall Caine's "The Christain" (D. Appleton & Co.). During the last three months it has been much talked about. At clubs, dinner parties, at assemblies where people meet it has been the great pebble over which the conversation ebbed and flowed. But what most concerned the talkers was not the artistic value of the book, but its ethics. What did Mr. Hall Caine mean when he held John Storm up to the world as *the* Christian? Nobody cared very much whether Mr. Caine be a Christian or not; he is an observer of social occurrences, with an ideal,—no more. And his own conclusion seems to be that the Christian must, in our condition of society, be sacrificed, — that Christian idealism means martyrdom,—that the religious man or woman exists, in peace of mind, only by a series of compromises with the world, the flesh and the devil. This cannot be true, for it would deprive Christianity of all its strength and sweetness; it would bring back in full view the old Jansenistic crucifix with the arms upraised, to show that the Passion was only for the elect few.

John Storm is Mr. Caine's Christian. He is of the English line of David,—being the son of a lord. He chooses poverty, he confronts the Phariseeism of the higher Anglican clergymen, and is baffled by it. He is in love with a young woman, Glory Quayle; yet he enters the Society of the Holy Gethsemane. To realize his ideal, he must take the three vows of the monk, and live out of the world, according to the rule of this Protestant community. His mind is filled with the remembrance of Glory who, in the meantime, is subjected to the dangers of London,—dangers which Mr. Caine describes with a sure touch, but without any details that can offend a well-balanced mind. Readers of the New York Sunday papers could hardly cast stones at Mr. Caine even if he had gone more into details. Glory is quite able to take care of herself; she is a thorough Celt, with a drop of Gallic blood. Whatever one may think of the free and easy manner in which she adopts strange companions, one cannot help acknowledging that she is a masterpiece of character drawing. Mr. Caine does not understand Christianity; it is doubtful whether he understands the object of Christianity, but his Glory shows that he knows how pure a woman may be, in spite of surroundings. If *he* reasoned! — but he does not reason; that is probably why he is able to comprehend the womanliness of Glory.

But to return to John Storm, who is a creature of emotions; he interprets life as self-sacrifice; but he is determined that Glory shall sacrifice herself for him. He takes Father Damien as a model; he will go among the lepers, — but Glory, who has no interest in the lepers, must go with him, too. He is willing to give up everything except what he most wants, which, as Mr. Caine might have discovered by a reference to certain passages in the New Testament, is not the method recommended to the Christian who would follow Christ. John Storm, working for the outcasts in a spasmodic and emotional manner, without a fixed principle or method, manages to excite indignation,—much of it righteous,—on all sides. He has the entire sympathy of the reader in the scene of the meeting of the hospital trustees, where the sin of Polly Love is discovered, and she is sent out into the world, half speaking the name of Lord Robert Ure, who has done the wrong.

"And now," John Storm asks, "that you have finished with the woman, sir, what do you intend to do with the man?"

"What man?" one of the smug, clerical trustees asks. And he is informed that this man is one of the governors of the hospital.

"You have wiped the girl out of your books, sir. Now I ask you to wipe the man out also."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, rising, "the business of the Board is at an end."

The tone of "The Christian" is not unhealthy; vice is not glossed; there is no maudlin sentiment. But the moral, —the conscious lesson,—is false, because the premise is false. John Storm feels like Hamlet, the cursed spite that he was born to set the world right. He goes about it in his own individual way; he fails and ends by marrying Glory, on his death-bed. We are sure that this very charming widow will console herself with Mr. Drake, who has natural virtues, but who is not a Christian.

If Mr. Hall Caine intended to represent the ideal Christian as a person of impulsive good intentions and unmanageable nerves, he has succeeded, and, at the same time, produced a novel full of vitality. Compared with "The New Antigone," it lacks knowledge, depth, grasp of principles, solidity; but Mr. Caine's book has this advantage, which in a novel artistically counterbalances all others: the people live; for the author knows the technique of his art. The interest in "The Christian," as in

the late "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve," shows that the reading world is eager for serious aims artistically expressed. You cannot brush aside such books with a sneer; they represent too much;—for no book ever became popular that did not represent the dormant yearning or mood of those who made it popular. Who shall meet this mood with true ethics and admirable art?

"The Falcon of Langéac," by Mrs. Whitely (Boston: Copeland and Day) and "In the Days of Jeanne d'Arc," by Mrs. Catherwood (The Century Co.), and "St. Ives," by Robert Louis Stevenson (Charles Scribner's Sons), are of the romantic school. They satisfy the other,—the more primal need of man,—to get out of himself, to look through windows into strange lands. He is no empty singer of an idle day who satisfies this want, and makes us live through spring and summer in the winter time. The man who invented the dream of Cinderella for the consolation of the poor was a psychological good Samaritan. "The Falcon of Langéac" gives great promise; the young Irishman is unique and delightful, and a rarely touched historical period is skilfully portrayed; it is delicate, full of color, and altogether well sustained. Those who have seen the wonderful drawings by Boutet de Monval for his "Jeanne d' Arc" will regret that the Century Company has not reproduced them in their original colors for this book. Colorless, they lose much of their force. "In the Days of Jeanne d' Arc" is very reverential, graphic and touching. Mrs. Catherwood might have spared us some of the various smells that must have made the English glad to get out of old France, if there were not worse in their own country. The de Monval pictures, which, without color, accompanied "In the Days of Jeanne d'Arc," do not appear in the book. Mrs. Catherwood has discovered graphic capabilities in mediaeval life; but her field lies in Canada. The conflict of two forces before they blended in the country of Louis Fréchette belongs to her. She must go deep into the heart of a Catholic people before she can control all the springs that move the surface of their lives.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "St. Ives" (Charles Scribner's Sons), is an unfinished romance. The failure of the attempts to complete "Edwin Drood" and the reverent objection to concluding "Denis Duval" ought to have given warning to the living that no lesser hand should mar the unfinished work of even high talent.

"St. Ives" will not disappoint the readers of Stevenson. It is a romance, pure and simple; the gushing writers who declare that it deserves a place beside "Henry Esmond" will pass and be forgotten. Stevenson is interesting, in good taste, manly, generous and honest; but half his "genius" was the result of the continual habit of taking pains. He lacks spontaneity, or even the appearance of spontaneity. He tells his stories better than Scott,—that is, more in our modern taste; the Viscount Anne is a cheerful Frenchman, and Stevenson depicts him with that lightness of touch which, until Kipling set a stronger fashion, seemed likely to become a literary disease. The Viscount has the art,—Coventry Patmore calls it the flower of art,—of adding grace and humor to the serious things of life; the description of the Scotch "Sawbeth" in chapter XXVII, and the touch that betrays the uncompromising attitude of the middle class Lowlander in the last century represent this;—Mrs. McRankine, speaking of Christianity, says;—

"There's a remnant practically in most of the denoaminations. There's some in the McGlashanites, and some in the Glassites, and mony in the McMillanites, and there's a leeven even in the Estayblishment."

"I have known some very good Papists even, if you go to that," said I. (Viscount St. Ives, incognito).

"Mr. Ducie, think shame to yoursel'!" she cried.

"Why, my dear madam! I only——" I began.

"You shouldnae jest in sarious maitters," she interrupted.

"St. Ives" is pleasant reading and a work of art; it exalts the natural virtues and takes no cognizance of the supernatural. The great novelist will be more deep-seeing.

The author of "The Grey Lady" (the Macmillan Co.) has suddenly jumped into fame. Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's "The Sowers" is almost as much in evidence as "The Christian," and "The Grey Lady" has gone through many editions. It deserves appreciation. Its motto, "The dog that snapt the shadow dropt the bone," gives the moral of the story. The two Fitz Henrys and the fatal mistake in the beginning of their lives make the thread of the book; the last scene is very powerful, and the power is the result of no tour de force of description, but of the naturalness of the characters. Mr. Merriman does not overdescribe; he is not a piler up of words. In telling of a duet, he writes, making us understand what is in his mind:—

"He tucked the violin against his collar with a little caressing motion of his chin, and in a moment he seemed to forget all else than the voice of the instrument. There are a few musicians who can give unto a violin the power of speech. They can make the instrument tell some story—not a cheery tale, but rather like the story that dogs tell sometimes—a story which seems to have a sequence of its own, and to be quite intelligible to its teller; but to us it is only comprehensible in part, like a tale that is told dramatically in a tongue unknown. The Count stood up and played with no fine frenzy, no rolling eyes, no swaying form; for such are the signs of a hopeless effort, thrown out by the man who has heard the story and tries in vain to tell it himself."

"Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell (The Century Co.), is a romance of the American Revolution. The scene is laid in Philadelphia and its surroundings; it recalls memories of that delectable romance of the past, "The Quaker Soldier"; but there is no comparison, for Dr. Mitchell, like nearly everybody now-a-days, has the art of story telling. Hugh Wynne is of Welsh descent, but he has a French mother; but we do not see the effect of the combination on his character, as we do in Mr. Caine's Glory. Dr. Mitchell is careful about details. Indeed, his localities and scenery may be verified by dear old Watson's Annals of Philadelphia; but why does he put St. Mary's in Willing's Alley, instead of St. Joseph's? And why, in the details he writes, should he have made the amiable "Romanist priest" and the Sister of Charity, who was true and kind, "fat." Fat persons may be good, but they are seldom picturesque. And I confess,—mea culpa!—that, in my romance, I prefer the religious to be picturesque, even if that serenity of conscience which makes people stout does not exist! Dr. Mitchell deserves our thanks for giving us, without violating history, a work of fiction in which Arnold, the pathetic André, Washington, Lafayette, Parson Duché, the Tory families, move and live. The period of our War of Independence offers great opportunities for the man who wants to revivify it. The story of its battles does not give its atmosphere; in "Hugh Wynne," burdened as it is with details, we meet the lovely Miss Shippen, clinging, as Mistress Arnold, to her husband, the traitor and exile; and we suffer the perplexities of Washington. If sometimes the author seems to lack elevation and glow, it is perhaps because of his too faithful adherence to minutiae.

Another book published by the Century Co. is "Captain Courageous." Mr. Rudyard Kipling has produced a noble and manly narrative. There is a speech by the Portuguese sailor after

he has given the good priest of his nation a chance to be charitable, that implies annoying ignorance of the Catholic meaning of absolution,—but why note it, in a story that, from its high value,—again the natural virtues!—from its fidelity to life, from its force of expression, its humor, its pathos, — deserves to be a classic?

It may be said of "Corleone," by Mr. Marion Crawford (The Macmillan Co.), that it is better than "Don Orsino" and not so good as "Sant'Ilario." It is foolish to talk of Mr. Crawford's writing himself out. As long as there are Italians in Italy, Mr. Crawford will find material; and his only rival is himself. His confessional incident is unfortunate. Almost anything is possible in real life;—but a priest who could be forced to hear the confession of a murderer, in the presence of the body of the victim, would be abnormally imprudent; — such imprudence would deprive him of all the sympathy that one ought to feel for a man who, because his lips have been divinely sealed, must suffer for the crime of his sham penitent. The priest is becoming a figure in fiction; the field which belonged to M. Ferdinand Fabre, the author of "Ma Vocation," is invaded by M. George Ohnet, in "Le Curé de Favière" (Paris: Paul Ollendorf). It contains some beautiful passages; it has not the violent interest of "Corleone," and the Curé, after all his adventures and vicissitudes, gains the hearty approbation of his Bishop. A better book, however, is "Les Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne," the popularity of which shows a reaction among the French against the distorted clerics once so fashionable in French fiction. But the Curé de Favière is somewhat sentimental for our taste. And M. George Ohnet's management of the scene where Bernard (who has saved the priest by confessing a murder which the Curé, from a sentiment of honor, has concealed,) commits suicide is not satisfactory. Suicide, after the priest's beautiful words of benediction and hope is incongruous. But then the French are still Greeks in literature.

McBride & Co. (Chicago) have done our children a real service by engaging Father Jenkins to translate the benevolent tales of Canon Schmid; the first volume is now ready. The series will be well printed and well illustrated, if all the volumes be like the first, which he called "Tales of Good Fortune."

Du Maurier's "The Martian" (Harper & Brothers) is one of the saddest books ever written. It has all the verbal charm of "Trilby"; its style is Thackeray made more ethereal. But it is the cry of a man for his lost youth, "and with no language but a cry." Du Maurier finds no consolation, for lack of Faith, in baseless dreams, though he tries hard. The book is an interesting human document; pathetic, in many places beautiful, it reminds one of nothing so much as the half-paralyzed poet, Heine, gazing, in old age, at ruined Paris, clasping for help the base of the statue of the Venus de Milo.

Miss Wilkins' "Jerome, A Poor Man" (Harper & Brothers), deserves its success, but it destroys any illusion as to the superiority of country life in New England over a similar condition in France and Germany. Jerome was a idealist; that he is admired of the people is a sign of hope.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "A Lady of Quality" (Scribners'), has an attractive cover; it is "poison in a Venice glass." It is coarse, improbable, melodramatic; quite worthy of the author of "Through One Administration," but utterly unworthy of the author of "That Lass of Lowrie's."

To turn to Lady Gilbert's "The Wicked Woods of Toberville" (Benziger Brothers), which was popular for many years, is to breathe pure air again. Benziger Brothers have brought out this elevating and amusing novel in good form, and we understand that they pay a royalty to the author, though legally they are not

bound to do so. They have, during this year, made successes in the publication of Father Finn's "That Football Game" and Miss Dorsey's "Taming of Polly." The blessed little Catholic school children of '97 were amazed, — shocked, — to receive "premium books" which they could read with pleasure, instead of the "illuminated junk" of former seasons. Let us mark this year with a red letter.

The poetry book of the year is Francis Thompson's "New Poems" (Copeland and Day). It is a question whether we need new poets or not. With Chaucer and Spenser unread on our shelves,—the "Legend of Good Women" and the noble "Epithalamium" almost forgotten,—why should we listen to echoes? One can find the best of William Watson in Tennyson, and Richard Le Gallienne seems to have acquired the worst of his predecessors. But Francis Thompson has an imagination which burns and flames through the hard enclosure of words. It is a pity that the English language is not good enough for him and that he must invent a patois de Thompson; it is a pity, too, that he did not stop at "The Hound of Heaven." That was sufficient for a poet's lifetime; but, according to the vulgar computation, one poem does not make the poet; he must dilute himself.

"The Mistress of Vision" is full of echoes of Mangan and Poe, with a touch of Mother Goose, who, by the way, knew her metres:—

"The Lady of fair weeping,
At the garden's core,
Sang a song of sweet and sore,
And the after-sleeping;
In the land of Luthany, and the tracts
of Elenore.

Archaic, obscure, strange as this patois de Thompson is, it is musical. Mr. Thompson understands the use of the catalexis as no modern poet, except Coventry Patmore understood it. Here is an evident echo of Patmore:—

"So let it be,
Though sweet be great, and though my
heart be small,
So let it be,
O! music, music, though you wake in me
No joy, no joy at all;
Although you only wake
Uttermost sadness, measure of delight,
Which else I could not credit to the
height,
Did I not know that ill is statured to opposite;
Did I not know.

And even of sadness so,
Of utter sadness make,
Of extreme sad a rod to mete,
The incredible excess of unsensed sweet
And mystic wall of strange felicity.

The echo, however, is only in the music. Mr. Thompson's archaism is pardonable when he restores an Old English word or helps to a compound we have lost.

"Behold the rod twy-serpented."

he says in "Hermes."

The "New Poems" has the fire of Crashaw and his conceits; the author must know the poetry of St. Teresa. There are no finer passages in a volume that abounds in exquisite and noble thoughts, — often spoiled by too intense calcium lights, — than "The Sonnets to My Critic," who had objected to the phrase "The heart's burning floor." They are on page 117, and they are superb, in spite of the couplet ending. One is lost in the splendor of the "Ode to the Setting Sun," until one strikes the affected accent on "Mary,"—

"Therefore, O tender Lady, Queen Mary,
Thou gentleness that dost enmoss and
drape
The Cross's rigorous austerity,
Wipe thou the blood from wounds that
needs must gape."

We can almost forgive the rhymes "feature" and "nature" in "Hermes," on the principle of Goethe's threat against the pedants that a poet who has something to say may with impu-

nity break technical rules; but the tiresome old refrains, which Rossetti drove to death, are unpardonable in "New Year's Chimes."

"One to set, and many to sing,
(And a million songs are as song of one),
One to stand, and many to cling,
The many things, and the one Thing,
The one that runs not, the many that run.

"The ever new weaveth the ever old,
(And a million songs are as song of one),
Ever telling the never told;
The silver saith, and the said is gold,
And done ever the never done."

This is an orphic utterance, set to the tune of a jig. "The man's attitude," says Miss Guiney, in "Patrins" (Copeland and Day), "even yet, towards a book of poems which is tough to him, is to drop it, even as the gods would have him do; the woman's is to smother it in a sauce of spurious explanation, and gulp it down."

Mr. Thompson's "New Poems" is "tough" — but beautiful!

England has captured Miss Guiney, as it has gripped Miss Repplier. In "Patrins" — defined as leaves cast on the path to make the trail of gipsies, — the influences that make Francis Thompson what he is are evident. Miss Guiney is archaic; Miss Guiney loves a mannered cadence in prose which is second nature, no doubt, but which has an air of affectation, and Miss Guiney's prose, — to borrow her own adjective, is a bit "tough." But she is charming; her manner is so irresistible that she makes that hollow-hearted reprobate, Charles II., almost gentlemanly. If she should go in for the canonization of Nell Gwynn, the devil's advocate will have a hard time. I dislike her cadences in prose, I dislike her archaisms; but I cannot help reading everything she writes. Whatever her prose may be, her poetry is never "tough"; she is the first of all the living women poets in the English-speaking world. The essay called "Irish" is fascinating, and at times exasperating, — possibly because it is true; it is worth thinking about, and is the gem of Miss Guiney's prose manner.

SUPREME.

Other waves have splashed upon the strand in strife —
Have lapped my feet and bathed them tenderly:
But Thou, my King, my Mighty One, my Life,
From out the central deep,
Hast flooded time with high eternity,
And deluged me with love.

Martin O'Donohue.

"SHALL MAN BE SUPPLANTED BY MACHINERY?"

By Walter L. Ramsdell, Mayor of Lynn, Mass.

Franklin described man as a "tool-making animal." The history of the creation and use of aids to industry is the history of civilization's progress. When primeval man reinforced his powers by making a stone implement he began the march which has reached the stage of to-day's vast employment of machinery. The place to study the origin and growth of machinery is the archæological museum as well as the patent office. It will be observed that the purpose of the tool-maker, whether he be the cave-dweller at the lowest round of the ladder of civilization, or the nineteenth century inventor at the highest, is to effect by mechanical means the work of human hands, or work human hands cannot do. Man is ever prone to evade the Adamite penalty that in the sweat of his brow shall he earn his bread. The ingenuity of the country lad who rigged up a windmill to work his mother's churn was excited by his dislike for labor, and his example has not wanted imitations since the toils of men began. When the water-mill was introduced into the Roman republic for the purpose of grinding corn the event was celebrated by the poet Antiparos, who congratulated the slaves who had performed the labor of crushing corn by hand in stone mortars, and advised them to "spare your toil and sleep in peace; let us live the happy life of our fathers and enjoy at our ease the bounty which the goddess showers upon us."

Machinery being a means toward increased production and production being the source of wealth it follows that an additional incentive to the creation and use of mechanical aids to industry is given by the desire for wealth. In the words of De Levaleye, "machinery thus creates either leisure, or, if the will exists to employ that leisure in further production, additional wealth."

Because it is a most important factor in production of wealth, machinery is constantly being urged to new development and greater achievement. The supply of inventive genius is by no means equal to the demand. Experience has taught us not to be surprised at wonderful applications of discovery and ideas in the field of mechanics. The future promises fulfillment of the most extravagent dreams. Our posterity will not have it to say of us, as we say of our ancestry, that our astonishment would be great if we were to live to see what they accomplish — we are prepared to see all they may have and more without lifting an eyebrow. The word impossible is erased from our dictionary of applied science.

The march of machinery, started by the prehistoric hatchet-maker, is not to be stayed, and it is safe to say that conditions set up by the use of machinery are not to be revolutionized by an abandonment thereof. It supplants manual labor, and with the persistent seeking to secure greater economy in the utilization of that article it is plain that machinery will continue to displace men and in greater numbers. A maximum of wealth production with a minimum of human labor is worth striving for, and as a matter of human interest the more machines to produce wealth the better — the less labor the greater the happiness of mankind. There is a question as to the distribution of the wealth and the division of the labor, but that belongs to a different department of inquiry.

Economists tell us that new in-

dustries are created in the process of stimulation of production by machinery, and these take care of the displaced workers. Millions are doubtless finding employment in occupations of recent growth, but there are millions who are not finding it and for whom new occupations are not materializing. They may be the surplus described as the "waste" necessary to supply the demand of new industries, but if the latter are not created, it is waste thrown away. The draft on human labor required to supplement the work of machinery is made and there is still a big waiting list. The demand is less than the supply — the ratio of productive power to population, as the former concentrates by means of improved tools and methods, and the latter expands by natural increase, is far from par. The workless surplus has certain cravings for food, raiment and other concomitants of life, and it is not good policy to permit them to go unsatisfied. The surplus may be an unwelcome superfluity, but it is neither merciful nor wise to ignore it. It cannot be killed off except by the costly process of war or the barbarous expedient of massacre. Famine sometimes steps in to remove the incubus, a solution of the problem which periodically clears the industrial situation of Great Britain; epidemics have served to dispose of the surplus, but cannot be depended upon to do it now, since we expend every effort to save men from contagion while neglecting precautions against starvation; emigration helps to dissipate it, but with the attractive parts of the world rapidly building up surplus "wastes" of their own the unemployed are finding a dead wall there.

There is a problem in this situation which does not receive the attention from thinking men that it ought. It seems to be the disposition to pass it by, ascribe to other causes effects for which it alone is responsible, and proclaim that no trouble need be anticipated from this source. Certain conspicuous examples of the invasion of industries by machinery have contributed to lead some minds to anxious speculation upon the subject, and here and there economists are venturing upon opinions to the effect that civilization is not progressing as it should when an increasing proportion of human beings are lacking means of subsistence.

The coming of the linotype machine, for instance, has struck home to the minds of thousands of compositors the indisputable fact that, as between men and machinery, men are deemed of no consequence in the industrial system as at present organized. They realize that labor saving machinery does just what its name implies, but the economy, they perceive, is entirely one-sided. The saving is beneficial only to the owner and user of machines, while to the worker it means a loss of a market for his one commodity. These thousands of compositors can tell to what extent the assertions of the economists regarding the creation of new occupations are founded upon fact, and their desperate struggles to earn a living at other employments are the experience of great numbers displaced in other trades.

What makes the machine displacement of human hands most serious is the monopolization of the tools of industry. As capital coöperates to secure the largest advantage to itself, productive industry is becoming more highly organized and its control concentrated in fewer hands. The great industrial combinations adopt the policy of restricting production to maintain prices and, having the mechanical instruments of production in their possession, are in a position to call a halt whenever it is for their interest to do so. The sugar trust does not hesitate to throw thousands of men out of employment by shutting down refineries. The great corporations controlling the manufacture of textile fab-

rics, rubber goods and other staple commodities, practice the same system of regulating their output, regardless of the needs of the human labor they employ. It is their constant aim to eliminate human labor as an item in the cost of production. They are powerful factors in promoting and encouraging the improvement and invention of machinery, which is so much more effective and economical than human hands. It would be folly to expect capital to be guided by humanitarian principles in the conduct of this business. In the view of the business world to-day flesh and blood are simply elements which compose a useful tool called a man, while iron and steel compose another useful tool called a machine, and it is needless to say which of these tools capital deems the most useful. The economist who drew the comparison between slave and free labor, that the former required care and support of the slave whether he worked or not, while the latter was no burden whatever in this respect, stated exactly the principles which capital applies in considering the relative advantages of human and machine labor, a principle which is absolutely devoid of anything approaching humanitarianism. If capitalistic combination is to go on untrammeled in its development of productive methods, it is safe to say that machinery will finally supplant men, at least to the extent that the relative proportion of the unemployed to the employed will be greatly in excess of what it is to-day. It is gratifying to note, however, that public sentiment is rapidly solidifying along the line of opposition to the growth of the trusts and bids fair to rally in support of a policy of extermination of these greedy minotaurs. Monopolization of the tools of industry is most strongly entrenched at this point, and here the attack must be made, assuming that the interests of humanity in general are to be considered as of higher importance than the interests of a few industrial magnates.

It is a far cry to an even-handed distribution of industrial opportunities and the ground to be traversed to reach that millennial dispensation is studded with obstacles. The socialist covers it by leaps and bounds, and arrives at collective ownership of industrial instrumentalities by the easy stage of proposed immediate revolution in the social organism. Minds less sanguine of general coöperation along this line are trying to solve the problem, nevertheless. Many have arrived at the conclusion that, as machinery is intended to save labor, it should benefit in that respect those who labor, and they plan a reduction in the hours of work as a fair and logical method of getting that result. So far, therefore, the only steps taken to neutralize the labor-displacing effect of machinery, which seem practical and possible of success, are the movements to prevent a monopolistic restriction of production and the establishment of the working day of eight hours or less. As a patient suffering with specific complaints usually requires a general constitutional treatment, so an adjustment of questions of economy pertaining to finance and the regulation of commerce is necessary to a successful coping with the trouble arising from the supplanting of men by machinery. Possibly a revival of activity under the stimulus of improved business conditions will so create employment as to give work to the workless, and the situation will thus appear more endurable; but its logic remains unchanged, machinery will continue to stride forward, pushing back its human rivals, and taking possession of the field of labor. It is time now to consider what readjustment of our social and industrial system is necessary to meet the conditions it will set up.

"OLD GEORGETOWN."

(Lines written on reading the article on Georgetown College in Donahoe's for October.)

Old Georgetown, when we parted, years ago
Your son went forth to face the "world of strife,"
And all the stern realities of life,
With almost joy — his spirit longed to go
Into the very thickest of the fight
To see what could be gained by truth and right.

For, dear old school, your sheltering kindness, so
Had made the world — his world — a gentle place
Full of strong friendships, of up-lifting days
And souls congenial; and how could he know
Of traitorous hand-clasps and heart-sickening knocks
Of spirit-tiring jars and cruel shocks?

These the world taught him, and the passing years
Have, haply, sometimes made him heartless too.
Today, by chance, an old song's words, a view
Of long-lost days bring back the hopes and fears
Of boyhood, and a thousand memories start
Like springtime flowers, and cheer his tired heart.

Again he seems to see the dear old walls,
Again he joins in Georgetown songs and talks,
On noisy campus or poetic "walks,"
Or dreams the classic dreams of study halls.
And dreams compel him new resolves to make
To still be strong and brave, for Georgetown's sake.

Walter M. Egginton.

EMANUEL.

By Condé B. Pallen, Ph. D.

The history of our Lord Jesus Christ rises above human art. The fires of rhetoric pale before the substantial splendors of the divine narrative. Men set forth their thoughts, their passions and the ways of their living by the aid of art, hoping to move the heart and convince the mind. And this they rightly do; for human affairs are of a passing interest only, temporal, mutable, hedged in and stained with the sin, the prejudice, the blindness and the weakness of fallen nature, and so require the powers of eloquence to lift them out of their native pettiness, the illumination of some nobler spark to lighten their obscurity.

But the Divine Life shines out of its own inherent magnificence, and demands no borrowed ornaments of speech to manifest the glory of the Eternal Word. We find, therefore, in the Evangelists the simplicity of majesty and the majesty of simplicity. So tremendous is their theme, so portenous their subject, so vast the sweep of their delineation that minor incidents and details are sunk out of sight, and the imagination, lifted to the exaltation of so great a drama, is left in its enthusiasm to trace the smaller things which fill out and complete the picture in its more human aspects.

The story of the birth of our Lord is told with prime simplicity. Of this, the greatest event in human history, St. Luke gives us the fullest account, yet wonderfully succinct; in barest outline, but glowing with rarest beauty. Nothing said but what should be; what should be, said sublimely. Woven in with it, an idyl of tenderest beauty, is the story of the great precursor's birth, revealing that little world of great faith and sanctity in the family circle into which our Lord was born. Over all is the aroma of the most blessed holiness, the clear light of serenest faith and the sweet tranquillity of a domestic life, which shines like a seraphic star in the midst of the turbulent heavens of intrigue and dissen-

sion overhanging Israel in the fullness of the time when Emanuel was to come and dwell amongst men.

Here was faith in the primitive promise purely and constantly kept; here sanctity, rooted in the rich soil of a fruitful humility, was bringing forth whitest lilies in this secluded garden of lowly and royal souls. And above all transcendently clear burns the immaculate soul of the Virgin Lily of the House of David — she, most exalted of all creatures, the sacred vessel of the long promised fulfillment of divine mercy, whose unspotted maternity makes motherhood forever sacred and virginity forever holy.

So was prepared in peace and holiness, in humility and in obedience, in love and in faith the family surroundings of Him the Expected of the Nations, Him for whom humanity groaned in its sin, and the ancient hills travailed in an agony of desire. O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How different from the judgment of the world and the carnal expectations of the children of Israel is this setting of the Eternal Word in lowliness and obscurity. Not in purple and fine linen, not in the palace of kings, not under the auspices and guardianship of the powers of earth, not with bands of courtiers subservient at His footstool, not with armies to do the bidding of His word, comes the Lord of the Universe and the Prince of Peace; but in the very abyss of humility, born of an obscure and secluded family of the people in the least of Judah's cities; and even then, shut out from its crowded habitations, He comes unto His Own in a chance stable where only beasts of burden find a rude shelter! Unknown to the world, unheralded by its clamorous voices, unexpected by its carnal wisdom, unheeded by its multitudes and its great ones, He comes into the world and the world knows him not. Herod, jealous of a rival, knows it not; the Sanhedrim dreams it not; Caesar at Rome fears it not; the busy populace cares not. A babe born in a stable at Bethlehem, laid in a manger between beasts of the field, — who is he? One to cause Herod apprehension, the Sanhedrim consternation, Caesar fear or the multitude concern? The sun rises and sets, day goes, night comes; Herod, Caesar and the Sanhedrim carry on their intrigues, the people busy themselves with their customary interests and the world moves on in the old way, the visible face of nature and of human affairs undisturbed and unchanged.

Yet in spite of the even tenor of the world's way, not altogether unnoticed was the advent of this lowly infant. His coming was made known, strange to say, not in the palace of rulers nor to the priestly guardians of the ancient law, but to some simple shepherds, the rudest and the lowliest in all the land. The very heavens open, and angelic messengers, singing the first anthem of the new dispensation, announce the glad tidings to these silent watchers in the night, and they going to the stable in Bethlehem in that wonderful hour fall down and adore Him the Mighty and Glorious, come in the weakness of infancy and the obscurity of destitution! Silent and deserted the narrow streets of Bethlehem, the hush of sleeping multitudes in all its ways, the multitude that slumbers and knows not. Through the empty streets come the wondering shepherds, hastening with eager feet to the side of the manger, and the echoes of their rude footsteps rise and die away as quickly amidst the sleeping houses, and the multitudes hear not, slumber on and know not. And the day breaks and the awakened people rise up and throng the ways to the enrollment of Caesar's census of his vast empire, and amongst them the mother and the father with the new-born Babe in the midst of the multitudes who knew not.

And yet another momentary manifestation of the coming of the First-Born of Mary is made; this time to

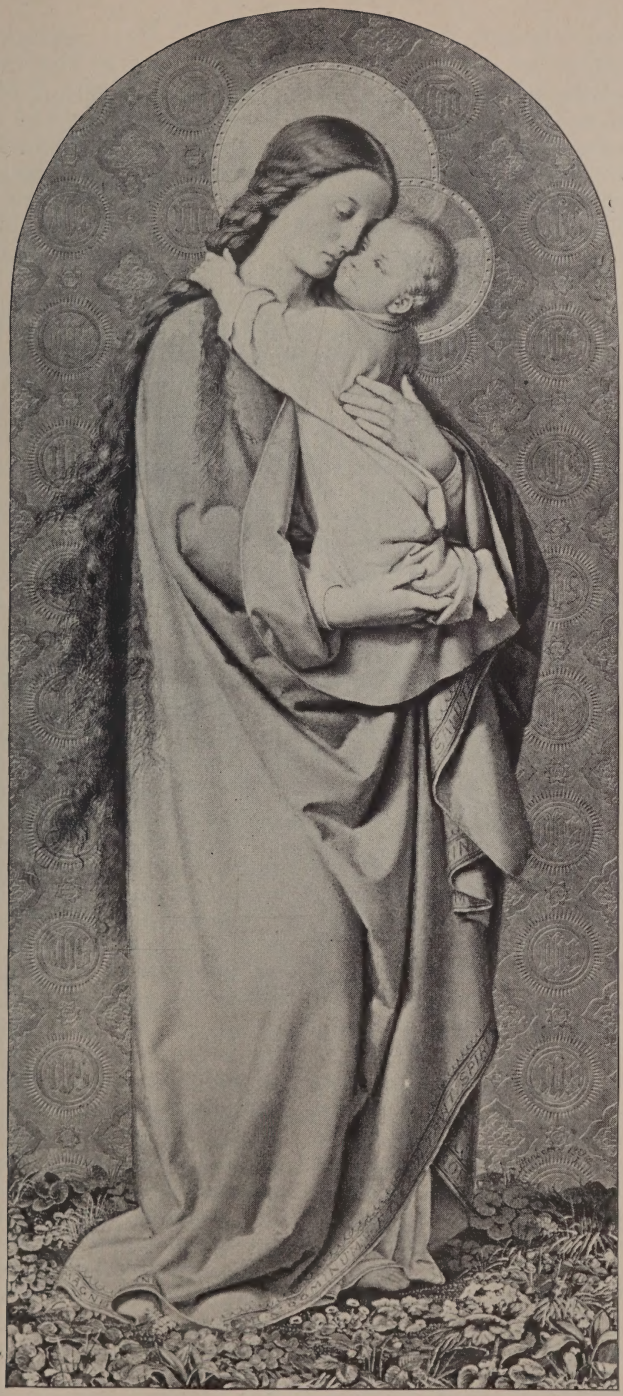
"The very heavens open, and angelic messengers, singing the first anthem of the new dispensation, announce the glad tidings to those silent watchers in the night."

the great ones of the earth. One day Herod the jealous is rudely awakened at Jerusalem by the advent of three strange kings come out of the far East with a great retinue of followers who inquire where may be found the new born King of the Jews, Whose star they had seen risen in the East, guiding them hither, that they may make Him their offerings and adore Him. And learning that He was to be born in Bethlehem, they depart from Jerusalem and follow His star, once again visible to them, find Him where they had been told, and falling down adore the Babe born in the stable of Bethlehem, offering their gifts of frankincense and gold and myrrh, and rising up depart again to their own country. And Herod, thrown into consternation at the thought of a possible rival, orders the slaughter of all the babes of Bethlehem under two years. But the father and the mother, warned by Heaven, depart into the land of Egypt with the babe born in the stable.

Rumors of these things spread amongst the people and make a nine-days' idle tale. Herod, thinking that he had cut off his possible rival, smiles in his security and forgets the incident, accrediting the visit of the strange kings to some strange superstition of the oriental mind, prone to divination and bootless mysteries. Caesar likely enough never hears in distant Rome of the idle rumors of these passing events in this corner of Judea, an obscure division of one of Rome's smallest provinces. The Sanhedrim, perturbed, perhaps, for the moment at the rumors amongst the people and the inquiry of the three kings, finding that nothing comes of it, disdains it all as the empty gossip of the ignorant and the credulous, and account the visit of the three kings as the passing vagary of some petty princes of the Gentiles out of the unknown East. So fades away the remembrance of that first testimony; so fades away out of the minds of ruler and people the swiftly vanishing beam of that sudden light which shone for the moment around the obscure manger of Bethlehem. He comes unto His own and His own receive Him not.

For that coming the world had been preparing through the ages. The nations understood not the way of that preparation. Wandering in the shadows of the valley of death they saw not the Hand that was guiding them to that one far-off divine event which was to lead mankind back to the knowledge of God and make the world other.

Out of the tribes of men God had selected Abraham and his seed to be the repository of the primitive promise. Around the people as the centre of the great preparation, passed the nations of the ancient world. Those only who subserve this onward movement towards that central point of all human life, rise to the dignity of history in the march of events. Egypt with its Pharoahs and its ancient priesthood, with its mysteries and its profane wisdom, becomes the house of bondage and the chastening school of discipline for the chosen people, who were bearing the promise onward to its supreme fulfillment. When God had wrested His people from the heavy hand of their taskmasters, the glory of Egypt's empire departs from her. She falls degraded amongst the nations, and history passes on through rescued Israel to Jesus Christ. Babylon and Nineveh are raised up in the might of conquest and the pomp of empire to smite abandoned and idolatrous Israel with the sword of extinction, to humiliate forgetful Judah to the dust that he may be brought back to the remembrance of his God and the guardianship of the great promise. Their appointed share in the great preparation accomplished, Babylon passes with her abominations and Nineveh with her pomp, and History goes on to Jesus Christ. Phoenicia, the nation of barter and trade, searches the four corners of the earth



"The Virgin Lily of the House of David — whose unspotted maternity makes motherhood forever sacred and virginity forever holy."

and gathers its treasures to lay at the feet of Jerusalem for the building of the temple of the promise, and sends her architects and her artisans and her laborers to the service of the great king, who erects a splendid tabernacle for the living God of that covenant, which Judah alone among the tribes of men guards and preserves intact. And then Phoenicia with her treasures, her pride of wealth, her passion of greed, her skill and her art, her world-wide fleets, her abominations of lust and luxury, sinks into oblivion, and history goes on to Jesus Christ.

Thus do the ancient nations of the Orient immediately concur as unconscious instruments under the hand of providence in the great preparation; thus are they raised to the dignity of empire, thus do they share in the history of mankind; their service rendered, thus do they fall back into that outer circle of peoples who contribute not to the coming of Him by Whom the sons of men are to be made again the children of God.

In the West also were two great nations contributing in other ways to the service Him Who was to come in the fullness of time.

Greece was busy elaborating her philosophy and her art for the use of the wisdom of the Word made flesh, to manifest in after ages His glory in the intellectual order and His beauty in the visible order of time and space. Rome was building up the constitution of her law, which the Life of the Word was to vitalize for the government of the City of God. When Greece has completed her mission she perishes; when Rome has fulfilled her destiny she passes out of the world and History is consummated in the reign of Jesus Christ henceforth to the end of time.

Though the world received Him not with acclamation and applause, yet had the centuries been laboring towards the great event of His coming and the might of the earth been engaged in preparing the way of His humility. That unknown Babe in the manger held in His infant hand the pomp and the power of Babylon and Nineveh, the glory and the mystery of Egypt, the splendors of Phoenicia, the grandeur and destiny of Israel, the riddle of Greece and the fate of Rome. And henceforward through all time the inheritance of the earth is His.

About that manger gather in worship Peoples and Kings and Nations and Empires. From the hour of His birth dated the years of civilization; the day of His coming divides the ancient from the modern. Barbarism alone stands outside of the reckoning of His advent. His appearance amongst men is the one universal event from which all nations and all peoples uniformly estimate the movement of time on this and the other side of the Cross.

For two thousand years now has civilization been nourished on the sap of the vine sprung from Jesse's root; and the world has become other. Where before were masters and slaves, are now rulers, who serve, and freemen who choose their servants, who govern. Where before was woman the bonded victim of man's lust, the transient plaything of his capricious passions, is woman now the constant queen of his household and the faithful partner of his blood. Where before the perplexed life of man sank down to a hopeless death, now shines the brightness of an immortal future to make glad the rejuvenated course of human life and to transfrom the void grave into the vestibule of an unalloyed beatitude. For the star of Bethlehem has waxed to a steady brilliance forever over the nations, the life and the light of the world.

And all this has taken place not by the agency of the world, but miraculously, in spite of the powers of earth. The world has ever rejected Him, persecuted Him, scoffed Him, crucified Him. The world of Rome crushed Him under its iron heel in a

"Over all is the aroma of the most blessed holiness — the sweet tranquillity of a domestic life"

vain endeavor to stamp His image from the face of the earth, glutted itself on His blood shed in generous torrents over the unmeasured extent of its empire. And with the energy of divine life He has risen from the reddened soil of Rome's persecutions resplendent in strength and in beauty, in power and in victory.

The paganism of the northern barbarians surges in deluge after deluge over His kingdom won with His blood through centuries of toil and long suffering from the sodden heart of Rome. And lo! that tumultuous sea of confusion and riot quiets into the placid bosom of calm waters at the power of His Word, carrying His divine bark onward in glorious triumph over its obedient waves.

Emperors and kings rise up in their lust of power and would wrest His sceptre from His hand. When the sword fails, temptation and flattery assail Him as of old on the mountain in the desert; but the seductions of the world fall off harmless from Him and lie crushed under His feet. The old paganism, revived again under the guise of art, masking the face of lust

with the semblance of beauty, pours its ancient poison in His ear and winds its deadly coils about His heart to stifle the Divine Life that pulses there perennially fresh and pure. But with a divine wisdom he plucks the serpent from the flower and distills the honey without the poison in vases of His own election.

The treachery of men, as the kiss of Judas of old in the garden, would again betray Him into the hands of His enemies; the powers of the world summon Him before their tribunals, as Pilate and Herod and the Sanhedrim of old; but not the apostasy of princes, nor the rebellions of peoples, nor the malice of heresiarchs avail to shake His fortitude, to crush His longanimity, or to cleave the divine unity of His infallible word. Philosophers and libertines and worldlings, as the Roman soldiery of old in the house of Pilate, mock Him, jeer Him, ridicule Him, spit upon Him in ribaldry and contempt, and their generations go down into dust under His eternal feet.

The indifferent multitudes forget Him, governments thrust Him aside and ignore Him, or under the plea of policy and the pretence of liberalism persecute Him anew, seeking to bind His hands and His feet with laws that aim at His divine rights and would strangle His divine energies. Secret conspiracies under the mask of benevolent associations plot against Him to crucify Him anew. But ever does He arise again from the tomb of their malice glorious and triumphant by that supernatural power which scatters the vanity of His enemies and bursts the bonds of their iniquity.

It is by this divine supernatural power solely that He triumphs over the perpetual rebellions of the world. It is this supernatural power that manifests His divinity and it is because His power is supernatural that the world hates Him and rebels against Him. Error is the child of the world and the world loves its own offspring with the blind fondness of a parent. His Word is truth eternal and was not begotten by the world, and therefore does the world refuse to bend the neck of its pride to the yoke of His truth. The battle between Him and the world never ceases; all are arrayed on one side or the other in this momentous conflict. The indifferent do not escape the issue by their indifference. The neutral have already chosen a place in the ranks of His enemies; for who is not with Him is against Him.

After two thousand years Herod, yet fearful of a rival, seeks to slay Him; the Sanhedrim still plots against Him unto death, the multitude rejects Him and clamors for His blood. And after two thousand years He still triumphs, and the world, though still rebellious, lies conquered at His feet. For in spite of itself He has made the world other. His truth has bestowed liberty upon men where and in so far as they have accepted it in the supernatural spirit of His deliverance; His doctrine has overcome the divisions of humanity with which paganism afflicted the world, and has made the solidarity of the race in his teaching of its supernatural brotherhood; the equality of men has its only meaning and confirmation in the supernatural life which He dispenses out of the plentitude of His merits to all alike.

After two thousand years of defeat the world lifts aloft the banner of a new rebellion. "We will accept," it cries, "the teaching, but we reject the teacher. Liberty, Fraternity, Equality are glorious truths, but they come not from God, they are man's. They are the fruits of humanity's riper knowledge of itself, as he has come to know himself in the maturity of his intellectual life. Christ we will accept as the noblest, purest, wisest of men, in whom the wisdom of the race flowered to its most perfect state. But we will not acknowledge His divinity, for humanity alone is God and humanitarianism is creed." And the world rejects the Divine One, taking away the corner-

"One day Herod the jealous is rudely awakened at Jerusalem by the advent of three stranger kings come out of the far East, with a great retinue of followers."

stone of the building. And lo! the world is immediately filled with problems; the supernatural light quenched, problems swarm like ghosts out of the darkness to beset and haunt the minds of men. The divine mystery of light illuminates the ways of human life; the human mystery of darkness makes life again a riddle and plants the sphinx of Egyptian gloom in the very highway of man's spiritual progress. See the fireflies of Humanitarianism swarm into the webs of modern doubt and enmeshed there, impotently glimmer pale points of phosphorescence into the abysses of universal darkness. And problem after problem rains its pitiless interrogation upon the perplexed mind. What is not now a problem to the wisdom of the modern mind? The straight paths of life have become crooked ways leading to labyrinths of confusion, the simplest duties of the household intricate questions waiting ponderous solutions. The family life is rent asunder by the problem of divorce; woman is dethroned by the problem of her enfranchisement from the duties of her station. The industrial world is cloven in twain by the labor problem, the political world by the problem of government, the peace of the world by the problem of the balance of power; the religious world falls into confusion and ruin over the problem of authority, and man's destiny is swallowed up in the gloomy pits of agnosticism by the problems of science.

Abandoning Him Who is the living solution of all problems, they seek an answer to their perplexities in that human nature from whose natural weakness and ignorance arise the problems it is inherently impotent to allay. Do they seek the perfection of human nature? In Him alone is the fullness of that perfection, in Him does it become what it could never be of itself—God. He alone is the perfect man without blemish, without spot, without failure. All the virtues, all the wisdom of humanity pale to darkness in the supreme effulgence of His virtue and His wisdom. To the service of man He gave all the years of His life and delivered Himself unto death for man's salvation; for a single human soul, the lowliest, the most abject, the most degraded He made the supreme sacrifice of the Cross; for there is none to whom the consummation of His divine human life does not equally and fully apply. Not only did He die for all but for each. The winning of a single soul was all sufficient motive in His superabundant love for that tremendous offering of Himself. What love like unto His love, what sacrifice like unto His sacrifice? Can Humanitarianism conceive an ideal loftier, nobler, sublimer than the reality of His life? Why then do they seek in an abstract humanity, which never was nor will be, a vain exemplar when in Him they have a living model perfect beyond all human imagining?

And can there be problems when His wisdom and His living example have taught men the way of their pilgrimage? In His mother He gives us the perfect model of womanhood, not in the noisy highways of human strife and contention, but in the sacred precincts of the household, lowly indeed but sublime in her humility; in His foster-father the model of fathers, in Himself the model of sons. Marriage by His own lips He has proclaimed an indissoluble union cemented by a perpetual love, such a love as He has for His Church and His Church for Him. Can there be a labor problem, when He has labored with His own divine hands, when He has told us that the laborer is worthy of his hire? Can poverty be a problem when He was poor and had no place whereon to lay His head? Can riches be a problem when He asks us what profiteth it a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? When He teaches us: First seek ye the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you? Is there any problem in government, when He, the Master and Lord of all, declared that He came not to be

administered unto, but to minister? What problem of authority is possible when He solemnly declares that all power in Heaven and earth is His, and

"Here sanctity, rooted in the rich soil of a fruitful humility, was bringing forth whitest lilies in this secluded garden of lowly and royal souls."

that as He was sent, so sends He his chosen teachers to all peoples to the end of time to teach what He taught empowered with His divine authority? Can there be any problem in human living when He bids us take up His cross and follow Him?

Blindly does the world stagger on under its load of doubt, it knows not whither. Without His peace humanity is at perpetual war. Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will refresh you, and the multitude, though weary and worn, heed not. The nations, deaf to His word, stand under arms, jealously apart in their lust for power; class against class part asunder in envious contention like watchful beasts crouching for their prey. And His peace

spreadeth its wings above them, and they will not.

Yet He, before whose word imperial Rome, with all the might of her legions bowed her stubborn neck at last, before whom the untamed barbarians of the north, fiercer than lions of the desert, at length knelt in loyal submission, at Whose feet was finally laid the haughty sceptre of the emperors of the Middle Age, against Whose invincible bark surged the floods of a revived paganism and the stormy tides of Europe's heresies, —He out of the plentitude of His power and the exhaustless ways of His wisdom knows how to bring the world again to its knees before Him. This He will accomplish by means beyond the comprehension and wisdom of men. For, as in the day of His coming, when Mary and Joseph sought in vain for shelter in the habitations of men, He came in the mystery of His humility to conquer and to win to Himself the world that received Him not, so will He call the wandering nations to Himself again by the power which is His alone, the power of His divinity, the supernatural power which the world ever refuses to recognize, but which in spite of itself it always obeys.

And the multitude will come again to His cradle, as the simple shepherds of old, whose knowledge of Him was out of the heavens, and the nations will come again as the ancient kings of the East, who saw His mysterious star from afar off, to offer gold, frankincense and myrrh to the divine Child in the manger of the stable of Bethlehem the little. And the peoples, supernaturally led again to the unity of His Word, will prostrate themselves before the Infant in the arms of His mother and will call one to another in the jubilation of His peace, "Venite, adoremus."

REX REGUM.

Behold the King! King, though no glittering train,
No empty pomp, no wanton show of power,
Throng round His manger-throne this midnight hour!
For worldly pomp and grandeur all are vain
And fleeting things. In His low cradle lain,
With but a swaddling cloth for royal dress,
With but the Virgin Mother's soft caress,
And Joseph near, thrice mighty does He reign.

Behold the King! When Herod is unknown,
And Cæsar's name is but an empty sound,
In haughty Rome shall rest His heaven-sent throne,
His kingdom reach wherever man is found;
And countless millions that each century brings
Shall bow their heads before this King of Kings.

Robert Dick Douglas.

WESTCHESTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Henry Austin Adams, M. A.

CHAPTER VII.

I was no sooner gone from my house than it appeareth my dearest child (as was to be looked for, much wrought upon by seeing her revered parent torn like a felon from his home) committed one of those errors of judgment more easily to be purged of their fault than to be forgiven in respect of their consequences.

Commanding the instant presence of one of the grooms, the young lady forthwith despatched two notes, which might they have been recalled, who knoweth to what far different ends the journey of our life might not have tended?

She thinketh that it was gone midnight when the groom returned, and it no doubt was so, since even Lady Claribel whom the lad did ride might not (of such a winter's night) take one to Weston Hurst and back before that hour. Be that as may be, it was past all propriety for her to send at such an hour for one with whom her name had been attached by harmless gossip. There be those that have been hot in their protests, that no honorable gentleman would have subjected a young and agitated lady to the sure risk of defamation, albeit she herself had furnished the occasion. But there is naught so easy as this same arguing back from a special case (the more, be it misliked) to sweeping generalities and principles.

To this day I am sure I would myself go, at what unconscionable hour you will, upon the summons of a respected lady needing assistance. But let that be.

Mr. Weston came to the Grange at midnight and was admitted to my daughter's presence in the red drawing-room, where he remained perhaps a matter of two hours.

His entrance and departure were observed by spies lurking about the shrubberies.

The other note was to the Reverend Samuel Seabury, Rector of Westchester, and to my daughter's best remembrance, ran thus:

"Sir, — These will advise you that my beloved father hath this night been apprehended and of wicked men carried off whither I know not. You are well aware, reverend sir, of my father's dispositions and sound loyalty, and, albeit our faith differeth from that of which you are so conspicuous an ornament, may not an unhappy daughter entreat the favor of your prayers for her dear parent so maliciously undone? I do now entreat them, kind sir, while writing to warn you that while these troubles threaten the very privacy of honest men's houses — ever held inviolably sacred by all Christian laws — you would best secrete those papers you wot of, until by trusty hands they may be safely brought to them whose interests they do most nearly touch.

"Praying you convey to his distracted daughter any news you may hear of my wretched parent, I honor myself in subscribing that I am,

"Your obedient servant,

"Madeline Broadbent.

"P. S.—Father Newton is not yet come."

Years after it was learned through the man's confession, that being much consumed with idle curiosity to see what should befall at the tavern, the

groom on coming back from Weston Hurst made one of the motley crew of tipplers that witnessed that unprecedented court of injustice. And thus it fell that he came never to the Rectory with Miss Broadbent's note to the Rector, but that some tapster less drunk than he, did thereupon relieve him of his missile — to the immense embarrassing of an already tangled business.

If women might be got to write less, life were made safer than sometimes it is. I know not anything with such a power to hurt as an old letter. How terrible to mark the changes in one's views and passions! How sick of soul doth the perusal of old letters make us. So they record thy loves — burn them! ere that day cometh when thy love is dead. So they do witness to thy hates, thy injuries — burn them! At my age all are grown friends again.

* * * * * *

As ye shall see by what ensueth, I had not any knowledge of Mr. Weston's visit to my child until it was thrown in my face, and I denied it. All shall in due course follow, only (lest any the least suspicion of dishonor be aroused by the plain facts before narrated) I shall so far anticipate the sequence, as to declare that, had the facts as best known to myself, led me to think that in the long and wretched relations of Miss Madeline Broadbent and Mr. Victor Weston there had been aught unworthy of that lady's name and honor, I had much liefer cut my right hand off than to have writ of them.

Ye shall have the facts unvarnished, as God hath ever — with the result that He is merciful.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Boston coach was late upon that memorable night. The two gentlemen upon the box-seat who had alone come all the way from Boston, and whose bearing betokened them men of unusual consequence, were bent upon arriving in New York by sundown, where, so the whip informed the hostlers and gossips at every stop, the gentleman had business all would be like to hear of soon enough. Whereupon the driver would look knowing, mount his box, and be off again with a crack of his whip, leaving half the village looking after him and the two important, silent gentlemen beside him.

By noon it was grown evident that through such roads no hope was left of coming to New York by nightfall, still so momentous was the business of his two best passengers, that the driver's every effort was put forth to reach his destination in that evening — the which he grew each hour more anxious to accomplish by reason of the rate at which the bonus promised him did grow. With the lengthening shadows he urged his leaders on, and those good beasts, sniffing, mayhap, a double ration for reward, did whirl the old red coach so furiously through drifts and open, that the one lady passenger, no less a personage than the good minister of Middle Haddam's wife, was twice upon the point of screaming from within where she was cooped up with two timid lads and endless shawls.

Dusk was now fallen, and by the best of calculation, they would do well, if they could lie at Westchester that night.

"Try it by all means, my good man," said one of the two gentlemen, a man it might be thirty years of age; "try it, for that I can engage this company shall find a comfortable supper, good beds and genial welcome, at an old public house kept by one Bray, who, something of an ass, is not the less as skilled an host as any man shall need. Besides there be those at Westchester," he continued, addressing his companion in a more lower tone; "there be those at Westchester who it may chance may stand us in as good stead as Rivington himself."

The person addressed gave to the speaker a quick and significant look; and then, being aware their conversation was heard by the three other gentlemen behind them, said in a loud voice indifferently enough: "You are, sir, I believe, a resident of these parts?" the which he knew to be the case.

The two were looking straight ahead, by reason of which they observed not that one of their fellow passengers did bend his body forward to catch the answer, feigning to gather the furs more snugly about his person.

"Yes," the gentleman made reply; "my mother's family be long associated with this neighborhood. Our principal estate is situate in Bedford, not many miles hence."

This seemed to satisfy the stranger's curiosity, since during the commonplaces which were next interchanged he failed so much as to hear a question which one of the two more weighty passengers turning addressed to the general company.

His bearing had been most distant and forbidding from his mounting the coach at the last post-house. He listened only.

Darkness was now full settled, and the hard breathing of the jaded beasts, able at every mile to move only at a much slower gait, as well as the increasing cold and hunger of the belated travelers, combined to damp their spirits, and it much looked as if the last few miles would be rode in silence.

The occasional remarks of the two gentlemen upon the foremost seat, albeit of scarce more import than "that it was grown biting cold," or that "this man Bray, whose house of entertainment they now hoped to reach, was an uncommon trimmer,"— failed not to keenly interest the silent and much muffled personage behind them, each answer causing him to lean well forward.

Being come when now the evening was well wore into the night, in sight of St. Peter's Church, the driver and his horses did much take heart, — for that the latter mended their pace right smartly, and the former bawled out vociferously the refrain of an old catch whereof the burthen was good cheer, good company, and supper.

At this the poor, half-frozen postboy that on his perch behind (for want of better), acted as guard, fell to tooting his horn merrily, and the spirits of the minister's good lady and the two shy lads, no less than of the outside passengers, revived. The two front passengers fell once again into their quiet talking — their matter now become more pregnant, if one might gauge it by the stranger's interest. His memory, the most unfailing and tenacious I have known, is to the effect that these words passed between the influential gentlemen before him:

"It hath been told me, hath it not, that Mr. Nathaniel Broadbent is returned from Europe. Being his neighbor, Jay, ye doubtless know the case?"

"He and his daughter (a most accomplished lady I am well informed) have recently returned. They be now sorrowing at Waverly over the melancholy tragedy that hath befell their home."

"I had heard speak of that," answered the elder (one would have said by some ten years); "and it hath much distressed my wife and me. Broadbent hath not a better: a very sound and estimable gentleman. I trust that he is like thee, man, — out and out?"

Mr. Jay shook his head (the silent listener behind him straining to lose no word) and then said sadly: "Alas! Mr. Adams, we have not in this Province your thorough-going Massachusetts temper."

The elder, who was no other than the renowned John Adams, shrugged his shoulders, and was content to mutter: "Jay, if the consummation cometh, it shall not be by reason of these Colonies nor their inhabitants,

but through the firm, indomitable action of determined men."

"A small minority as yet."

"Perhaps."

"We of the middle and the southern provinces love not too well your Boston spirit."

"Jealous!"

"And that was ever the dear sin of the——"

"But what of Broadbent? It shall go hard, if he be found uncertain."

"I dare vouch for him," answered John Jay; "his honor hath the hall-mark of the better past — sterling, is Broadbent, sterling."

At this the listening unknown scarce hid his interest.

"In character; but of his politics?"

"He is a man whom violence shall never move. He would declare for independence, but not in haste."

Once more the shoulders of the elder man betrayed impatience. After some little space he said:

"But we have sifted Massachusetts, as with a test of fire. We have no 'half' with us."

The New Yorker laughed, and presently remarked: "So half that the advices last received tell us be true, that hath begun with us which shall not end till even in New York it shall be possible to mark the difference between——"

His sentence was not suffered to find an end, for that a great glimmering of lights not many rods ahead betokened that their journey was at length over. With bustling and shouting and stamping of benumbed feet the travelers now found themselves before the hospitable doors of the tavern.

"Allow me, honored sir, to thank thee for those words ye just now uttered of an honest and noble man, if God e'er made one."

It was the silent stranger who addressed Mr. John Jay, to that distinguished gentleman's no little displeasure. The stranger proceeded: "In these unsettled and evil times, who knoweth but the Squire may need just such like endorsements by them that be both honest men and wise — no common union."

The two gentlemen were now pressing toward the door, bowing their civil acknowledgments to the intruder, who, not to be anonymous in their esteem, announced to them as he followed them within: "Caleb Wilberforce, notary and attorney at the law, at your service, gentlemen." Mr. John Jay was pleased to bow at this.

The next instant they found themselves in the midst of the mock court.

CHAPTER IX.

It needeth that we do now return to my being come to the tavern in the keeping of my unknown conductor, and in the company of Mr. Morris and honest Bray.

Upon my being seen to enter the stifling tap-room, there fell, as hath before been related, a silence upon the motley crowd gathered together there. Even at this great distance I do confess to being moved by the recollection of the manifestations of respectful sympathy whereof the face of more than one honest farmer and neighbor bore witness. Not all were drawn by idle curiosity; nay, all did show me the respect certainly due one of my station, years, and character — being, moreover, plunged at the time into the desolation of an unspeakable sorrow.

Most of that company had not seen Squire Broadbent for five years, and as I was led through them, I heard them whispering to one another: "How changed he is," or "he hath aged greatly, his hair is nearly white."

Upon being got accustomed to the glaring light (the night without was of Egyptian darkness), I looked about me upon that most unusual scene. There might have been some forty men huddled into the scant space of Bray's tap-room, and yet I saw not any there, save Mr. Morris, of any standing or weight in the community.

For the most part they were idlers

and such low characters; howbeit, there were among them not a few substantial farmers and village tradesmen. These latter were, however, but silent witnesses. The noisy movers and talkers were strangers to these parts, men from the city, no doubt.

Within the modest bar a rude and temporary dais had been constructed, a door being laid upon four casks; and upon this was, for the Bench, one of the plain deal forms that stood against the walls of the apartment.

Here sate the Court. He was a man whom I had known twenty years earlier, Carter by name; of good extraction and of brilliant parts, but so devoid of balance and of principle, that, after having wasted his goodly patrimony in naughty courses, he illustrated miserably your true Rake's Progress. He then betook himself to Europe, and presently was heard of back in New York, where he hath since maintained himself heaven alone knoweth with what dishonesties.

The times furnished an opportunity for such a character. To rouse the passions of unthinking men he was your prince of orators, since coupled with a natural gift for oratorial effects, he had that fling, that boldness and abandon which the mob loveth.

Having nor character nor shilling to their name to lose, such men become the darlings of the people readily, for that no measure is too radical, no step too bold, but they are for it, for it at once, for it at any cost and let the consequences be what they may! Carter was thus an agitator born. He was asleep upon my entrance, having partaken freely of Bray's sound liquors, while the Court emissaries were apprehending the quietest gentlemen of the neighborhood in their houses.

But he awoke upon receiving in his ribs a mighty thrust of a cane bestowed by him that sat beside him on the Bench, a little, round, fat person whose aspect and attire bespoke him something far different from the presiding Judge.

I would have taken him to be a small schoolmaster, or a dissenting minister, or possibly a Methodistical shop-keeper in a small way.

He was called "Chirp" and "Ezekiel" indifferently by Mr. Justice Carter.

The Court being now awoke by the aforesaid pounding of Mr. Chirp's walking stick upon his ribs, I was in due form and with ludicrous literalness, brought to the Bar!

I confess that by this time my choler was much cooled, and I began to feel myself the victim, not so much of an egregious outrage, as of an unparalleled and most unconscionable bit of low comedy. The presence of Mr. Morris alone prevented my taking the affair to be a mad, preposterous, but laughable escapade of half a dozen tipsy boon companions.

The face of that young gentleman made any such interpretation of the trial impossible. Bray, also, never would have countenanced such liberties — his was by far too much a publican's discretion.

"Who is your prisoner, sergeant?" enquired the Court.

"Nathaniel Broadbent, Esquire, of Waverly Grange, four miles from here and over the worst of roads, your honor."

"Never mind the roads, answer the questions," wheezed out Mr. Chirp, mending a pen and opening an enormous book — the Records of this singular tribunal.

"Is the prisoner's name upon the black list furnished by the Committee?" says Carter.

"It is."

"Did he resist arrest?"

"Quiet as a lamb; they all be."

"Were other suspected persons found harbored in his house?"

"None. On the contrary, his daughter, as choice a maid as it hath been my fortune——"

"Hold thine infernal tongue!" I

cried, facing the brute; whereat not a little commotion arose in the room and the Court pounded the bar vigorously with an empty bumper. This restored silence.

Chirp, who was hard pressed to get the evidence writ down, came scribbling now to his period, and saith he: "Whom it hath ever been thy what, sergeant? The unseemly misrule did prevent my hearing thy last words."

Thus encouraged, the miscreant began: "I uttered no last word of that divine young lady——"

"Nor shall you, by ——!" I exclaimed, aiming a blow at the fellow's face, which was averted by Mr. Morris, who whispered something forcible to the Court.

I observed while justice was being thus prompted to become more decorous, that a man, closely muffled, and covered with snow, made his way noiselessly into the room, and that he came and spake into my captor's ear that which did cause that infamous scoundrel to chuckle fiendishly.

The trial proceeded.

"Mr. Broadbent, what have you to say for yourself?" inquired the Court; at which Chirp, not to be overlooked in his important clerical capacity, once more invaded the dignity of the Court by administering a round whack upon the judicial calf, crying meanwhile, "Hold! hold! the witness hath not yet been duly sworn."

At this he thrust toward me a very greasy copy of the Sacred Scriptures, which the Court was using to keep hot his toddy.

That use of the Great Book which had never in my eyes much to commend it, had now an indescribable effect upon me. Only upon my exercising on myself my greatest force of will, could I procure myself to kiss the volume so sacrilegiously thrust into this ghastly mockery.

I was then duly sworn, much to the comfort of friend Chirp, whose sheer grotesqueness was making him an object of my affection, as whimsicality hath ever done.

"What have you to say, sir?" asks Mr. Justice Carter.

"This," I reply: "that as a loyal subject and a man, I do denounce as an inexplicable outrage the violence that hath been done to privacy and to good order in my person; and that, as I am not aware what right or reason Mr. Thomas Carter hath thus to question me, I do demand my instant freedom; and as a magistrate and justice of the peace, I charge these persons present to quietly disperse and go to their respective places of abode, in the King's name and in the name of decency." Having thus said, I turned and would have left the place forthwith; but I was hindered, and I perceived my words had much aroused the company.

Carter again fell to restoring order with his empty mug, and Chirp (immensely grateful for this long interruption) was furiously getting down my testimony.

A thousand times have I recalled with laughter that drollest of all clerks that ever were. Having got down my words, he for the first time noticed that there had been a suspension of justice.

"Proceed, sir," he saith to me then, much as if I had but tarried for his laggard pen which was at length caught up. That man was useful: it was impossible that heat might be of any long duration, so one did see and hear him.

I faced the bar once more, right merrily, because of him, remarking: "Pray, master clerk, might I so far add to thy onerous duties, as to beseech thee to read for my enlightenment the title and the nature of this action now pending between myself and some mysterious person, or persons, to me unknown?"

The dear man, taking me as seriously as I desired, and not a little tickled by my courteous recognition of his important character, made answer

as followeth: "This matter, or cause, or action, now pending is not of the nature of a suit at all, sir. Ye are a prisoner of State, charged with a crime—Treason, to wit."

He did puff out at this with so delicious an air that I sought Mr. Morris with my eyes, and the look of ill-disgusted chagrin which his face bore was for the moment displaced by one of irrepressible mirth, the which faded out into one of contempt. He was plainly more at his ease after this by-play.

"I demand," I cry out then in great good nature, "that I be informed by what authority this Court hath been convened and of what it may be that I stand charged."

Carter, who was no fool, then says that he had certainly assumed I had been well advised, upon my being apprehended, of the nature of the complaint against me.

"Come, Carter," I made bold to say, "if we be not now good friends, it is not any fault of mine hath wrought the change in our sometime intimacy. I was thy friend, and thy father's friend. It cannot be that the respect you once held Broadbent in (I say naught now of other obligations doubtless ye will recall) that that respect, man, hath so far perished that ye will be a party to these indignities and insults?"

This moved the wretched wreck of a once splendid manhood. He answered me no longer in that bravado air it had been formerly so hard that I should brook.

"Apologies are certainly your due, sir, since there appeareth to have been thoughtless omission in the matter of fully making known to you your indictment."

"It would have somewhat pleased me," said I "had that been clearly stated."

"Naturally."

"Quite so."

"Well, then, sir, know that this Court is one not of justice, but of enquiry merely."

"I had not taken it to be of justice," cried I, to the amusement of the company; "but since it hath no other business than to ask decent folk impertinent and cruel questions at most untimely hours, I move you, good Tom Carter, or learned Mr. Justice Carter, if you like, that you do now adjourn this hearing—say for six months—at which time I do engage to answer any and all your questions which shall not merit that I knock you down. Come, Tom—your Honor, what say you to this now? Was ever anything so near to the judicial heart as a postponement?"

Chirp was perspiringly making what haste he could to get this down verbatim!

Then Mr. Morris spake the first word he had essayed to utter. It cost him much.

"Carter, you may not know me. My name is Gouverneur Morris, at your service."

His Honor, hearing this, had like to have fallen from the bench, and the effect upon the whole Court was instantaneous.

Morris continued.

"I am come here at my own pleasure, and with no thought to interfere with the free exercise of your commission; but be assured that if this estimable gentleman be not forthwith examined in strict due form, I shall myself bring charges against you, Carter."

At that unhappy day no man but lived in mortal dread of being charged with something!

Poor Mr. Carter was not in anywise exempt from the prevailing terrors, and he at once interpreted the threat as nothing short of a most vigorous warning, that his apparent leniency to Squire Broadbent would be construed into a secret treasonableness upon his own part. Nor was there any question in his mind but any charge which this young, brilliant statesman might pre-

fer would be believed and summarily dealt with. Thus was an effort for my benefit turned dead against me; the which I must have thought is not unusual in this entanglement we call our life.

"Mr. Nathaniel Broadbent," began the Court, "briefly your case is this: So rife is pestilent disloyalty to the good cause of freedom in these parts, that they who have the welfare of the country truly at heart, have instituted an inquiry into the views and principles of those whose influence, if found against us, would very much harass, if not entirely overpower, the friends of Liberty."

Shouts of "Hear! hear!" met this bombastic utterance of the Court, who bowed and then proceeded: "Accordingly committees have been formed in every section, and at the instance of that one whose jurisdiction covereth this place we are come here. You are suspected, sir, of being no true friend of the cause."

"Who hath said so?" I ask.

"I know not; I but preside."

"What acts, or words, or sentiments, have been adduced in proofs?"

"Not acts, dear sir," put in now Mr. Morris: "not acts, sir, but omissions."

"My treason doth consist, then, in having not done — what?"

"Much, Squire Broadbent."

"As?"

"As, for example, failing to ratify the various utterances of the Provincial Assemblies."

"I was abroad in France."

"But you were advised."

"True; and, in the main, I did, by sundry published articles, declare my cordial sympathy with those same utterances. I could not altogether think their cruder points well taken. I cautioned them against all immaturity, and pointed out that it hath ever been an easier matter to tear down error than to build up truth — to be a protestant than a believer. What voice was louder than mine own against tyrannies and cold indifference of Parliament?" Great shouting met these words; Bray more especially maintaining an unconscionable roar of "Who saith our Squire is not an honest man?" until they caused him to cease. Had that poor simpleton but had his way, there had been never a difference of opinion more, but everyone would have made merry with all men else — at the "King's Arms," or the "George Washington," it could not matter in his Utopia, which. "But," I resumed, "I felt that many of the measures spoken of were rash and wrong. I felt that the rhetorical perfections of the proposed new government would prove impracticable. I felt that we had human nature to contend with here, and prophesied corruptions, tyrannies, injustices and wrongs under the school-boy phrases, the philosophic formulas, and all the swelling periods of the intended Freedom. I felt this, gentlemen, and, if it please the Court, I feel so still." The sergeant, who had beheld my little moment's popularity with no small wrath, now burst into a wild delight. A murmur of surprise and pain ran through the company; and I observed that Mr. Morris having twice tried to speak, found not his voice, and turned away his head.

So soon as Master Chirp had got my long speech wrote, he, likewise, made no effort to disguise emotion, though of a different sort.

Why doth this miserable nature which we share in common gloat over finding out the guiltlessness of its own flesh and blood?

There stood I, in their eyes, a traitor self-confessed, and forty of my fellowmen seemed to be much pleased at it.

His Honor, feeling he had done a justice's whole duty — to wit, found his man guilty — was for short work in that which might remain.

"Broadbent," he says — Squire or Master had been but wasted on a known "traitor" — "Broadbent, since by your frank and unequivocal confession you have declared yourself the foe of the Provincial Congress, and of

those measures which these downtrodden Colonies propose to undertake for —"

"But," I try in vain to interpose.

"The measures," I say, "which have been undertaken for emancipation, I must inform you, that after a short examination of witnesses as to your being guilty, or otherwise, of overt acts of treason, one of two alternatives remains open to you — provided, I mean, that ye be found not guilty of red-handed acts of foul disloyalty to your own country."

After the applause was subsided, I say, addressing the Court, as one in a dream, for that I could not believe the evidences of my senses. "And these alternatives be?"

"That ye do sign, seal and take oath to a solemn declaration that ye will not by voice or deed express your views or oppose the wishes of the Continental Congress."

"And the other?"

"Or, that, refusing this, ye do forthwith depart this country, forfeit your landed property, and remain in exile during your natural life on pain of death, if found to have returned."

"Those be your two alternatives?" I say to him, standing the straighter, and trembling there with all the pride and wrath of all my fathers.

"Yes."

"Then, sir, I have the honor to advise you that I do choose the latter!"

"Broadbent! — for God's sake!" cries poor young Morris, flinging himself upon me, in the midst of the greatest possible confusion and disorder.

Bray burst into a flood of tears, poor soul. Why would not men leave these confounded theories alone, and pass their days like honest Christian folk in sound good living? So, doubtless, thought this worthiest of landlords.

"Shall your Honor pass sentence now?" I cry, not without biting irony I now regret, Carter not being worth so much of any gentleman's attention.

"I have no power to pass a sentence Squire; so that I needs must pray your patience in that regard."

"Then I may go?"

"No, sir! By no means! If it transpire that you be found to have already given thy dangerous notions practical form, I am commissioned to restrain thy person."

"Is that true, Morris?"

That gentlemen bowed, but refused my eye.

"Proceed, then, please you, Mr. Carter. The hour is very late, and it much troubles me to know how Miss Broadbent hath fared since I was forcibly torn from her side."

The sergeant at this cries, "Oh! give your head no pains on that score, Squire!"

"How, fellow?"

"Because your worship was not sooner gone than that divinity, your daughter, sends for her comforter."

Something about the fellow caused that I did not kill him, but suffered him to go on speaking, sick at heart.

"A very handsome gentleman responded to her need, and who will not believe that nothing so agitates the heart of that fair lady one-half so much now, as that her venerable father may return untimely?"

"Liar! and foul-mouthed ruffian!"

They held me from the man; but they could not withhold the shame which flowed like molten metal to my heart.

"I'll prove that I say truth," roared forth the bully, safe from my arms; "call me a liar twice, and I'll tell the company the gallant's name; call me thrice, and I shall ——"

"Morris," call I, "if you permit this matter to proceed, by heaven, I shall demand the satisfaction for these insults at your hands. You are a gentleman. Have you no pity for a father placed in my situation?"

Mr. Morris had been in whispered conference for a moment with the Judge, that worthy then remarking, "Sergeant, this cannot be permitted. Hold thy tongue. Be pleased to take

a seat, sir," to me, "here upon the bench beside us — Chirp, make room, — until the brief examination of the witnesses be had."

I stiffly but politely declined the honor, and remained standing at the bar.

No other than good Bray was first called on. He being duly sworn, declared that he had known me from his birth, and, being asked to give an account of such actions and words of mine as he might recollect, the honest man fell to the most graphic telling of how thirty years since and over he had heard my speech upon my coming into my majority, and how he had eaten and drunk himself into a colic at the feast provided in the servants' hall at Waverly on that occasion.

The spectators enjoyed this sally hugely, but Mr. Carter with a great air of dignity pounded the bar, and bade poor Bray "confine himself to matters pertinent to the issue pending." Whereat the simple man made answer, that, as he looked to be saved, he had no thought to be impertinent to Squire Broadbent, whom he held to be as fine a gentleman as he, that had seen uncommon gentlefolk in his day, had ever known.

I did take pains, at this, to show the landlord that his "impertinence" was not of my conceiving, but had to do with the most purely legal aspects of his testimony. This much relieved him.

"Have you not heard the Squire say much of late to the effect that these be evil times?" asks Carter.

"Aye, have I, scores of times."

At this Chirp and the Court nod knowingly as who should say, "We be upon the right scent now!"

"And, good mine host, have you not heard him say that Kings were not the only evils to be met in life?"

"His very words," says Bray.

"Ah! his very words," grunts Chirp, getting them down with gusto.

"Will you swear that Squire Broadbent used those exact words? Think, now," judicially enough says Carter.

"His very words — many times."

"And did you ever hear him say that there had been many forms of government in the world better on paper than found to be in practice?"

Bray would not swear to this: odds that he knew not half what the words implied.

"Nor that he wished some of our statesmen might go abroad for study?"

"I cannot swear to the words there either, so ye insist upon my sticking to very words; but I shall swear you often as ye like, that such hath ever been the Squire's true wish, be his mere words whatever they might be. He hath a kind heart, hath Squire Broadbent, and (though I cannot swear I ever heard it) I dare take oath he hath enough good will about him to wish for all men, statesmen among the rest, leisure and means for travel."

Morris and I enjoyed this alone it would appear. It gave me heart, and I made bold to ask: "And, honest Bray, have you not heard me say that the hey-day of Kings and monarchies was set?"

"Aye, Squire, not longer since than a week Tuesday when ye did dine with the great company in my best parlor, when, though I be not the one should say it, the dinner was done to the Queen's taste — nay, nay, I meant not that — but that —" The end of his remark was drowned by roars of laughter.

Before the proper order was restored, the tooting of the horn alarmed us of the unexpected coming of the coach, whereat the company was on its feet, and little hope was left of getting aught tangible and pertinent from the good landlord, who, true to his life principle, that comfort and good cheer went before all things, had burst, at the first toot, forth of the Court room, to wake his retinue of stable boys and servants.

Presently entered my old and honored friends, John Adams and John Jay, and at a word from Morris, the Court and Clerk and the whole pack

of the attenders upon Justice, were ordered to adjourn.

"But of this suspected, nay, this confessed traitor?" says Mr. Carter.

"He shall be found whenever and wherever Justice and Law require him — on my recognizance," answers my neighbor, Jay, whose word then and thereafter it was not even for a Justice Carter to call in question.

We were forthwith about to seek a smaller private room, when who but Caleb Wilberforce whispers to me: "Suffer me in thy name to perpetrate a coup."

I smiled consent, whereupon the worthy man announced in a loud voice: "Good people all, I am desired by Squire Nathaniel Broadbent to bid you now make merry, at his charges, he having been the cause that ye have all fared forth so bad a night. And worthy Master Bray," addressing the beaming host who now came in, "see that these gentlemen be served according to the reputation which your house hath ever borne — on pain of the displeasure of Squire Broadbent." A burst of shouting and cheering welcomed this announcement. I said, "I wish you all a good night, gentlemen," and so we four or five withdrew. Howbeit the end was not yet come to this fiasco.

(To be continued.)

WHEN SORROW COMES, REMEMBER ME.

Laugh and be happy, friend, care-free,
Enjoy the bright days while they last;
But when the sky is overcast,
And sorrow comes remember me.

Yes, I would have it so; be glad
And thoughtless, and my love forget,
For I would spare you, friend, regret;—
But come to me when you are sad.

Ah! when you need me I would fain
Be near to share your grief and loss;
To help you bear life's heavy cross,
And shield you from all care and pain!

Henry Coyle.

OUR COUNTRY LIFE, AGAIN.

By John T. Kenney.

The grave indictment against our country life, so lightly and yet withal so boldly and even defiantly presented recently in these columns, and still more recently referred to and yet more confidently reiterated, assumed and accepted, both in prose and verse, has stirred the somewhat sluggish current of thought and feeling in me to an unwonted depth.

"Void of beauty; void of grace; void of happiness; void of prosperity; void even of virtue," is the broad and sweeping characterization of our condition, who live in the country, made in her prose article, by that able contributor to the August and November numbers of our magazine, Miss M. T. Elder.

"What benefit does the country lad derive from an education that unfits him for the plough, etc.," somewhat impatiently asks the philanthropic and estimable Miss Desmond, in an earnest discussion of the causes of this assumed condition, in the latter number.

Verily, this is strong language, and a startling characterization of our country life and conditions by Miss Elder; but if true, Miss Desmond's question at least is, it would surely seem, at once relieved from every vestige of doubt and difficulty. "It would probably get him out of this utterly vile and wholly irredeemable portion of our national domain known as 'the country,'" Miss Desmond; and thus save him from a life void of beauty, grace, happiness, prosperity and virtue, would it not, Miss Elder? And surely all will admit that anything, whatever else it may or may not do, which saves anyone from such a life, would be both an infinitely great benefit and an infinitely great blessing as well to that person.

But before we proceed further with the discussion of the causes of this assumed condition, suppose we examine a little further the evidence upon which the claim is based: that this assumed condition does actually exist. And what is this evidence? And who are these witnesses who testify so lugubriously about us all—with the single exception of the quiet Cajians of Louisiana—about our lives, our characters, our hopes and our homes?

The first and most formidable witness claimed to be notoriously against us, is that characterless nondescript known as "popular literature," whom we are gravely and frankly assured never refers to us except in such terms of pity or contempt as "the discontented farmer," "the mortgaged farmer," "the poor hay-seed," "the country jake," "clod hopper," "yahoo," "moss back," etc., etc.

The second and third bits of evidence are not of the nature of direct testimony, but circumstantial merely, and consist of inferences assumed to be necessarily drawn, first from a chance pleasantry in a familiar old play, which although never before set up by any one, I suppose, as a specimen of classic perfection or standard for dramatic critics and criticism, was yet, nevertheless, taken as a whole, reasonably popular with the general public for rather more than the usual number of seasons; and second, from a chance remark of a blank character, in a not well known novel, the name of which is not given. And even this chance remark we are not given the opportunity of construing for ourselves, since our accuser does not even take the trouble to give us the

exact words, but only the "gist of them," as she claims.

The next three witnesses for the prosecution, and the last, are first a hard-pressed newspaper hack, who hides behind the convenient though scarcely celebrated or even widely known pseudonym of "Bab"; second, a disgruntled politician without a party, J. Sterling Morton, and finally a certain Virginia gentleman who, although no doubt eminently respectable, is certainly all unknown to fame, one Dr. W. C. Stubbs, now of Louisiana. All these bear more or less direct though accidental testimony to our discredit. And this is all, excepting a couple of alleged facts, to which our attention is repeatedly called, to wit: That the "princely Southern planter," and the "big Western farmer," and the "lordly wheat-raiser" have disappeared from the country, and that official statistics show that our urban population is increasing about six times as fast as our rural population, which it is claimed is the strongest commentary and the most damning evidence of all of our deep and diabolical guilt and shame.

And upon this fragmentary, flimsy and unstable foundation a superstructure of the broadest generalization is at once sought to be erected. Where a motion for a non-suit only would be in order by reason of the evidence being clearly and wholly insufficient to make a case, final judgment is at once entered instead, and only when sentence has been passed and the black cap drawn, as it were, upon the scaffold of our sense, virtue and honor, is our poor, startled and perhaps somewhat over confident, but yet ever patriotic, hopeful and whole-souled Fourth of July orator called upon to plead our cause, if he dare! Well, even at this late hour, nothwithstanding his surprised and disconcerted condition, let him, if not in person at least by proxy, be briefly and charitably heard.

What if we have been called "mortgaged moss backs," "discontented hay seeds," and all the rest of the catalogue of enumerated epithets, by every political or other petty penny-a-liner that ever pandered to the vile tastes of a conceited metropolitan mob of ill-bred, ignorant and prejudiced readers? Does this make it so? And are we after all the only ones that have ever suffered from such poor, conscienceless, corporation-paid pens?

Don't you think the inferences you draw from Joshua's joke, — at the expense after all of ornamental policemen, lobby-retaining bondholders and kindred aristocratic but nevertheless merely parasitical city loafers, and not at the expense of the country at all,— are rather too far fetched and inconsequential for serious consideration, as well as the like inferences, drawn from the half forgotten remark of the blank character in the unknown novel of Octave Thanet? Don't you remember that poor Joshua was after all a country product to be distinctly proud of? And more than a match, in the end, for the city bred ruffians, thugs and thieves that beset him?

But what of that scathing arraignment made against our country life and our country people by J. Sterling Morton, he of political-made agricultural fame in the days of the Great Grover dynasty. What escape is there from that? We need not trouble ourselves any more at all, I think, about him or his arraignment. Like that "great dynasty" of which for a brief time he formed a more or less inconspicuous part, he has passed into "innocuous desuetude." The people, country and city alike, have made a "scathing arraignment" of J. Sterling Morton since then. As a candidate for University Regent in Nebraska at the recent election, some of these "shiftless, improvident, uncouth, unprosperous and worst of all—unkind people" had an opportunity, which they did not fail to improve, of ex-

pressing their opinion in a public, emphatic, and happily, I hope, final manner of him also, and—but the passing of J. Sterling Morton so recently, so unpretentiously but yet so certainly, makes it of course unnecessary that I should waste any further words upon the unjust, unfounded and unproved vaporings of his brief but yet sadly erratic official career.

But finally, through the medium of the aforesaid Dr. W. C. Stubbs, one single solitary group of country people is found who come up to the standard of what we country people in general, in our critic's opinion apparently, everywhere should be — "the Cajians of Louisiana." And what is the basis of all the wonderful contentment, happiness, prosperity, virtue and honor which we are enthusiastically assured is so lavishly enjoyed by them?

"They hold to their farms and hand them down from grand sire to grand son in continued succession."

And is this what you have all this time been so diligently leading up to? Is this the theory of country life and land tenure that you most admire, and would fain see come into general use and favor in this country, together with the "landed aristocracy" whose disappearance you so much deplore? Is this the way the "happy peasantry" and "rural gentry" without which country life is so dull and drear to you, are to be supplied?

God forbid. That was the form of land tenure all through the chaotic feudal ages. That is the form of land tenure in Ireland and Russia to-day. It produced and is producing "rural gentry" in name at least if in nothing else, it is true, but at the expense of a very unhappy and unfortunate peasantry indeed. Oh no, we want neither that system in this country, nor that poor spirited, down trodden, uneducated and ambitionless peasantry which it begets.

But the "princely Southern planter" is gone! Well, so is the slave that made him such. Do you wish to see your African brother again in bondage? Or is the price of this princely elegance a trifle too high after all? but the "big Western farmer" and "lordly wheat raiser," what of them? The millionaire, coupon-clipping bondholder, the monopoly-made capitalist, the trust-protected manufacturer and other special-legislation-fed classes and corporations have absorbed him, it is true, and night and day patiently but persistently they are straining every nerve to bend the neck of his humbler successor finally and forever beneath the yoke of their venal power and control, I grant you.

But I am in danger of turning aside here into a political argument instead of finishing an unpretentious attempt at a brief reply to a few much vaunted and loudly proclaimed assertions that touch a few millions of us to the quick. Miss Elder wisely refrained from directly discussing the political aspect of her "studious outlook upon our rural conditions," and although sorely tempted to do so at this point, yet I scorn to leave the circumscribed arena she has selected to enter, and from which she so confidently sends forth her challenge to the world.

There yet remains the proposition that the increase in our urban population in the last one hundred years or so, has been at a ratio to the increase in our rural population in the same time of at least six — if not sixteen — to one.

Well, assuming that to be a fact, is it necessarily such a portentous one as you would have us believe? Are all the dark forebodings and fearful misgivings founded upon it by you necessarily to be verified by us in the future after all? How many causes have contributed to this result, and what are these causes? Is not the principal reason for it to be found in the fact that the great tide of immigration from foreign lands, that has been constantly pouring into this country during all these years, has

naturally lodged its vast hordes of humanity mainly in its first great stopping places,—our large cities—and thus disproportionately to the surrounding country increased their population?

But you say our young people born in the country are frequently unwilling to remain there, and instead are constantly going up by the thousands to grapple with the unknown dangers and perils, the hard and turbulent life of our great cities. Very true; but don't you know that these same young people are rather more successful than any other class in the world in their struggle with this same hard and turbulent life? Go into the great business houses, churches, or offices of any of our great cities and ask the merchant princes, the celebrated divines, the great editors, artists and professional men whom you find there, where they were born and reared, and they will almost invariably tell you away off somewhere in some quiet and peaceful, though perhaps obscure and unassuming country village or farm.

That the great men of the cities, of the nation, of the world, almost without exception, have been born and bred in the country is undisputed. Look through the history of the world, for universally accepted great men born and reared in cities, and you will look in vain. Out in the balmy air and under the blue skies of the wide country where are birds and flowers, emblems of purity, joyousness and truth, there great men are born and nurtured, and there alone.

But have we any great or good men in the United States any more? asks our persevering and determined critic —any really great men at all either in church or state, in public or private life?

"Yes, let us face the fact. Is there any really respectable rural community in the whole United States today that any one can point to with pride?" is the crowning taunt and final query of our captious and pessimistic urban observer. To these plain and blunt, if not—putting it very mildly—bold and arrogant questions, I deem it necessary to make an equally plain and direct reply.

Open your eyes, misanthrope! Look about you—everywhere, anywhere in this broad land, and cease from idle questioning and morbid moralizing, until you have enlarged the sphere of your mental vision sufficiently to obtain true and unprejudiced views of men and life.

Men of as high character, of as great ability, of as noble and unselfish lives, are struggling in our behalf, and in behalf of all humanity, in this nation to-day, and in every field of high endeavor and heroic action open to them, as have ever lived and labored in any cause, in all the history of this wide world. Men whose characters and abilities need no defense from my poor pen. Men in city and country, in church and state, in public and private life alike, whose high and noble purposes, frank, manly characters and manners, and open and exalted daily lives, are the most eloquent refutation of this charge that can possibly be made.

As for our rural life, do you say that we who live in the country have small opportunity to cultivate the minor social graces and small accomplishments of one kind or another so necessary to the happiness and contentment of the average drawing room dude, shallow dandy and dissipated club man of our cities? If so I grant it you. Do you say that out of the great abundance of material, good things produced, and given to the world by our patient industry and quiet lives in the country, that we have not received our due share or fair proportion; that we have been fleeced by scheming and unscrupulous men and corporations who have secured unjust legislation, made unjust combinations, created, built up and preserved unjust institutions, monopolies and trusts against us, and that we are

consequently poorer and less prosperous than as a class we should be? If so, again I grant it you.

But if you say that there is neither virtue, kindness, hospitality, religion, happiness or love of home in our rural communities, in the name of millions of industrious, faithful, intelligent, loving and unselfish husbands and sons—in the name of millions of noble, kindly, gracious, hospitable, Christian mothers, wives and daughters, whom you cruelly and unjustly criticise and condemn, I deny the charge—most emphatically spurn and deny it. "Where are they to be found?" In every community, rural or urban, without exception, from Passamaquoddy to Lower California, from Puget Sound to the Everglades some of them are to be found.

In conclusion, my friend, if you say you have not yet seen the greatness or unselfishness of any of these exalted leaders, the graces, virtues, fervent spirituality, and therefore happiness, of any of these humbler lives, let me ask—did it ever occur to you that the fault was not perhaps so much in them, and what they are, as in the eyes through which you looked?

THE SECRET OF THE STATUE.

In an old studio, fame-garlanded,
A fair, mysterious statue once had place,
With long hair shrouding its averted face,
And on each graceful foot a wing wide-spread.
"'Tis a mask'd Mercury!" quoth one. "Nay," said
The sculptor: "This is Opportunity.
Men know him not too oft, when him they see
Because of his veiled face, averted head."

"But why these wings upon his lovely feet?"
"Because," the grave-eyed master made response:
"He cometh ever upon pinions fleet,
To flee as swiftly. He can come but once;
And once departed, unembraced by men,
None can o'ertake or urge him back again."

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

A PLEA FOR A REVIVAL OF COOPER.

By Edwin Lyell Earle.

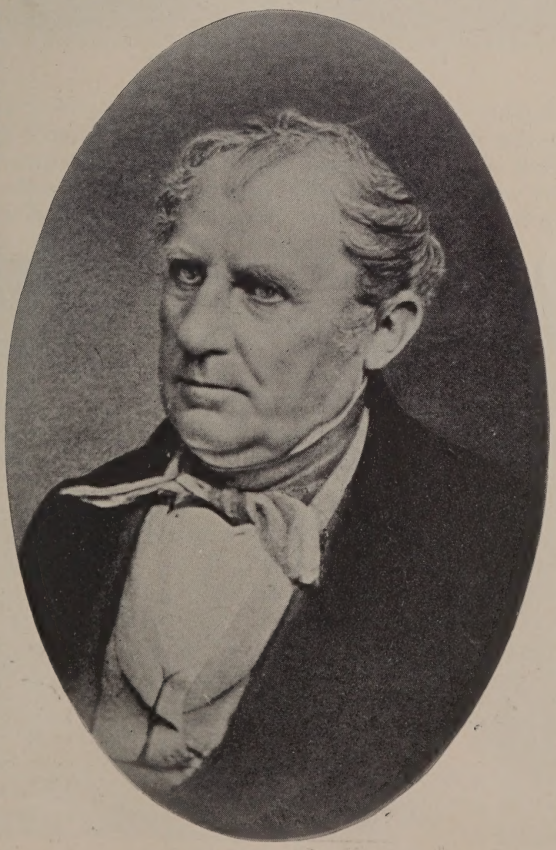
In the quiet, placid valley of Otsego sleeps, literally sleeps, the quaint old village of Cooperstown. For almost two centuries it has slept on, and bids fair to continue long its blissful state of repose.

Nature, however, is far from being indolent in this beautiful region. Left almost unexplored, and practically uninjured by the wasting hand of progress, she even now revels, as in the days of Fenimore Cooper, through forest and glade, over lake and lagoon, in all her native grandeur.

But even this wealth of beauty serves not to arouse the indifferent resident. Nature, or Nature's God, never errs in essentials. All this primeval beauty could not be lost forever to humanity, and so was raised up a high priest to minister at her shrine and herald her glories to an expectant world. This child of election was James Fenimore Cooper.

However, not even his glory nor the fame he has brought to the grand old Otsego Valley rouses the dreamy dwellers of the Leather Stocking region. The fact is they are beauty sick and Cooper glutted; and this for a very truth. Verily, "Fame is but a fitful builder."

The reason of this may be that many of the older generation remember Cooper as he was in everyday life among them; and a prophet in his own country, and the rest, is true here. The younger generation, however, begins to see a halo of glory around the massive brow of the whilom dweller at Otsego Hall.

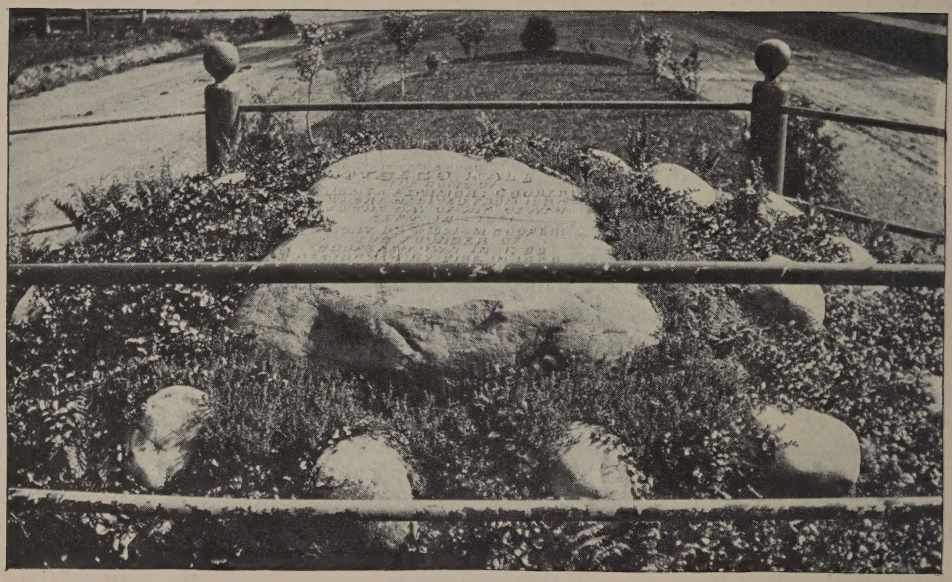


James Fenimore Cooper.

But holy is the spot to the reverent; and so long as aught of the native pride remains they will cherish the scenes which inspired the first great American tales in the incomparable Leather Stocking Series.

It matters but little to us where Cooper was born and studied; but it means much to know whence he drew the inspiration for his great novels.

On September the 15th, 1789, he was born at Burlington, New Jersey. and



ROCK MARKING SITE OF OTSEGO HALL.

while still an infant, was carried by his parents to the present site of Cooperstown. Here he passed his childhood, with the vast forest around him, stretching up the mountains that overlooked the lake, and far beyond in a region where the Indian yet roamed, and the white hunter, half Indian in his dress and mode of life, sought his game. A region in which

LEATHER STOCKING FALLS.

OTSEGO LAKE, THE "GLIMMERGLASS."

the bear and the wolf were yet hunted, and the panther, more formidable than either, lurked in the thickets; and tales of wandering in the wilderness and encounters with these fierce animals beguiled the length of the winter nights. Of this place, Cooper, although early removed from it to pursue his studies, was an occasional resident throughout his life, and here his last years were wholly passed.

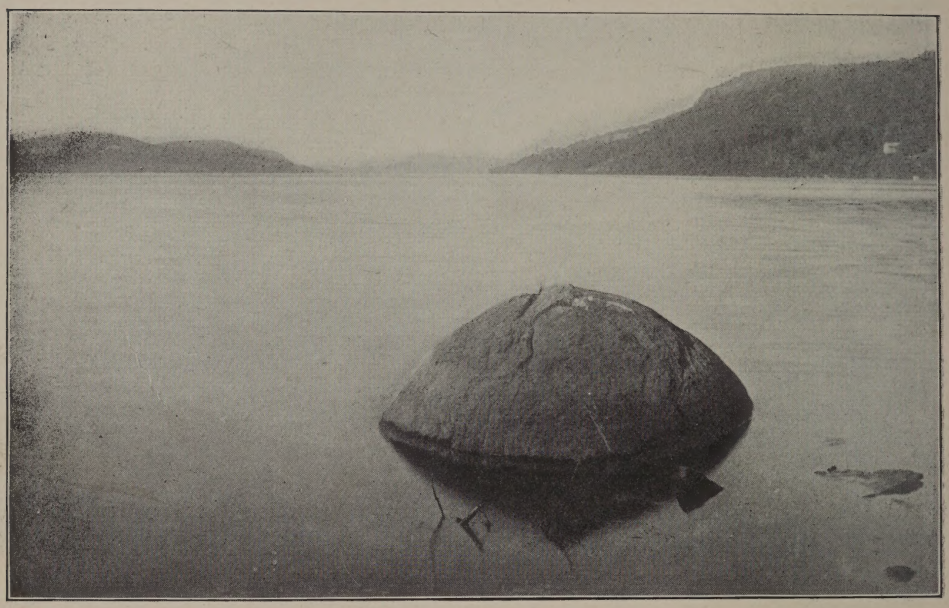
Cooper went to regular schools but little. He had a higher and more effectual tutor than men. He spent some years at the village schools, a short time with a Rev. Mr. Ellison at Albany, and, later on, three years at Yale College. But the while his fertile imagination was teeming with possible creations, and he could no longer brook the arbitrary rules of scholastics.

At sixteen he suddenly left Yale and sought a wider field of experience. Genius like, he must know whereof he was to write. For six years he followed the sea, as a common sailor, cadet and midshipman. His personal and practical contact with things nautical was to furnish him material for his naval stories, the first and best written by an American.

At twenty-two he married a Miss Susan DeLancy — quite a natural thing for a man to do — but for everyone a very momentous. It was she who encouraged him to print his first novel, "Precaution," which won for him quite a position as a writer. Its literary genesis was thuswise:

He was reading a then popular English novel to Mrs. Cooper, who possessed a keen literary taste, and as a result of their animadversions on the work, he said, "I believe I could write a better story myself," and immediately composed a chapter of the projected work. His friendly critic encouraged him to finish it, and when finished to publish, with the result that to-day we have the gold-garnered fruitage of his mind ripened by the quickening smile of life.

Of his works, however, it is our intention to speak more at length later. In 1826, Cooper and his wife sailed for Europe and remained abroad seven years, the while hoarding up treasures



THE ROCK OF COUNCIL.

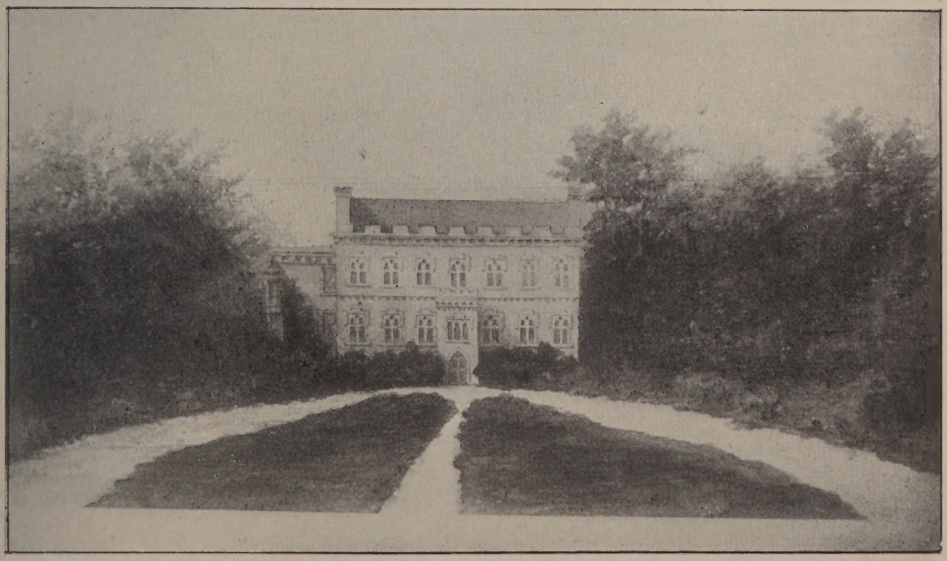
afterwards to be woven into his works on travel. Soon after his return from abroad he became a resident of the village of Cooperstown, and to this day is its great and solitary glory.

The following is a pen picture of the man, by one of the oldest and ablest editors of New York State and a friend and acquaintance of Cooper: "The first time I saw Cooper was at one of his daily visits to the Journal office, on his way to get his morning mail. As was his wont he paced up and down the room nervously, now and then making a remark to Colonel Prentiss on some topic of local or national importance. Being but a boy, I looked at Cooper with awe, mingled with a species of worship, for he was the most read and sought after writer of the day. He was a large, massive-looking man, apparently very overbearing and self-satisfied in his manner, and entirely unlike some of the gentler, but not less able, writers of almost the same period, such as Holmes, Lowell and even the rugged Emerson. The fact is that Cooper was shunned by his fellow townsmen, and it was to only a few of the elect that his better and more genial nature was ever known. As William Cullen Bryant said of him in his funeral oration, 'Of his failings I have said little—such as he had were obvious to the world

MISS SUSAN COOPER. LAST OF THE FAMILY.

COOPER'S MOTHER.

and lay on the surface of his character.' Those who knew him least made the most account of them. His character was like the bark of the cinnamon, a rough and astringent rind without, and an intense sweetness within. In short, Cooper was one of those who to be loved must be intimately known."



OTSEGO HALL, WHERE COOPER LIVED AND DIED.

"Vel ipsi dii emoriuntur."

In 1850, after a period of almost superhuman activity, the giant began to fail, and on September 14th, 1851, he was summoned to his eternal rest.

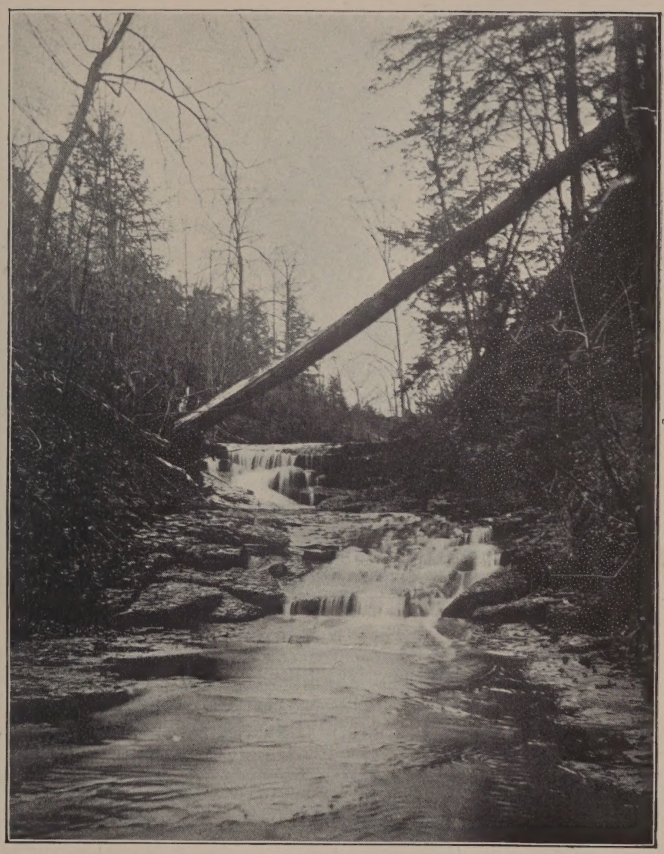
His death called forth the most widespread and sincere expressions of regret. He had been the personal friend of almost all the great literary lights of the day and all deeply mourned his sudden passing. His body reposes in the quiet little churchyard of Christ Church at Cooperstown by the side of his beloved wife, who survived him scarcely a year. And here the devout pilgrim may kiss the cross that is kept ever white on the weather-grimed slab above his mortal remains.

At a public meeting held the same year at the New York City Hall was present the literary mind of the nation: Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, George Bancroft, Nathaniel P. Willis and others. A fund was then started for a monument which now graces Lakewood Cemetery near Cooperstown. Like a silent sentinel it stands guard over the beautiful lake, almost directly opposite the famous Mohican Canon and within sight and sound of the grim entrance to the Horseshoe Cave and the hoarse murmur of Leather Stocking Falls. The monument is of white Italian marble resting on a base six feet square. The shaft, including the base, die, and cap from which it rises is about twenty-five feet in height and is surmounted by a richly carved Corinthian capital. The four sides of the die are beautifully sculptured in bold relief; the front with the name of Fenimore Cooper surrounded by a wreath of oak branches, the latter woven with acorns, one falling and another fallen; the north side with appropriate naval devices, the anchor, oars crossed, commander's sword and spyglass; the south side with Indian emblems, such as bow and arrows and quivers, lance, with scalp locks attached, tomahawk and necklace of bears' claws; on the east side are literary emblems, books and manuscript, with the student's lamp just extinguished, an inkstand the pen from which has just been

LEATHER STOCKING CAVE.

seized and borne aloft by an eagle. On the capital stands the statuette of Leather Stocking, four and a half feet high, representing him in the act of loading his rifle and gazing intently in the direction of the game, while the dog by his side looks anxiously into his master's face, waiting for permission to bound away.

His memory is deathless in Cooperstown. The family is now practically extinct. Cooper's only surviving daughter Susan, who is seventy-six years of age, lives in a cottage built out of the material taken from Cooper's first home; but his name shall never die. The streets, the schools, the lake, and the forests, even the children's names all savor of Cooper, and while the older generation professes to be Cooper-sick, the younger are doing all in their power to honor the memory of America's first great novelist. And if the signs count for anything a revival of Cooper is at hand; and we say devoutly, let it come.



MOHICAN CANON.

Cooper's first great novel, "The Spy," appeared at the very dawn of American literature. The concluding number of Dana's "Idle Man," a work neglected at first, but now numbered among the best things of the kind in our language, was issued in the same month. The "Sketch Book" was just then completed. The world was admiring it, and its author was meditating "Bracebridge Hall." Miss Sedgwick about the same time made her first essay in that charming series of novels of domestic life in New England, which have gained her so high a reputation. William Cullen Bryant in the same year had printed at Cambridge a small, duodecimo volume of his poem entitled "The Ages," and half a dozen shorter ones. The press of Great Britain was also issuing works still read and admired. Barry Cornwall had just published his "Marcia Collonna." Byron, in the full strength and fertility of his genius, gave the readers of English his tragedy of "Marino Faliero." "The Spy" had to sustain a comparison with Scott's "Antiquary," published simultaneously with it, and with Lockhart's "Valerius," which is certainly one of the most remarkable works of fiction ever composed.

COOPER'S MONUMENT.

No American book had at that time received so extended and favorable reception. Despite the facts that the hero filled the ignoble office of a spy, Harvey Burch became at once a type for subsequent writers. This work

WHERE COOPER IS BURIED.

within the author's lifetime was translated into every tongue that possessed a living literature.

In 1823, Cooper published "The Pioneer," the first novel of the Leather Stocking series. It is in "The Pioneer" that Leather Stocking himself makes his first appearance. A philosopher of the woods, ignorant of books, but instructed in all that nature without the aid of science could reveal to the man of quick sense and inquiring intellect, whose life had been passed under the open sky and in companionship with a race whose animal perceptions are the acutest and most cultivated of which there is any example. But Leather Stocking has higher qualities. In him there is a gentler blending of the virtues of the civilized man with the better nature of the aboriginal tribes. All that in them is noble, generous and ideal is adopted into his own kindly character, and all that is evil is rejected. It is not necessary that I attempt an analysis of a character so familiar. Leather Stocking is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the noblest as well as most striking and original creations of fiction. In some of his subsequent novels, Cooper, for he had not yet attained to the full maturity of his powers, heightened and ennobled his first conception of the character, but in "The Pioneers" it dazzled the world with the splendor of novelty. In the "Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer," we have a further evolution of this unique character, and the first correct, though somewhat idealized, portrait of the American Indian and the scenes that could be found alone in the then wild border regions of "The Glimmerglass." The Leather Stocking Series did not appear chronologically as named above, but artist like, Cooper kept at his original conception, till the character evolved itself into the humanly perfect. There is a healthful tone about these works that must give them a lasting place in our literature. It is true that in this day of the morbid and exaggerated character analysis and sickly-sentiment novel the masculine plot and bold, clearly defined personages are passed by with disdain; but this series at least of Cooper's works shall have a permanent place in our literature when the fad novel of the day shall have been everlastingly forgotten.

Cooper's naval stories were appearing at intervals and "The Pilot," "The Red Rover," "The Water Witch," "The Two Admirals," and "The Wing-and-Wing" and others were winning him a lasting place as a writer of the sea. His nautical tales possess all the interest of his pioneer novel and make him the father of American literature in this domain.

But not even these exhausted his creative energy,—almost a score of works on travels abroad and subjects of general interest fill up the roster of this man's productions. In summing up his work, Hilliard, an able critic, thus speaks of him in the Atlantic Monthly: "The novels of Cooper and the dates of their publication cover a period of thirty years, beginning with 'Precaution,' in 1820, and ending with 'The Ways of the Hour,' in 1850. The production of thirty-two volumes in thirty years is honorable to his creative energy as well as to the systematic industry of his habits. But even these do not constitute the whole of his literary labors during these twenty-nine years. We must add five volumes of naval history and biography, ten volumes of travels and sketches in Europe and a large amount of occasional and controversial writing, most of which is now hidden away in that huge wallet wherein Time puts its alms for oblivion. His literary productions, other than his novels, would alone be enough to save him from the reproach of idleness. In estimating a writer's claims to honor and remembrance the quantity as well as the quality of his works should be taken into account."

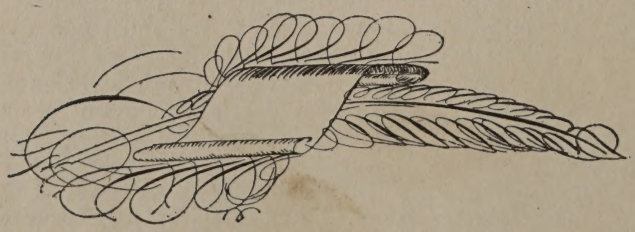
Cooper's style was often careless,

rugged and wild, like the man who wrote, and the men and scenes whereof he wrote. He is always long in getting at the interest of his narrative. The progress of the plot, at first, is like that of one of his own vessels of war, slowly, heavily, even awkwardly working out of harbor. We are impatient and weary. But when the vessel is once in the open sea and feels the full breath of heaven in her sheets, our delight and admiration are all the greater at the grace, the majesty with which she divides and bears down the waves and pursues her course at will over the great waste of waters.

Cooper, like Scott, possessed in an eminent degree those qualities of narrative that enabled him to interest the greatest number of readers. He wrote not for the fastidious, the over refined, the morbidly delicate; for these find in his genius something too robust for their liking, something by which their sensibilities are too rudely shaken. He wrote for mankind at large, for men and women in the ordinary healthful state of feeling, and in their admiration he found his reward. It is this fact which compels all the large libraries to have on hand so many copies of his works. In New York alone forty copies are registered.

Cooper has his faults, many and grave. But they are more than counterbalanced by his excellencies. His sincerity of purpose, his deep religious sense and moral rectitude, make his novels safe even for the child, while his devotion to America and American subjects gives him an undying claim to our appreciation. And, as I remarked above, if ever signs count for anything, a revival of Cooper is at hand, and I say, devoutly, let it come.

NOTE.—The cuts used in this article are from Telfer's studio, Cooperstown. The artist has given years to portraying Cooper-scenes, and they may be had of him at a moderate price by all lovers of our pioneer American novelist.



"RATTY, THE DAGO."

By John A. Schetty.

"Ratty the Dago" — they called him, down in the miserable alley where he lived — not from any desire to be unkind, for these tenement house dwellers are far from being unsympathetic folk — but rather because it was the best they could make of his Italian name. When Vincenzo Ferrati, fresh from his native Rome, had taken up his abode among them, there were many who looked askance upon the new acquisition, for it was deemed by the social leaders of the place that to permit a foreigner of his stamp to reside among them, was to lower the tone of the place irreparably. "Them Eyetalians wud ruin the house," said Mrs. Gallagher, who rented two rooms on the first floor, which sentiment the German tenant above confirmed by announcing "Shoost as dey de guntry have ruined."

But such sentiments having no influence on real estate agents, Vincenzo came — and when Mrs. Gallagher saw his woebegone face, with its lines of deep-set grief, sorrow in his lustrous eyes, her warm Irish heart went out at once to the solitary stranger, and without more ado, she had bustled him in and made him have a hot cup of tea and some buttered bread; and Vincenzo, seeking to be grateful, had thanked her with his expressive eyes as eloquently as he could have done with his lips, and sitting there, had looked so pleased, and withal so — forlorn, that Mrs. Gallagher could not repress a tear, which she forthwith endeavored to hide, by shaking a "Gallagher, Jr.," with tremendous energy for no apparent reason at all. Then, to complete matters, she had gone up to the new lodger's room and set about arranging Vincenzo's things.

Poor fellow — his things were very scant indeed, and took little time to arrange; a palette and brushes such as artists use, a small statue of the Madonna which he placed reverently on the mantel shelf, and lastly, a small photograph of a child with large lustrous eyes like his own completed the list. He gazed at the latter long and earnestly, and when a tear rolled unheeded down his cheek, Mrs. Gallagher had stolen away to her apartments, the firm friend and champion of the newcomer. How little she suspected the pathos that picture hid! Standing there, all alone in a strange land, with no knowledge of the language or anything else, Vincenzo felt miserably lonely; but looking at the picture, other thoughts came to him, and he forgot all but the memories it recalled. Three short months ago — how different. Ah, if he could only reverse the wheels of Time, — how happy he might be; poor little Nina — she was living then, — to see her, talk to her and hear her childish laughter, was no privilege then.

How priceless that past life seemed, now that it was gone forever, and how well he remembered every detail of it; how he had eked out a living as a sort of guide for the tourists forever thronging the Eternal City, — a scanty one it is true, — but which had sufficed for their modest needs. There were only Nina and he, and yet how happy they had been; Vincenzo was forever buying some little thing for her, and Nina on her part was always preparing some surprise for him. What a great day it had been, when he had brought home the little statue of the Madonna, purchased out of his scanty savings, — how little Nina had clapped her hands and called him her dear "Cenzo" a thousand times; and

how he had promised her that when he became a rich man, he would buy her ever so much more than that, to which she listened as gravely as though it were the most likely thing in the world.

Alas, how quickly it had all changed. Would he ever forget that fearful day, when coming home with some little dainty, he found his little Nina looking far from well, looking very ill in fact; the mere memory of it made his heart throb with pain.

"Thou art tired, little one; thou must not work so hard for thy Cenzo any more, else he will have no little Nina left to love him," he had said, playfully pinching her pale cheek. How cold it was — that deathlike touch frightened him.

"Thou art ill, little one," he said, taking her hands in his and pressing them fondly, "but to-morrow will see thee well again, and then Nina will go to the Basilica and see all the lights and flowers and all the finely dressed ladies and hear the music of the Festa, —eh, caro mio?" But poor little Nina, usually overjoyed at such a proposal, only smiled in a strange, listless sort of way as she said, "I am very tired, mio Cenzo — oh, so tired," and then she had remained gazing at him intently until finally she had dropped off into a restless sleep.

She had bustled him in and made him have a hot cup of tea.

Poor lad, he had remained at her side all through the long, ghostly hours of the night, watching the flushed face burning with fever, — watched the slumber, at times so still and deathlike that he had stooped down and kissed her cheek in an agony of fear, and the lustrous eyes opening to gaze at him in that strange sort of way had reassured him; and the gray dawn, stealing in, had found him overcome with weariness, crouched at the foot of the bed, asleep.

The next day bringing no change Vincenzo had brought in Donna Maria, a neighbor, who thought he should summon a doctor; and only when the physician, looking very grave, had told them to be prepared for the worst, as this was one of those dread diseases, common nowadays, which hurry the victim to death with but little preparation, had the full horror of it all burst upon him. Even the physician, accustomed as he was to scenes of death, was moved to pity; for at the word "Death" poor Vincenzo's faculties seemed to desert him, leaving him apparently oblivious of what the good doctor was saying. The coming of the priest, who arrived shortly after, was like a dream in consequence, as was the kind sympathy of the few neighbors, who reverently stole in to assist at the sacred rites. It was only when happening to catch sight of the little Madonna that the floodgates of his soul were loosed, and falling on his knees before it, he had prayed as he never prayed before. Surely the good God would have mercy — surely that dear Madonna whom they both revered, would avert the dread calamity and spare dear little Nina, whose existence had twined itself round his heart so firmly that to tear it away meant to blight it forever! Surely God would have compassion, for was she not his all? No kith nor kin in the wide world, save her, to love!

Thus Donna Maria, seeking, had found him; and he, obeying the summons, had gone forth to that other room, where all were filled with the presence of Death. The priest was preparing to administer the last rites, and Nina, who had been lying very still, suddenly opening her eyes, large and bright with the approach of death, called him to her.

"Dear Cenzo, where art thou?" she murmured feebly.

"Here, here, little one; dost thou not know thine own brother?" cried the poor lad between his sobs, and covering the little outstretched hand with passionate kisses.

"Surely I could never forget thee, dear one," murmured the child, "not even were I to die."

"Hush!" he cried, "speak not of dying — God cannot be so cruel — think of it — if I were never to see thee again, — couldst thou bear to leave me, thou whom I love so much?"

"Poor Cenzo," she said, very gently, and laying her hand on his bowed head, — "poor Cenzo."

Then the priest administered the sacraments, amid the solemn silence, and departed. As the hours grew, the neighbors dropped off one by one, leaving only Cenzo and Donna Maria. Once the child, who had been tossing restlessly from side to side, cried out, "Cenzo mio — I am so sick, — so very sick," and he, springing to her side, cried out in anguish "Art thou suffering so much, my poor little one? Oh, God, can nothing help her?" for Nina, weak and faint, fell back murmuring, "So sick, Cenzo, so sick." It was agony to watch her, and worse to stay away, and to have to stand by utterly helpless was torture beyond words; yet it had to be borne, and for four long hours the watchers at the bedside knelt, awaiting the summons.

Just as the gray dawn was stealing in, the eyes of the child opened and meeting those of her brother gazed at him long and earnestly; then stretching forth her hands, she cried in a clear voice, "Cenzo, I am going to the Festa. Addio."

And Cenzo, seizing the cold white hand, and kissing it with an agony he could not repress, found Nina had gone.

Thinking of these things, and being very tired and heartsick, he finally fell asleep, and thus passed his first night in the slums.

In the morning the denizens of the alley met to discuss the new arrival. True, Mrs. Gallagher, always a person

of importance, had not been heard from as yet, and the sentiments of the others would be guided largely by her opinion. Mr. Morgenroth, the German tenant, was very emphatic in his disapproval, and was just in the midst of a noisy harangue, when Mrs. Gallagher appeared. No sooner did she catch the drift of his conversation, than she swooped down on the unfortunate gentleman with a vengeance.

"The idea of treatin' a poor homesick stranger like that, Mr. Morgenroth; sure it isn't long since ye kem to the country yerself, to judge be your talk."

"But I have only yesterday heard you speak how you don't like some Italians, — is it not so?" inquired Mr. Morgenroth very feebly, as soon as he could get his breath, for he really had great respect for Mrs. Gallagher and her womanly ability.

"Ye never heard me speak a word agin the man in your life, never!" replied she, which was perfectly true, "and what's more, ye never will," which settled the matter conclusively, for the neighbors, one and all, became imbued with a spirit of tolerance for the quiet stranger, the more so as he proved to be quite different from many of his countrymen; he seemed to have no companions, and evidently made a confidant of no one. Mrs. Gallagher, who kept a quiet, unobtrusive eye upon him and showed him many little kindnesses, which he in his broken English always tried to thank her for, often had occasion when tidying up his room, to observe the picture on the mantel. He had told her in his simple way, how it was the picture of his little Nina, — how he prized it above all earthly things, — and how the sad eyes seemed to follow him wherever he would go; but he had not told her of the nightly scenes, when he would take it from its place, and gazing on it with eyes all blurred and dimmed with grief, would kiss it passionately, as he had last kissed her dead face, calling on God to give her back to him, until worn out with sorrow, and weak sometimes for lack of food, he dropped off into a dreamless sleep.

As time passed on, the good woman shrewdly guessed that things financially were not the best with him; and truth to tell, Vincenzo was having a hard time of it. At first he was at a loss what to do. The boot-blacking art of his countrymen was something not to be thought of, and yet it seemed to be the only thing left him. Day after day his fruitless search went on; down among the great warehouses, where all was life and bustle, and at the docks where great ships were being loaded with freight, it was ever the same; he wasn't wanted in any capacity; so they laughed or sneered at him or brusquely told him to get out, until tired, weary, homesick and heartsick, he wandered back to his dingy room in the alley, there to wonder why so much pain and weariness should be crowded into some human lives, and longing — oh so much, — to leave it all forever.

At last, remembering his palette and brushes, he bought a china plate and painting upon it a pretty spray, succeeded after a long, tiresome tramp, in disposing of it to an enterprising dealer, who gave him just one-fourth of what it was worth, which Vincenzo in his ignorance of our money values was very glad to get. He was enabled to dispose of several more to the same dealer, who kept him employed in this way for some time; but it was a very precarious means of livelihood at best, netting a bare hand-to-mouth existence, and when one morning he was brusquely informed that there would be no further orders for this class of work, Vincenzo felt that the end was not far off; indeed, his health began to fail him, largely from lack of proper food, and the residents of the place, noticing his pallid face, commented on it.

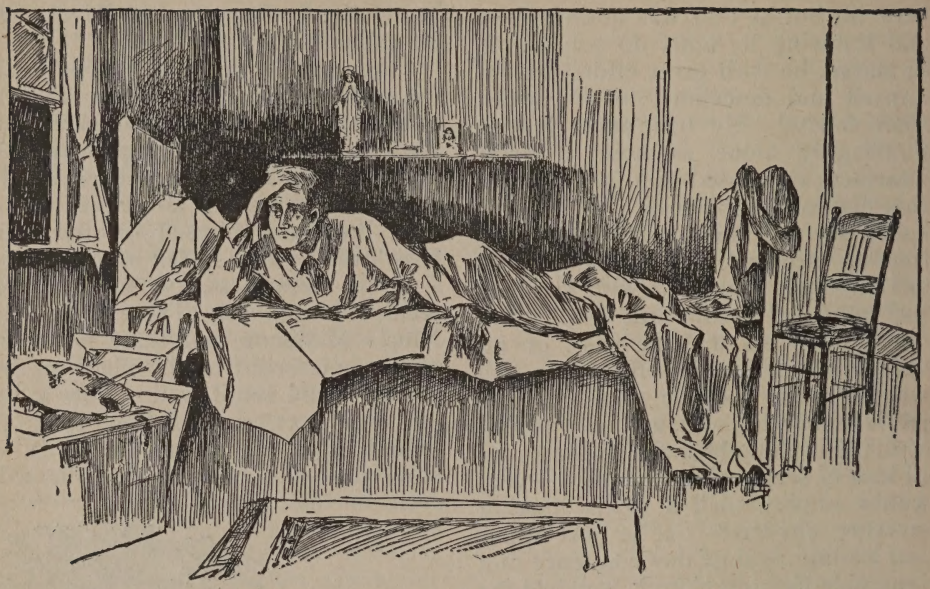
One day Vincenzo arose feeling

very ill; but as that was nothing new and knowing he must do something, or starve, he with great effort dressed himself and descended to the street. Poor fellow! He had never felt so thoroughly alone as now; a great weariness oppressed him, a weariness that makes one glad to die. How heartless it seemed, this great city with its rushing crowds, its clanging cars, its tall buildings rumbling with business and industry! How little it all cared for him or his wretchedness, or for little Nina in her far-off grave. Ah well, it would soon be over — yes, he felt it in his very soul, and he was glad of it. The thought made him give up all idea of seeking employment — who would employ such a sickly looking creature anyway? So he just stood, and leaning against the iron fence of a venerable-looking church, watched the hurrying crowds of humanity. Soon, however, a policeman came along and told him to move on; this roused him, and with feeble effort he dragged his weary way toward home.

It must have taken him a long time, for it was almost evening when he entered the alley. Ascending the stairs, he met Mrs. Gallagher, who was so affected at the sight of his wan face, that she insisted on his coming in to tea, which after feebly objecting, he did. Inside, the rooms were reeking with steam and the smell of soap, for the good woman had just finished her day's washing, but bustling about she soon had a hot cup of tea poured out for the guest, who accepted it gratefully, feeling considerably better for taking it.

"You should not tire yourself so," she said, as he was leaving for his own apartment, and for reply he shrugged his shoulders in his foreign way, and thanking her again, proceeded to his own room, where, after making a light, he flung himself on the bed. How tired he was; he felt no pain, only a great weariness, which nothing seemed to relieve. There was little Nina's Madonna and there beside it was her picture; from his place on the bed he could see it well — how sadly the eyes seemed to follow him, as though filled with some great pity — how large and lustrous they looked, even in the picture. It seemed as

"Soon, however, a policeman came along and told him to move on."



"It made him wonder if the same moon shone on Nina s grave."

though they were once more imbued with life, and dreaming thus he fell to thinking, how strange it would be to see her — all life and health, again before him. She would come and sit at his feet, just as she used to do, while he would tell her of the surprises he had in store for her and their pleasant, happy life would continue as heretofore; then dreamy, half-conscious memories of his almost forgotten parents, and incidents of his early life, passed through his mind like resurrected ghosts.

Down in the alley, a childish voice was singing "Nearer my God to Thee," while the voices of a man and woman engaged in a wrangle became audible at times; then the song ceased and even the wrangle stopped; gradually all noises subsided, only the occasional rattle of a cart over the stones breaking the stillness, and still Vincenzo dreamt on. He felt better now, as though he might dream on forever; he seemed to be drifting on, he knew not how and cared not whither; a delicious languor had taken possession of him; the cares of the morrow, of the future, for once caused him no uneasiness. Then as the hour boomed forth from a neighboring clock, the light flickered and went out, but, as if to compensate for this, a little stream of moonlight made its way through the window and rested on his head. It made him wonder if the same moon shone on Nina's grave, and the thought that perhaps it did, pleased him.

Another hour struck, and the little stream of moonlight shifted; he tried to follow it with his eyes, but the effort seemed wearisome, so he gazed at the window instead. How far away it looked, and how cold he was getting! A dim mist came before his eyes, and surrounding objects melting away, seemed to transform the room into a vast sea, o'er which he was drifting in a strange sort of craft, toward the shore; and standing there, all radiant and beautiful was, — Nina.

Slowly, almost reverently, the moonlight faded away, and the shadows changing, gave way to a cold gray dawn, which spreading its ghastly hue o'er everything, revealed the picture on the mantel — and Vincenzo, — dead.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN WASHINGTON.

By M. B. Downing.

Twenty years ago, Washington was of less relative importance to the nation generally, than the various capital cities are to the commonwealths which compose the family of the Republic. The politically or the socially ambitious, perhaps, longingly regarded the alluring charms of a residence at the seat of government, but to the great mass of the American people, the fair city by the Potomac possessed no national significance.

To-day Washington is the nerve centre of America. It is scarcely less cosmopolitan than Paris. Religion, literature, art and science have become factors that are equally as potent as statescraft and social prestige. Local eminence is nationalized and individual fame is distributed generously throughout the broad extent of the land.

Foremost among the causes that have tended to elevate our country's capital from its insignificant position, as a mere background for the intrigues of politicians and the frivolities of fashion, may be named the national centralization of educational and religious forces, so apparent during the past two decades. Mgr. O'Gorman, the scholarly bishop of Sioux Falls, once said that the present venerable head of Christendom had made America its eternal debtor by two of the greatest acts of his pontificate, that is — the founding of the Catholic University and the establishment of the Apostolic Delegation. What favors America owes to Leo XIII. in general, Washington must assume in the concrete, since Washington, most of all, has benefited by one of these wise and far-seeing mandates of the Supreme Pontiff. The foundation of the Catholic University opened the epoch of higher national education, not only along the lines of Catholicism, but in all the secular ramifications of scholarship and culture. "Leo XIII.," to use the words of the late distinguished rector of the University, Most Reverend John J. Keane, Archbishop of Damascus, "located this great institution where it seemed wisest, — at the National Capital, and he called on all friends of Christian education throughout the country and all Catholic educational institutions of the country to rally to its support and to put forth their noblest efforts for its foundation, for its development, for its support and for its attainment to the full height of its glorious mission. It was to be a living embodiment and illustration of the harmony between reason and revelation, between science and religion, between the genius of America and the Church of Christ."

The foundation of such an institution could not fail to arouse antagonism from those whose educational ideals are less lofty, but in the very clash and conflict of diverging tendencies lay the germ of the high intellectual life for which it seems predestinated.

The Catholic University is but an infant. Critics often fail to estimate this factor. Even in its divinity department, the University has completed but seven scholastic terms. Unless we except the University of Virginia there has never been an institution of learning in the United States that aspired to a true university status. There are and have been an infinitude of academies and high-class colleges. Many of our so-called universities are mere high schools. This has been a reproach to the American system of education.

The Catholic University was founded

to cover the field of universology, that is, to teach the science of the Universe and cover the whole ground of philosophy, the exact and physical sciences and sociology. In the ten years of its growth and the seven years of its teaching it has not accomplished its aim. It were an impossibility. As well might an architect be required to shelter a multitude in the working drawings of the plan of his mansion, as to expect the faculty of this institution to eliminate time and the delay of building from their problem.

But the careful observer can detect that the work and the problem of the University are being well executed. Its advent has acted as a stimulus upon all the colleges and institutions of learning throughout the country, but more particularly here at the Capital. Georgetown was the first to take up the work. For the past three years its medical school has been conducted upon a higher plane than formerly. Instead of classes conducted at night for the benefit of Government clerks, that faculty now holds its lectures during the day. The postulant for M. D. from Georgetown must be one who is ready to devote his life to the science of medicine. and must begin by devoting all his time to its study. The next course in its law school will be conducted upon the same principle. Georgetown is now contemplating the abandonment of its preparatory courses and confining the labors of its faculty to true college or undergraduate studies. It is also an announced policy to be developed in the future, that the great theological institute at Woodstock, Maryland, shall be moved to the spacious grounds now entirely occupied by the executive and collegiate departments of the institution. In its post-graduate courses Georgetown has materially advanced its curriculum. The efficient president, Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., in making up his staff of professors for the current year has drawn upon the universal talent of the Jesuit order. Foremost among these may be mentioned Father Hagen, than whom a better astronomer is not counted among living scholars. Like the great Secchi, his fame will not be confined to his country or to his time. He occupies a unique position in Washington. The officials of the National Observatory rarely make an announcement without first seeking its verification from this learned Jesuit. In economics, science and philosophy, the professors at Georgetown are all men of high intellectual attainments and varied pedagogical experience.

The Columbian, a local university under Baptist control, was established in 1821, and boasts of the largest number of students of any institution in the District of Columbia. It had in all its departments last year nearly 1,300 students. Until ten years ago the Columbian University was little better than the Washington High School. Its professors were chosen more on account of their fidelity and zeal for the Baptist faith than for any special mental qualifications necessary for the proper instruction of youth. With the foundation of the Catholic University, and the world-wide publicity given to its plan and purpose, the Columbian immediately reorganized its faculty. Men eminent in their various specialties were called to fill its chairs. Notably among these may be mentioned Dr. Charles Edward Munroe of Boston, a graduate of Harvard, and until his selection by the Columbian, Professor of Chemistry at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He is the special Government expert on high explosives and is counted as one of the greatest living experts in his line. He ranks with the most famous European savants and specialists. To Dr. Munroe was confined the arduous task of founding a post-graduate school. He has succeeded admirably. The Columbian University boasts of another distinguished professor, a Catholic Polish immigrant from the civil and religious

persecution of Prussian Poland, and one whose fame as a philologist is limited only by his youth. Dr. Hermann Schoenfelt is now but thirty-five years of age, but he has mastered all the Slavonic dialects and has written books on the subject, now used as works of reference by the leading universities of Europe and America. He is a profound scholar, an eminent historian and versed in all the Continental literatures. Although the head of a department in a Baptist institution, Dr. Schoenfelt never minimizes one iota of Catholic truth, but on the contrary proclaims the great debt that civilization and culture owe to the Mother Church. Notwithstanding he enjoys the respect and friendship of the president, Dr. W[illegible]an, himself a doctor of Baptist theology, he preserves also the universal respect of the literati of Washington.

The Columbian University at the beginning of the present scholastic term announced the closing of its preparatory or academic course. Certainly a gratifying advance for higher education.

In its medical school it hopes soon to emulate the good example given by Georgetown. It is a noteworthy fact that this year both institutions have added hospital service to their clinics. The Columbian has equipped its old academy building and established a free ward in charge of the faculty of the medical college. Georgetown has made more pretentious arrangements. Under its energetic dean, Dr. Lloyd Magruder, a handsome new building has been erected near the college. It is proposed to establish here one of the most complete hospitals in the country. For the present a dispensary and emergency ward have been established, and were formally opened on November 1. Hereafter undergraduates in medicine and surgery will be required to qualify by a course of hospital study.

A material and distinct advance which can be traced directly to the impetus of the foundation of the Catholic University is the passage of the law regulating the practice of medicine in the District of Columbia. This is one of the most rigid and best framed statutes in the United States. While the Catholic University is still without a medical faculty, this advance can be attributed to nothing except the naissance of true university life at the Capital of the nation.

Of educational developments that are yet a question of the future may be named the Methodist, or self-styled American University. This institution was begun immediately after the opening of the Divinity Department of the Catholic University. The project was announced with much noise and the assertion that in two years ten million dollars would be available for its use. After five years the Methodist University is now about to put under roof its first building. It will be known as the Hall of History. One cannot refrain to remark in passing, that if the Catholic University is responsible for our Methodist brethren inaugurating a thorough course of history, it has indeed accomplished a great work, for as Father Hudson, the witty editor of the "Ave Maria," aptly remarked, "When Protestants will earnestly study history, there will be no Protestantism." The American University does not propose to open its course before the fall of 1900.

Another semi-religious and semi-educational evolution now much talked of at the Capital is the establishment of a cathedral, and a cathedral school at the suburb of Mount Pleasant. This movement is under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal church, or as it now desires to be called "The Church." Bishop Saterlee, the Anglican functionary of the Washington diocese, is the president of this scheme. A favorite way of arousing the ambition and opening the purse strings of indifferent followers, is to call attention to the great strides of the Catholic University and to exhort his people not to

allow Romanism to dominate educational influences at the Capital.

In thus raising the standard in its sister institutions and stimulating their life, the Catholic University can assert that she has already performed an important part of her mission. It is the part that appeals to and is discernible to the studious and inquiring, and not to the vulgar mind. Its broader and more material and spacious life cannot begin until the national standard of education has been raised. A university is not a necessity until the possibilities of college education have been exhausted. When the minor schools and colleges have done their part, there stands the Catholic University with its growing facilities and increasing resources to take up the struggle and lead the aspiring to the higher planes of learning. Prior to this an adjustment must take place. Educational forces must be coördinated. A university is not intended in a technical sense for mere students of a curriculum, but for the investigators. There are no metes and bounds to its fields. "No pent-up Utica contracts its powers." To enlarge the area of knowledge and ever to explore the occult depths in which nature has hidden her secrets, is its mission. Therefore until the colleges have done their part it is useless to expect results from the Catholic University. It is founded on catholic lines. Its purpose is universal. Children do not walk before they creep; and as well might an untrained infant essay difficult gymnastics as an untrained and unprepared mind attempt with profit a true university course.

Notwithstanding that the proper field of usefulness may not open for the Catholic University for many years to come, there is one thing to its credit, that is now a developed fact. In this age and country when the holders of capital are laying un-levitical hands on the altars of learning and prescribing what views or conclusions doctors and professors may hold in economics or sociology, it is consoling to know that this is an impossibility in the Catholic University. No matter what the generous endowment a rich man might shower upon it, its faculty would laugh him to scorn if he were to dictate a single appointment of a professor or suggest a course of study. No man will hold his chair or his position by reason of the fact that he teaches a certain theory for or against municipal ownership or franchises, or the double or single standard of national finance. These theories will probably be relegated to the Academia for study and to the forum for practice. No man's usefulness will be circumscribed because he holds an honest belief. No man will be ostracised because he discusses the theory of patriotism upon rational grounds. It will not be an anarchistic offense to disagree with a rich man's opinion. Never will the terrible arraignment of the corporation of Brown University by the London Spectator be leveled at the Catholic University. Catholic in name and nature she is above such petty displays of peurile impotency. The closing paragraph of this terrible attack by so conservative a publication as the Spectator is here quoted, with thanks to God that such can never be said of Leo's great foundation in America:

"Men like the late M. de Laveleye, like the late M. Cernuschi, like the late Dr. F. A. Walker, like M. Meline, Mr. Balfour, Professor Foxwell, take the bimetallist view. But think of Mr. Foxwell being dismissed from the chair of political economy at University College because of his views on currency! Think of Professor Marshall being dismissed from the chair of political economy at Cambridge because he favors municipal ownership of public services! Even the German Emperor leaves Professor Wagner alone at Berlin University, while Dr. Schaeffle, a semi-collectivist, was Finance Minister in Austria. The late Mr. Thorold Rogers was notoriously elected to his chair at Oxford by men

who avowedly disbelieved in his political and largely disbelieved in his economic opinions. It is reserved for the 'free' West to dismiss from academic service tried and competent teachers at the bidding of rings of millionaires who will not hear one single criticism or questioning of the justice or necessity of their doings, or of the character and tendency of the trust they have built up with the aid and at the expense of the public. The divine right of kings is to be succeeded by the divine right of millionaires, who are to run everything including the American Senate and the conscience and intellect of university professors! It is none of our duty to say how the American people should deal with the portentous growth of that money power which overshadows the institutions of the Republic. But we think that the rich men of America are revealing such a deadly plot against all genuine public freedom that, unless we are mistaken, the opening years of the new century will witness an outburst in the West which will amaze the world."

To discuss Catholic education at the Capital without alluding to the large corps of Catholic teachers, would be to leave an unfinished chapter. The professors of the Catholic University are, with few exceptions, men of national fame. Their scholarly attainments have formed subject matter for magazine articles and for many interesting sketches for both the secular and the Catholic press. The first rector, Archbishop Keane, is known on two continents.

Archbishop Keane's successor, Very Reverend Monsignor Conaty, is wining golden opinions from his co-workers. That he is a stranger among us is already forgotten. He has taken his place unpretentiously and is performing the delicate duties of his office with tact and conscientious fidelity. It was recently remarked that New England had furnished a large quota of the teaching corps of the Washington universities. This is especially true of the Catholic University. Mgr. Conaty was called from parochial duties in Springfield, Mass., to take its rectorship. The vice-rector, Rev. Philip J. Garrigan, by a singular coincidence was also called from Springfield, and was once pastor of the same church which Dr. Conaty was attending. Among the eminent scholars who claim New England as their home, are Rev. Edward M. Shanahan, associate professor of philosophy, and Doctors Aiken and Creagh of the Divinity faculty. Dr. Shanahan is a native of Boston and is regarded as one of the most brilliant of the younger teachers. His paper on "The Idea of God," written to refute certain statements of Professor Fiske of Harvard, is considered as one of the most masterly expositions on this theme yet published in the English language. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, who is well known through his historical researches, is from Connecticut.

A gentle scholar of world-wide fame is Dr. Edward Greene, the professor of botany in McMahon Hall. Dr. Greene will tend to make the institution famous, since he is one of the greatest of living botanists and along certain lines, the most erudite of all botanists. His work, "Flora Americana," in which he is recording the results of over half a century of patient study and intelligent research, will mark an epoch in the study of botany in this country. Dr. Daniel Quinn is worthy of more than passing notice. An eminent Berlin professor said in his official report, "America has two Greek scholars, Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins and Quinn of the Catholic University." Dr. Quinn is known the world over by his enthusiasm for the Greek nation. With the chivalry which is a part of his nature, he is endeavoring to pay his debt to the grand old nation, from which he derived his culture, by a lifelong effort to elevate the social and material condition of modern

Greece. He is now engaged on a work, "Higher Education in Greece," which will doubtless become an authority on this subject.

Among American literati, the names of Charles Warren Stoddard and Maurice Francis Egan are given a high place. Both are teachers of English at the Catholic University. In the more profound studies of archæology, and theology and ethics, Drs. Bouquillon, Hyvernat, Schroeder and Pace stand pre-eminent. In the physical sciences, Drs. Shea, Zahm, and Du Saussure are honored among their Washington colleagues as men of great promise.

Those who read the signs of the times predict great things for Catholics in Washington. With such men to carry on the work of Catholic education all things are possible.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPITAL.

By M. B. Downing.

During the past five years the development of Washington as a religious centre may, without exaggeration, be termed phenomenal. As the establishment of the Catholic University caused a renaissance in matters educational, so the appointment of a Delegate Apostolic resident at the Capital has given a powerful impetus to religion. The advent of a representative of the Holy See had scarcely become an accomplished fact before the dignitaries of the Protestant Episcopal church saw the timeliness of electing the "first Bishop of Washington" — Henry Y. Satterlee. The brethren of the Presbyterian sect, not adhering to the ancient usage of bishops, did what they considered the next best thing. Dr. De Witt Talmage, the much-advertised divine of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was called to a Washington pulpit. In point of procuring attractions in the ministerial line, the Lutheran, Methodist and Baptist denominations have left a novelty-loving public nothing to desire.

The Catholic churches of the District of Columbia have received incalculable benefit from this religious awakening. It is a noteworthy circumstance that during the last eight years, four handsome edifices have been erected to replace old ones, and at the present writing only one church, the Holy Trinity in Georgetown — our dean of churches, has held a life tenure more than twenty-five years.

The United States is generally placed among the Protestant nations, — we are sometimes given a very conspicuous standing in the list of irreligious nations, but as a matter of fact, socially, religiously, and educationally, our Capital is, to no considerable extent, Catholic. This statement is never so adequately proven as at the advent of Christmastide. No ceremonies are so largely attended, no prelates are in such demand, no events are so widely chronicled as those that are entirely Catholic. Washington still retains one primitive custom, seldom witnessed ex-

cept in the Old World, — the celebration of Midnight Mass on Christmas eve. The beautiful little chapel at Georgetown College is the principal scene of this touching function. It is one which if witnessed can never be forgotten.

The chapel, the gift of a grateful son of Georgetown, John Dahlgren, is one of the most exquisite little churches on this continent. Built of grey granite, in perfect harmony with the stately new college, and the venerable structures which lovingly encircle it, Dahlgren chapel is the most attractive feature in a landscape seldom surpassed in picturesqueness of detail. It is especially lovely in the pale sunset of December, as the frosty mists creep upward through the leafless branches of the century-old trees and the faint light touches the dark, rich interior. It is severely monastic, yet breathing the majesty of utter simplicity in all its lines. Guiltless of the modern blemish of galleries, one can realize here what the services must be in the ancient churches of Rome and the Orient.

Celebrated in the noonday glory of countless tapers, brilliant roseate lights, reflected from crystal pendants, 'mid aromatic scents of evergreen mingling with the incense and fragrance of flowers, the Midnight Mass at Georgetown is the epitome of Yuletide devotion at the Capital. The chanting of the priests, the rapt ecstasy of the worshippers at the shrine of Bethlehem, the rich vestments, all but add to the fullness of this hour. And if, as is usually the custom, the courtly rector, Rev. J. H. Richards, S. J., proclaims the message of the angels — "Peace on earth to men of good-will," the ceremony is complete. Calm, graceful, eloquent, with no effort to appear striking, yet every movement and every word effective, his voice of clear, metallic brilliancy, his words incisive and keen cut as steel, Fr. Richards is an ideal speaker at all times, but on Christmas morning, among such environments, he is incomparable.

Another home in the Capital where the Christmas tide is commemorated with solemn joy is that of the Apostolic Delegate. His chapel is tiny and modest, containing meagre furnishings, a wooden altar, a few benches and pictures, but no proud cathedral witnesses more devout or impressive ritual.

Cardinal Satolli, the first delegate, always celebrated Midnight Mass, and to be present was a privilege greatly esteemed. The memory of the former delegate recalls the memory of another man in whom Washington will ever have a kindly interest — Rev. Hector Papi, the first secretary of the Apostolic Delegation. The nobility of his character and the saintliness of his life were deeply impressed on all who saw him during the sacred hours when the future Prince of the Church was celebrating the Christmas Mass in his lowly legation chapel. Perhaps even then Father Papi was contemplating his retreat from rank and office in the Roman Curia, — perhaps even then he saw the vision of a long and distinguished career, to be crowned finally by the purple of the Cardinalate, — a vision and a hope soon after forever renounced, when he assumed the simple black robe of the Jesuit novice.

The present delegate, Mgr. Martinelli, has spent but one Christmas amongst us. Last year he officiated with distinguished grace at the Holy Trinity Church in Georgetown. The city of St. Paul has already claimed him for the coming holiday, but at the delegation, Christmas will be heralded and commemorated with all possible solemnity. The other officers of the Apostolic household will not fail to fulfill the glorious traditions of the day.

THE LESSON OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

O SOULFUL *story of the past,*
Whose lesson on the wings of Time
Comes down to us through ages vast
To give the heart a touch sublime,
And teach the children of the earth
The fairest gift in Heaven's eyes
Is simple faith, whose beauteous worth
Reveals a rose of Paradise.

Ah, poor the fruit Ambition yields,
And tawdry is the thing, Renown;
The garnering of selfish fields
Is but a brief and tinsel crown;
The pride of birth, the thirst of Power,
The wealth we oft so fondly crave —
Vain playthings of life's fevered hour —
Are useless passports at the grave.

O happy they whose hearts are true
To pure and simple childish trust,
With eye to see and will to do
The things that most become the just;
The beauty of their lives they bring
With fragrant attributes replete,
A Christmas rose, meet offering
Of homage at the Master's feet.

CHARLES S. O'NEILL

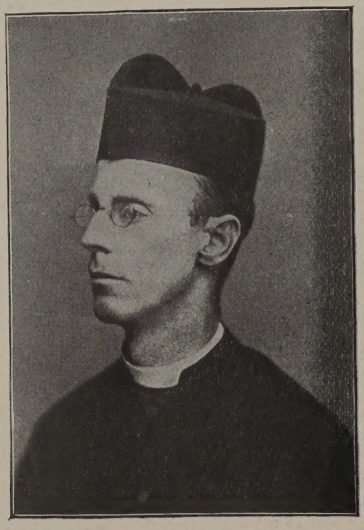
THE LESSON OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

THE ANGEL'S CHRISTMAS QUEST.

"Where have ye laid my Lord?
Behold, I find Him not!
Hath He, in heaven adored,
His home forgot?
Give me, O sons of men,
My truant God again!"

"A voice from sphere to sphere—
A faltering murmur—ran,
'Behold, He is not here!
Perchance with man,
The lowlier made than we,
He hides His majesty.'"

Then, hushed in wondering awe,
The spirit held his breath,
And bowed: for lo, he saw
O'ershadowing Death,
A Mother's hands above,
Swathing the limbs of Love!



FATHER TABB.

THE LAMB CHILD.

When Christ the Babe was born,
Full many a little lamb
Upon the wintry hills forlorn
Was nestled near its dam;

And, waking or asleep,
Upon His mother's breast,
For love of her, each mother-sheep
And baby-lamb He blessed.

MISTLETOE.

To the cradle-bough of a naked tree,
Benumbed with ice and snow,
A Christmas dream brought suddenly
A birth of mistletoe.

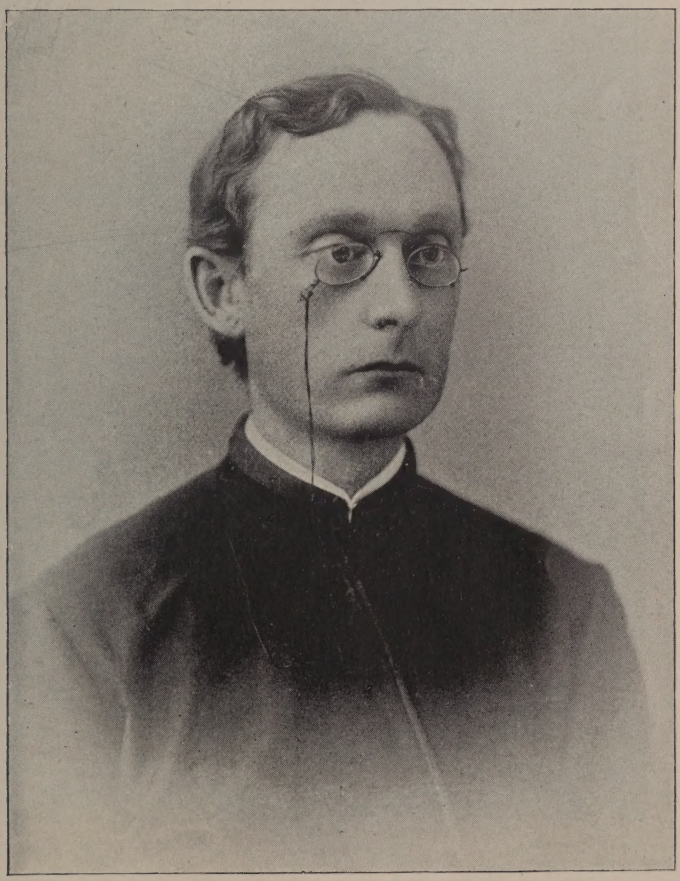
The shepherd stars from their fleecy cloud
Strode out on the night to see;
The Herod north-wind blustered loud
To rend it from the tree.

But the old year took it for a sign,
And blessed it in his heart:
"With prophecy of peace divine,
Let now my soul depart."

— *From Father Tabb's Poems and Lyric*

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.



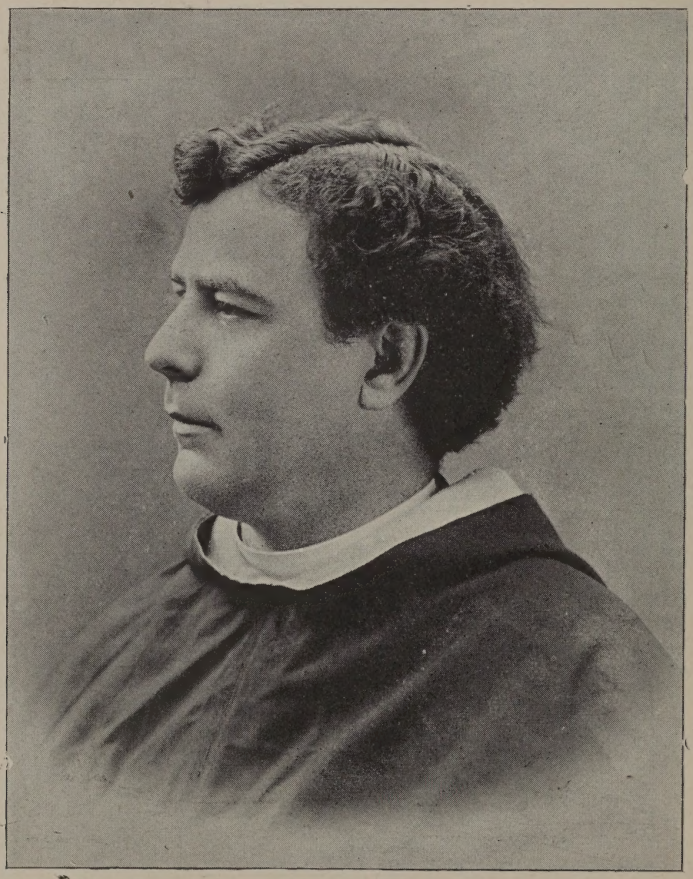
Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., President of Georgetown College.

The ideal of a college president is Father Richards, S. J. As the head of Georgetown University he is the centre of a brilliant educational coterie, and he commands the attentive admiration of the entire intellectual world. To "his boys," he is a most lovable father, to the savants he is the profoundest of thinkers.

A very pretty story is told of the Richards family. The father of Rev. Dr. Richards was a Protestant and became attracted to the true faith through the piety of some Catholic servants in his own household. He investigated the beauties of a belief which could command such heroic devotion. This investigation resulted in his conversion.

The brilliant young Dominican orator, Rev. L. F. Kearney, rector of St. Thomas' Church, Zanesville, Ohio, has been made head of the eastern province of the order in the United States.

The position is one of high honor, and will be filled with distinction by Rev. Father Kearney.



Rev. L. F. Kearney, O. P.

The new provincial has successfully held the offices of Master of Novices and prior of St. Joseph's, and has represented the American provinces at the General Council of the order in Spain, a few years ago. Later, by the appointment of the Master General he was made Visitator of the Convents of the Order of the United States. He is a native of Kentucky, and is only thirty-six years of age.

The Catholic Columbian says that all who know the distinguished clergyman will reiterate that Father Kearney is a worthy successor of Dr. Higgins, the outgoing provincial, and that he will discharge the duties of the responsible office to which he has been called with that zeal, ability and earnestness which have characterized his work in less exalted positions.

The genuine Americanism of Capt. Alfred T. Mahan was never more strikingly illustrated than when the gallant naval officer refused the tempting inducements of the British government to settle in England. He desires to give his valuable services and the reward of his ripe experiences to his own country exclusively. Capt. Mahan's books on "Sea Power" have had the widest sale of any writings of the kind ever put upon the market.

It has not been generally known that Prof. Roentgen, of the X-Ray fame, is an ardent Catholic. He is a regular communicant, a daily attendant at mass and a zealous

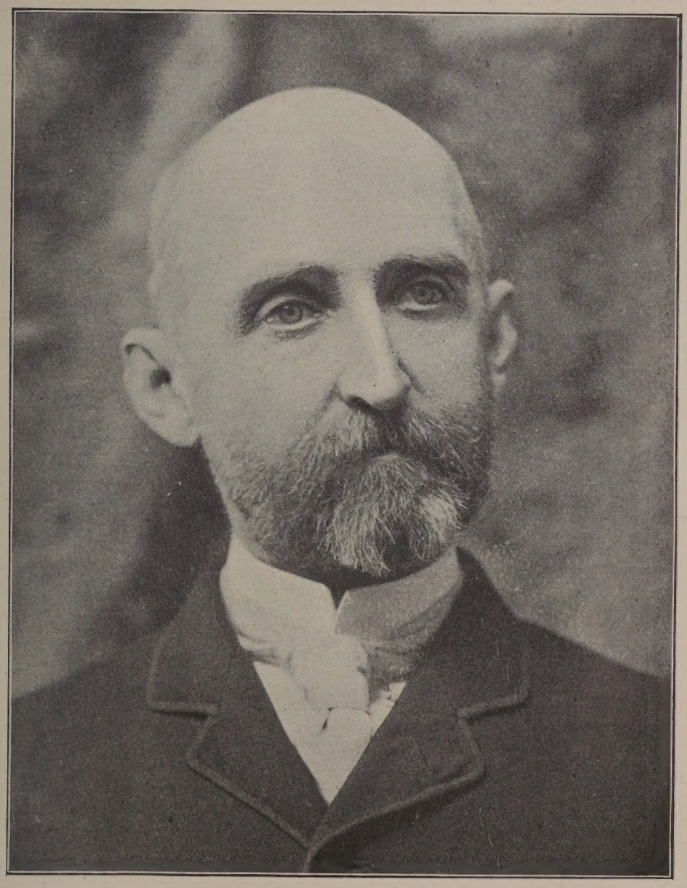
promoter of the Holy Rosary, saying his beads every day. He fasts every Saturday in honor of Our Lady.

The light of science does not darken this man's religious vision.

"The Irish Joan of Arc" is creating quite a furore in this country.

cated in advance to the amnesty movement and to the erection of a monument to the memory of Theodore Wolfe Tone, "most illustrious martyr to Ireland's cause," that Miss Gonne will make a tour of the principal cities of America.

Since 1886 Maud Gonne has devoted all her time, her influence and a goodly por-



CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

Maud Gonne comes with the history of ten years of loving, earnest, constant effort in behalf of oppressed Ireland and Irish liberty to claim a welcome for her in what-every country the exiles of Erin have found a home. And in the second place she comes as ambassadress of the great Irish centennial celebration and of the amnesty association.

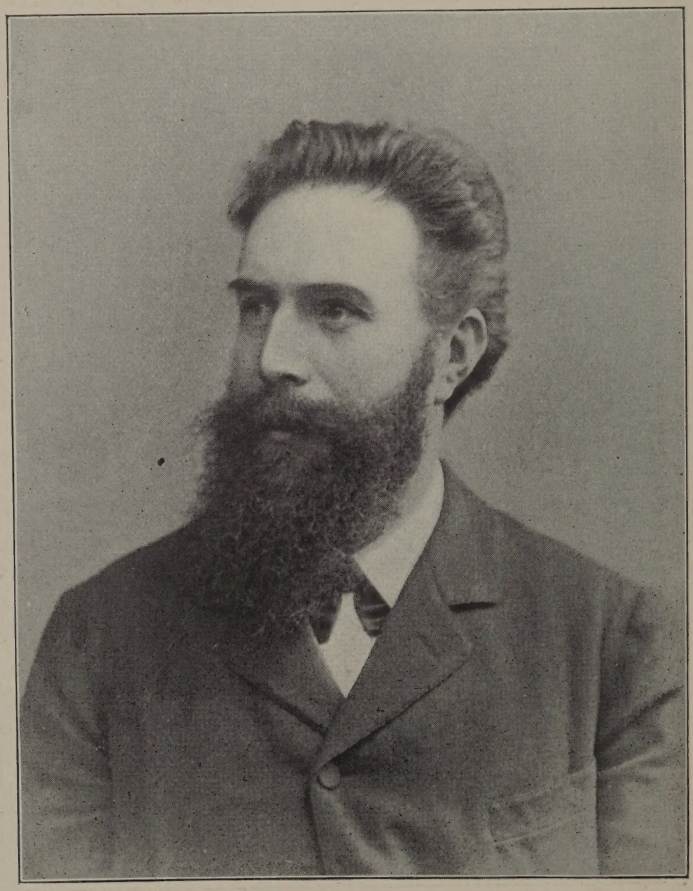
It is to stimulate the Irish people in America to more fervid efforts in behalf of the "movement of '98," and incidentally to raise funds by lecturing and writing, dedi-

tion of her income to the cause of Ireland. No single Irishman has done so much for his country and his people, in the same time, as has been accomplished by this beautiful, dainty, brilliant, courageous girl.

In France, the splendidly organized movement of "L'Iriande Libre," a movement which has found friends in the highest governmental quarters, and which is growing stronger every day, attests the energy and executive ability as well as the wondrous magnetism of Maud Gonne. Thousands upon thousands of dollars poured

into the treasuries of the national association and amnesty association as the result of her dramatic telling of Ireland's story from the lecture platform of a dozen countries.

And yet this "Joan of Arc," this formidable politician, organizer and lecturer—conspirator, as she has been called by the English press—is the most dainty and womanly of women imaginable. A woman whose remarkable beauty still owns the dewy charms of youth; a woman whose dresses are marvels of exquisite taste, and whose bonnets and boots might drive a prima donna mad with envy; a woman whose leadership in the salon is no more a matter of doubt than her ability as a lecturer and a writer.



PROFESSOR ROENTGEN

Excellent work is being done in the field of literature by two bright daughters of the Emerald Isle, namely, Miss Alice Milligan and Miss Anna Johnston, the joint editors of that sterling magazine, the Shan Van Vocht, published at 65 Great Georges street, Belfast.

Miss Milligan, known in literature by her nom-de-plume, "Iris Olkryn," was born at Omagh, County Tyrone, and is the daughter of Mr. Seaton F. Milligan, M. R. I. A., member of the Natural History and Philosophical Society, a distinguished Irish antiquarian and a man of superior education. In her childhood she imbibed something of the National faith and spirit which lingered among the peasantry of her native county after the failure of Fenianism and before the inception of the later political movement in Ireland. Leaving the country to reside in Belfast, she was educated entirely within Unionist surroundings, and, until the past four years, had not among her

friends any to whom National sympathies could be ascribed. She was, however, always a close student of Irish history and

MAUD GONNE.

literature and, in the library of her father, she found the best books to stimulate her love of these studies. Early in life she displayed and cultivated a taste for poetry and reading generally, and, while yet very young, her poetical talent began to be apparent when she produced several pieces of real merit. The first of her poems to attract particular attention appeared in United Ireland in 1893 (when that paper was edited by Mr. Edmund Leamy), and consisted of a series of legendary and historical ballads. Her work in this field brought her into touch with the National Irish Literary Society, of which she became a member. Through connection with that society she became acquainted with Miss Anna Johnston, whom, though a near neighbor of hers in Belfast, she had never previously

met or known. This acquaintanceship led to their working and reading together, and finally to their becoming joint originators of the National monthly magazine, the Shan Van Vocht, which may be described as the pioneer in Ulster of the present movement to celebrate the events and commemorate the men who figured in the attempted Revolution of 1798. Its pages at present are largely devoted to spreading knowledge and arousing enthusiasm on that subject, though stories, poems and literary articles of a varied interesting nature are to be found in its pages, all tending towards the cultivation and advancement of a Literature racy of the soil.

The Shan Van Vocht is, without doubt, the sturdiest and the most truly National journal that has been published in Ireland since the palmy days of The Nation. Noted and frequent contributors to its columns are such eminent writers in the Irish literary world as Douglas Hyde, LL. D., Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Todhunter, Lionel Johnson; the editor of the Gaelic Journal, John McNeill, and kindred spirits engaged in the revival at present taking place in Ireland's Language and Literature.

Miss Johnston was born at Ballymena, County Antrim, and is known by her nom-de-plume of "Ethna Carbery." She has lived nearly all her lifetime in Belfast, and has been since her childhood in touch with National work, her father, Mr. Robert Johnston, being a well-known Nationalist. Miss Johnston in her school days had displayed poetic gifts of great promise, and some of her first efforts appeared in the National papers when she was scarcely more than a child. At a later date she became a contributor to the Irish Monthly, conducted by Father Russell, S. J., but her best

ANNA JOHNSTON. ALICE MILLIGAN

work has been done in the past few years, when she threw herself heart and soul into the National movement, realizing the necessity of educating the rising generation to revere the memory of the patriots, who aimed at the highest ideal of Nationality. Miss Johnston is an able writer of short stories, depicting the characters and customs of the northern peasantry, especially those of Antrim and Donegal, her writings showing the intimate knowledge she possesses of the history and people of those Counties.

Both ladies are industrious students of the Irish language, Miss Milligan having lectured on this subject with great success in several parts of Ireland. At the Oireachtas, recently held at Dublin, she took first prize, from a number of competitors well and favorably known in literary circles, for her essay on the subject: "How to Popularize the Irish Language."

I most cheerfully commend the praiseworthy work of these ladies, and the product of their labors—The Shan Van Vocht—to the favorable notice of the readers of Donahoe's Magazine. Their labors deserve the cordial support of all sympathizers with the cause of the Old Land, and of all lovers of Erin's ancient language and literature.

THE FAMILIAR FOLLY.

There's many a jewel in this world of ours
That's well worth the seeking, they tell you, when found;
And beauty you may, in the gay mountain flowers —
If your feet be but steady, your will firm and sound —

Up, up to the nook where they beckon and lure you,
Climb high and take captive; but under the skies,
There's nothing so worthy of work, I assure you,
In the seeking and winning, as laughing blue eyes!

One day as the frost-hunted leaves were all drifting
Adown the brown path in the wood, and above
The sun through the spare, swaying branches was sifting—
And I did not dream I was target for Love —

I heard a quick step on the the path just beside me,
And I looked up a moment, looked into the skies,
And I vowed that henceforward, whatever betide me,
I'd work and I'd win me those laughing blue eyes.

Let other men sigh, Fame will never enroll me
With th' number she favors — I care not at all;
The jewel I've won is enough to console me.
Though wind's shrilling chill and the winter snows fall,

I've always the glory of summer's bright shimmer,
I've always the glory of summer's pure skies;
I've a sun that to me, Sweet, will never be dimmer
In the light and the charm of your laughing blue eyes!

L. Marion Fenks.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR AMERICA.

By J. T. GALLAGHER, M. D.

Men have said and preached and written
for a hundred years and more,
That the Catholics were never an advantage
to this shore.

They have shouted, lay and cleric, of the
"patriotic" clan,
That America owes nothing to the "Roman" Irishman.

Come and read our country's story, and
behold how they have lied,
See how Catholics discovered and the Irish
for her died!

Lo, La Casa, famous Pinzon, with Columbus in command,
Leaving Sunny Spain behind them for a
visionary land.

And Americus Vespucius, kneeling at the
papal throne
Asking God to bless and guide him, in his
quest of lands unknown.

What were they? I ask the bigots, were
they Catholic by birth?
Found they not for all God's people, best
and greatest land on earth?

At what altar prayed the Cabots, great De
Soto and Champlain,
And the world renowned Balboa, who first
saw the peaceful main.

Ponce de Leon, Verrazani, valiant Cortez
and La Salle,
Father Marquette, Monk La Carron, who
lake Huron loved so well,

And the Admiral Magellan, who first sailed
the globe around,
And Cartier, who Canada and the grand St.
Lawrence found?

Few I name, but they were potent in revealing this broad land
From the icy hills of Greenland to the torrid polar strand.

Turn a page and view the founders of our
cities and our states,
From Quebec to St. Augustine, onward
to the golden gates.

Were not Catholics the foremost? First
and only in that day
To protect and grant all people right to
worship their own way?

Read the Revolution's story—written by a
truthful hand—
See the Catholics who suffered and the
outer ramparts manned

At Long Island, Trenton, Princeton,
Brandywine and Germantown,
Monmouth, Moultrie and Point Stony,
Valley Forge of sad renown,

And whose blood bedewed each valley, and
encrimsoned every rill,
From the banks of Yorktown river back to
bloody Bunker Hill.

Who was founder of our navy in those dark
and doubtful days?
Will Jack Barry and McDonough ever win
the bigot's praise?

Know they not that sons of Patrick, who
it seems they cannot bear,
Saved our Washington and army from
starvation and despair?

Do they know that "Romish" Poland,
"popish" Spain and "papist" France,
Sent their ships to aid our struggle, warlike men with gleaming lance?

Have they heard of great Pulaski, Rochambeau and Lafayette,
The immortal Kosciusko whose fame's
sun shall never set;

Gallant Moylan and O'Brien; Carroll, he
whose noble hand
Signed the scroll of independence for the
State of Maryland,

And the thousand other brave men who
fought well for Freedom's Chart,
And whose names and deeds are graven
on the Nation's grateful heart?

And again in the Rebellion! lo, the records
brave and bright
Of the fearless sons of Erin in the awful,
bloody fight.

At Fair Oaks and Lookout Mountain,
Gettysburg of deathless fame;
Shiloh, Corinth and Antietam,—Glory
yet delights to name.

And at Fredericksburg and Vicksburg
where they charged through shot and
shell,
Till the rebels ran before them, as from out
the mouth of hell;

Heard they of heroic Meagher, dashing
Sheridan and Shields,
Dauntless Corcoran, Phil Kearney, hero of
Chantilly's fields;

But why thus pursue the story of the Catholics' high deeds;
It is simply wasting paper, for the bigot
never reads.

THE NATURAL METHOD OF CHARITY.

By Bolton Hall.

Many counties and towns have "poor farms" for the support of paupers, and by the aid of poor farming they are often very poor farms indeed.

In over fifty towns, villages, and cities a new kind of "poor farm" has been tried, in which poor farming or laziness will hurt, not the township or the taxpayer, but the lazy worker or the farmer who will not learn.

It is called the Pingree Poor People's Potato Patch Plan. One would say that they raised "P's" instead of potatoes, and so they do. It began with potato, but that, although a sure crop and a good one to help keep a family during the winter, is not a very profitable one to sell. Therefore the planters put in early peas, lettuce, choice radishes and so forth.

The larger villages, such as Newton, Mass., and Orange, N. J., have been the most successful in this cultivation of vacant lots. Newton, Mass., reports that thirty cultivable acres were rented for one hundred and fifty dollars and apportioned to sixty-five applicants, two of them women, but chiefly men unable to do a full day's work. The land had been idle for twenty-five years, which added to the expense of preparing it It was divided into plots of a third of an acre each. On these tiny plots (about four city lots) "the average amount earned by each worker was $34.15 for the short time he gave in work on the farm, or deducting the amount contributed by the benevolent public, the net amount he received was $20.33" for six or eight days' work. (See Report of C. B. Fillebrown, Secretary.)

Santa Barbara, California, has established a stone yard for tramps, the stone being used in the roads. This has kept tramps away from the town somewhat, but has not decreased the number of tramps. The Watervliet tramp camps, where work is given to the tramps, are managed by the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association there, and have been a grand success. But the difficulty always arises what to do with the product of the work. Where there are no quarries and stone is scarce, it is an excellent plan to set tramps to collect rocks and put them into shape for use for roads or in building. Where stone is plenty the common farm is the easiest and most profitable solution yet practised of the Tramp Problem.

These experiments, together with that of the Industrial Christian Alliance, 170 Bleecker street, New York, have shown that it is a heartless falsehood to say that the average tramp will not work if he gets a fair chance at work which he is strong enough to do. It is equivalent to saying that any man who wants to can find work.

A man out of employment, whether he is a tramp or not, must have something to eat at once. He cannot wait or let his family wait till the crops grow. So the best plan is to have a farm on which men can be set to work and paid a small rate per hour. If the farm is large and the land rough and a garden with hot beds can be made, work in sub-soil draining, fencing, weeding, cultivating, picking bugs, harvesting, carrying manure and so on, can be found during most of the pleasant weather. The crops will repay it all with profit. Full figures showing that men can earn as high as five dollars a day on such farms were printed in the Journal of the Knights of Labor July 30, 1896, and in the Outlook September 26, 1896.

This form of relief need not be for

tramps only; therefore it need not increase machinery nor make extra offices. When men have families the children can help, and enjoy themselves at the light work, which is an education for them, as well as for their fathers.

To keep men from becoming tramps or to make them something better is more important than to relieve them.

The first thing needed for that is to teach them to do something useful. For this purpose the farm is the best available plan. If a man gathers stones or breaks rocks, he knows no more than he did before. If he works a week on a farm, he learns something of how to make himself useful to farmers, and he gets a desire to have a place of his own where he can employ himself.

For after all, everything necessary for every employment comes out of the land. Farming is not the only use of land. Not to mention the working up of materials which are found on or in the earth, there is simple work which needs few tools and no capital, such as stone breaking, sand digging, wood cutting, coal mining, barn building, ditch filling, lime and charcoal burning, mining, sheep keeping, stone cutting, quarrying, brick making, sea weed gathering, oyster catching, fishing, clam digging and so on. But capital consists only of money, machinery, stock in hand, buildings and so on. All these also come from the land, and when we allow men to get at the unused lands in and about our towns and cities, we will be able to tell tramps and other idle men and women to go to work, knowing that they will be able to do so.

This "Tramp Farm" should not take the place of the half or quarter acre plots cultivated by poor residents to whom seed and tools are advanced. It should simply follow the lead of Germany and of England by giving men, not a living, but the opportunity to make one on the land.

CHARITY!

Greatest Commandment, Love! nor Hope nor Faith —
No greatness even of heav'n — excelling thee,
Sweet Charity! Fulfillingly thus saith —
For "God is Love," — the Child of Charity!

Best, priceless Christmas gift! Ah, human heart!
No love-less, costliest bauble, pearl or gold,
Can eke out false-tongued greeting; joy impart
Like love in honest "Merry Christmas!" told?

John Minturn.

A SECOND ZENOBIA.

By Euphemia M. Fallon.

Once in the days of the famous Roman nation, an emperor laid siege to the chief city of his lost dominions, and led its queen a captive to Rome. Wisely had she governed, and bravely had she defended her land; but after gracing the victorious return of the conqueror, she quietly retired to private life, and history knew her no more.

Many centuries later another Zenobia arose, the pride of Anjou and Lorraine, and the hope of the English house of Lancaster. Margaret of Anjou, daughter of René of Anjou and Lorraine, and niece of Charles VII. of France, when only fifteen years old, changed the anxieties of life in a troubled country for even greater trials and responsibilities. As the wife of Henry VI. of England, she was selected to bring about the universal peace so earnestly desired by both countries. England not only asked no dower, declaring her beauty and accomplishments sufficient, but also acceded to René's demand that both Maine and Anjou be restored to him.

Many were the prayers, tears, and misgivings that followed her departure, but all hoped better things for her and for the country. The people welcomed her with great rejoicings at every town she entered on her way to her new home, and thus she journeyed to England, in the care of the Duke of Suffolk, who was to be her adviser and support for several years to come.

Porchester castle was the scene of Henry's first meeting with his bride, and their marriage followed at Southwick in April, 1445. The kingdom was impoverished, and Henry had, with difficulty, met the expenses necessary to prepare a home for his queen. She came to a court of turbulent nobles, whose frail king was more fitted for a life of seclusion than for the government of an unhappy country swayed by dissenting factions. Margaret saw at once the necessity of prompt action, and joining the party controlled by Beaufort and Suffolk, became the leader of the Lancastrian cause, and the actual sovereign of the land. For more than twenty-five years her life was a constant struggle to support the royal claim, first of Henry VI., and later of her son, the Prince of Wales. True, the rule of Lancaster had been one of might rather than of right, yet, as Henry himself reproachfully said, for three generations had the adherents of the house of York sworn fealty to his line.

During Margaret's journey to England she met, for the first time, the Duke of York, the man who was to become her most formidable adversary. At first he made no sign of enmity, but never ceased to watch his chance to gain the favor of the masses, who, resentful at the loss of their French possessions, disliked Queen Margaret heartily. The sudden death of the Duke of Gloucester aroused their anger, and it was everywhere whispered that Margaret was the cause. The murder of one of her counsellors and the absence of another threw the young queen on her own resources, and the Duke of York took advantage of the situation to raise an insurrection. Margaret's anxiety for her husband's safety rather than for the victory of the royal troops excited general discontent. Other losses followed in France, and at the time when

Henry's authority was most needed, he was seized with a sudden illness, and for months remembered nothing.

Margaret made no effort to retain political control, but devoted herself to the king, while the government fell into the hands of the Duke of York. The birth of a prince caused general displeasure, for York had been heir-apparent, and Margaret was unpopular.

Henry's sudden recovery changed the queen's fortunes once more. Again she ruled the kingdom and sought a general peace. But the Duke of York felt that the time had come to make a more vigorous resistance. In the old streets of St. Albans, wearing white roses for badges, the Yorkists met and defeated the Lancastrians in a terrible battle. A second encounter followed, and Margaret fled to Wales. York, who was now in power, ordered the queen's immediate return to answer various charges he preferred against her. In less than ten days she appeared at the head of a large army, and the Duke, rashly venturing an unequal encounter, was killed on the field.

Margaret's success was short-lived, for a new leader rose, the son of the late Duke, and carried all before him. The queen's situation was desperate. She sought funds in France, only to lose them in a shipwreck, and she herself, flying with her son through Hexham forest, was robbed of her jewels, and barely escaped with her life.

The Duke of York had now gained his great object. He was crowned King Edward IV., while Henry spent his days in exile in Scotland. Margaret had nothing further to hope from her defeated followers, and with the prince set sail for France, there to watch for better days in her adopted country.

Ten years passed by, Margaret watching eagerly every change of fortune. Her husband was now a prisoner in the Tower, and Edward ruled in his stead. But the new king chancing to offend the Earl of Warwick, that power in the realm returned to his old allegiance. He was the leader who placed King Edward on the throne. Now at the head of the Lancastrian party, he released the imprisoned Henry, who assumed once more, half with regret, his old life of anxiety and care, while his rival escaped to Holland.

Margaret felt that the long-looked-for day had arrived. After years of separation from the king, she and the prince sailed for England, she to be once more the husband's guide and assistant, her son to stand in the royal presence before the nation, as its sovereign's heir. Filled with these expectations, the exiles landed in England one Easter Sunday evening, only to learn that in the morning of that very day the Lancastrian army had been utterly routed. Henry was again in the Tower, Warwick was killed, and Edward, returned to England, had gathered an army to oppose her.

She realized the hopelessness of her position, but her friends still urged her on. Against her own judgment, she collected the scattered troops that remained, and led them to their destruction. The close of the battle found herself and her son captives, and the power of the Royal house of Lancaster past forever. In the train of Edward IV., now the undisputed sovereign, Margaret was led to London. Her son, the Prince of Wales, was murdered in the presence of the king. He was buried in Tewksbury Abbey, and there, in later days, the citizens of the town erected a tablet to his memory, telling of the last resting place of that young prince, who was, they say, "his mother's only light, and the last hope of his people."

During several months of her exile, Margaret had a companion in the Princess of Wales, the young wife of Prince Edward. She was Anne, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and,

upon her father's return to the Lancastrian house, was married to the heir of the unfortunate Henry, in order to bind still more closely her father's interests to those of that struggling party. After her husband's death she married the Duke of Gloucester, and thus she passed away forever from the life and fortune of her royal mother-in-law.

King Edward ordered his distinguished prisoner to the Tower. Here, even in captivity, she looked forward to meeting her husband from whom she had been so long separated. But she was never to see him again. The very day of her arrival he was killed while kneeling in prayer. After various changes, his remains were finally buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and there, in after days, the body of his rival was also laid to rest.

Five long years Queen Margaret spent in the Tower, heartbroken and desolate. Following the loss of her husband and son came word of the death of her favorite brother, her early playmate and companion. Old King René was almost powerless to assist her. Louis XI. was encroaching more and more on his unprotected possessions, and his resources were growing less every day. At last, desperate at his daughter's plight, René, at a great sacrifice, enlisted the services of King Louis, and Margaret, recovering her liberty, retired a second time to France.

Her sole desire now was to spend the remainder of her life in quiet, and to rest after so many years of turmoil and anxiety. Her native land had little to give her, and her English property was confiscated. She devoted herself to her father, and, in their secluded existence at Aix, sought to gain a tranquillity she was never to know. The remembrance of her son, for whom she had fought so bravely, was with her continually, and she once more lived over, in spirit, those days of strife and disappointment. King René's death left her entirely alone, and she longed to see again the home of her girlhood. The chateau de Dampierre was chosen, and here, in sight of many scenes of her happiest days, she passed the last two years of her life.

At last came the end of it all, the end of a life so full of anxiety, effort and failure that there was but little room for happiness. They laid her beside her father in the church of St. Maurice at Angers; but even here there seemed no rest for her. During the terrible French Revolution, three centuries later, the tomb was demolished and its contents scattered to the winds. At her death her slight possessions had passed into unfriendly hands, and all that remained to future ages was the memory of a wonderful woman, capable of great deeds and sacrifices, but on whom fortune never smiled but to deceive.

GENIUS.

To soar above the shaft of friend or foe,
The petty spite and envy; all of these
Prove our worth; greatness counts not by our friends
But by the number of our enemies.

Cella Burt Wall.

DELIGHTFUL DAYS IN A BERLIN ART GALLERY.

By M. A. Waddell Rodger.

In visiting the art galleries of the Old World it is interesting to examine first the works of the earliest painters and note the progress that art has made. Cimabue (1240-1302), born in Florence, was the first painter of great fame among the moderns. He painted in the Byzantine style, that is, using "brown tints on a gold background." Several examples of early Byzantine work may be seen both in Berlin and in the National Gallery in London. The faces are absolutely void of expression, and the figures are arranged in rows. It was Giotto "who first put melancholy or gladness into his faces and sought to make the posture of the figure express the story he had to tell." Giotto, too, was the first to group figures, which was "a great advance in composition."

Here, too, are one or two specimens of the work of Fra Angelico (1387-1455), also of the Tuscan school; of whom Lubke says "Never in the whole range of pictorial art, have the inspired fervor of Christian feeling, the angelic beauty and purity of which the soul is capable, been so gloriously interpreted as in his works." "It was this that earned him the name of Angelico. He began all his painting with prayer and then believing that everything he did was the direct result of the inspiration of God he refused to make any alterations." We did not see enough of Fra Angelico's work to endorse Lubke's eulogy, but it might very properly be applied to the pictures of Raphael, which for spirituality, beauty and exquisite finish surpass the works of any other artist, ancient or modern. The Berlin Museum has two of Raphael's matchless Madonnas. One cannot but wonder where, in the fifteenth century, Raphael found his sweet, strong, beautiful, intellectual and spiritual types of womanhood.

The same cannot be said of the paintings of all the old masters; indeed the works of some seem to have been admitted to the galleries because of their exceeding ugliness. For instance, Boticelli's Madonna enthroned, in which the Madonna is commonplace, the baby equally so, and both are surrounded by a group of scrawny angels of the earth earthy. Perhaps he is given an honorable place because "he enlarged the field of art, hitherto limited almost wholly to scriptural scenes, by introducing ancient myths and allegories into his works."

Very different is the picture of "Marie With the Child," by Andrea del Sarto (1488-1530). In this picture many of the traits appear of which Lubke speaks as "an incomparable blending of colors, delicate flesh tints and golden chiaroscuro."

Ghirlandajo, another artist of the

Tuscan school, is noted as having been for three years the master of Michael Angelo. Two of his pictures are in the Berlin Museum, one of which is as striking for its ghastliness as for its excellence. Two pretty maids are tripping along, one of whom carries on a trencher the head of John the Baptist!

Titian (1477-1576), the greatest artist of the Venetian school, and "one of the four greatest masters in painting whom the world has ever known, the other three being Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci," is represented in the Berlin Museum by four pictures. Portraits of a Venetian admiral and a beautiful child are fair speciments of Titian's style, but his "world-famous portrait," Titian's Daughter, representing "a young and lovely girl holding a tray of fruit above her head," had been, to our disappointment, removed for a few weeks to repair some injury that it had sustained.

Tintoretto also has a place in the Saal of the Venetian school. His pictures are rich in color, with fine forms and a general magnificence. The Venetians said that "Tintoretto had three pencils, one of gold, one of silver and one of lead." Hoyt says of him "he had a large capacity for invention, great dramatic vigor and loved a gorgeous glare of color; but his handling was apt to be very careless."

Passing through the German and Netherlands' Saal of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries we have time to only glance at the words of Cranach, Roger Van der Weyden, Kulmbach, Quintin Massys and Cornelius de Vos.

Before the brilliant paintings of Petrus Paulus Rubens (1577-1640) we linger long. The first picture which strikes the eye is that of the drunken Silenus, which the catalogue calls "one of the great master's chief works." The obese, half nude Silenus is too drunk to walk alone. Supporting him are several of his servants and after him follows a crowd of retainers. The leer in the eye of one disgusting face stays like a thorn in the memory. The whole picture impresses one as sensual and low. In vain you remember that his is called "the first great name in Flemish art, after it was modified by the fine arts of Italy; that Rubens represents magnificence arising from color, and that what Michael Angelo was in form Rubens was in color." All this we recall, but still cannot admire Rubens. He could paint flesh and blood full of "passionate movement and overflowing with animal life," but his men and women are mountains of soulless, muscular flesh. While this is true of many of the works of Rubens there is one picture which it is a pleasure to recall, the Kindergruppe, in the Berlin Museum —a group of rollicking, rosy, two year-old children — a cluster of rosebuds. The Awakening of Lazarus is one of Rubens' best works. The Christ face is common, but the surprise and joy in those of the sisters Mary and Martha are wonderfully expressed.

A small landscape of Adam Elzheimer (1574-1620) shows progress in landscape. The figures are stiff, but the perspective is good. Sandrart tells how Elzheimer "would lie for a whole day studying a cluster of trees or any other natural object without making any attempt to sketch it, then go home and render it faithfully upon his canvas."

It is impossible to do more than give a passing glance at the works of many artists, but those of Albrecht Durer (1471-1528) of Nuremberg are worthy of careful study. He was not only a painter, but a sculptor and engraver as well. Indeed, he is said to have invented the art of etching and of printing woodcuts in two colors. As a painter Lubke says of him that his inborn, artistic ability ranked equal to the greatest Italian masters, but his means of expression were limited. Another critic has said of him that "he

appears to have copied his model with all its individual imperfections. His sacred characters are the Nuremberg burghers, surrounded by the details of their daily life, and even in these he does not seem to have sought after the most beautiful forms and faces." Yet there are exceptions to this statement, for some of Durer's pictures represent sweet, strong faces full of innate beauty of character. "Durer's art won the admiration of Raphael and his great artist contemporaries. Venice offered him two hundred ducats yearly if he would live there, and Antwerp strove to keep him by similar offers."

When will the millionaires or wealthy cities of America develop national talent and win for themselves honor and fame by offering a moderate salary to talented but indigent artists for abiding in their midst, enriching and ennobling their lives by the creations of their genius?

The pre-Raphaelite painters are largely represented in the museum, and the incongruities and anachronisms of their pictures are very puzzling. Often where there seems to be some real genius the scene (of the Nativity, for example) is painted with foreign surroundings. A Crusader of the eleventh century is kneeling before Mary, who is dressed as an Italian princess; the stable resembles an Italian palace, with an impossible cow chewing before an impossible manger. It is some satisfaction to find that so great an authority as Ruskin has found some "method in their madness." In his Modern Painters he says: "The painter expressed not the actual fact, but the enthusiastic state of his own feelings about the fact; he covers the Virgin's dress with gold not with any idea of representing the Virgin as she ever was or ever will be seen, but with a burning desire to show what his love and reverence would think fittest for her. He erects for the stable a Lombardic portico, not because he supposes the Lombardi to have built stables in Palestine in the days of Tiberius, but to show that the manger in which Christ was laid is, in his eyes, nobler than the greatest architecture in the world. He fills his landscape with church spires and silver streams, not because he supposes either were in sight of Bethlehem, but to remind the beholder of the peaceful course and succeeding power of Christianity. Regarded with due sympathy and clear understanding of these thoughts of the artist, such pictures remain most impressive and touching even to this day." It is interesting to follow Ruskin's analysis of the degradation of art caused by false ideals.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Historical.

Two highly interesting volumes, the fruit of patient and deep research, have been given to the world by Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton under the title of "The English Black Monks of St. Benedict." The history of the Benedictine order in England is, we might say, the history of the Church in that country. From the landing of St. Augustine with other Benedictine monks sent by Pope Gregory the Great, the Benedictine order has been closely identified with the religious life of the country, and the brilliant victories of the Church in England, her wonderful propagation and progress up to the time of Henry VIII. were due, in a large measure, to the efforts of the Benedictine monks. The splendid legacies, in the shape of magnificent temples and splendid abbeys, which have been handed down to an admiring posterity, are all the work of the followers of St. Benedict. They have left an impress upon England which can never be effaced. The history of the order in England is, on this account, a most interesting one, rich in abundance of material, and covering almost every era of the national life. To classify the wealth of material at his disposal, and reduce it to order within the limits set by himself in these two volumes, was no easy task for the reverend author, and he is to be congratulated on the complete success of his great undertaking. He has given us not only a valuable history, but he has expressed the results of his researches in such an entertaining way, that the reader feels that he is not treated to a mere dry recital of historical facts, but sees the whole living, moving scene, as it was, passing before him. And, yet, he is not asked to take anything for granted, nor to rely on mere assertion of the author; for authority is given for all positions taken, and historical documents quoted to sustain the contentions of the author. We see the monk not only as the world saw him, we see him in his private life as influenced by the spirit of the order and moulded by the rules and daily routine which prevailed in the old monasteries. The humble beginnings at Canterbury, the gradual increase of the order, the influence of the monks on university life, their splendid foundations at the time of Henry, and their ruthless spoliation at his hands, the troubled period of the English Church during the so-called Reformation, the return of the Benedictines after the persecution and their rehabilitation and successful progress down to the present day,—all these scenes are faithfully portrayed in these deeply interesting pages. This book is one of distinct historical value and is worthy of a place in the historical department of every library. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The merit of William Cobbett's "History of the Protestant Reformation" is well known, and we welcome its appearance in a cheap and popular form. It is enriched by notes from the able pen of V. Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D. D., O. S. B., himself a historian of the first rank, and eminently qualified to write on this momentous period of English history, while a preface written by the same hand is worthy of the perusal of all who wish to understand the fateful meaning of this great upheaval in the life of the English people. The peculiar merit of Corbett's historical work is ably set forth by Dr. Gasquet, when he says: "His pages help us to realize the fact that the Reformation effected, besides a change in religious beliefs and practices, a wide and permanent division in the great body politic. The supposed purification of doctrine and practice was brought about only at the cost of, as it were, driving a wedge well into the heart of the nation, which at once and for all divided the rich from the poor, and established the distinction which still exists between the classes and the masses." At this length of time, we cannot but admire the courage of Cobbett, who ventured, in the cause of truth, to maintain a position so directly opposed to the prevailing sentiments of his countrymen as regards this great change in the life of the English people. We venture to hope that this book will have a wide sale and will be read by all who desire to study the causes and effects of this Protestant Reformation in England. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

It has remained for an American to give the most graphic and entertaining account of one of Napoleon's campaigns. The author, Lieut. Herbert H. Sargent, U. S. A., already favorably well known for his "Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign," achieves a distinct success in this latest work, entitled "The Campaign of Marengo." The author has made himself thoroughly familiar with his subject and deals with the events which took place around Marengo with a comprehensiveness and minuteness which are admirable. Always historically accurate, he treats his subject

in such a fascinating way, that we seem to see the battle taking place before our very eyes. We venture to say that this is the best and most comprehensive account of the battle of Marengo, and the events that led up to it, that has ever been written. A series of maps, especially designed for this work, enables the reader to follow intelligently the movements of the French and Austrian forces engaged and their respective positions on the day of the great battle. We trust that success of the author will induce him to continue a work for which he shows such a peculiar fitness. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50.

Miscellaneous.

In "Catholic Gems and Pearls" Rev. J. Phelan has amassed together a great amount of useful and curious information. Many of the articles are from the pen of the author himself, who was for many years editor of the North Western Chronicle. The author has also gathered together selections from celebrated authors, comments of the press on leading questions of the day, while dashes of humor here and there give variety and make the book more readable. The author classifies his information under ten general headings, facts for all minds; interesting historical facts; statistics relative to the Church throughout the world, etc. An alphabetical index renders this varied knowledge easy of access. Chicago: J. I. Hyland & Co.

The able and interesting paper read by Mgr. W. J. O'Connell before the International Congress at Fribourg, and which has provoked so much favorable comment throughout Europe, has been published in pamphlet form under the title of "A New Idea in the Life of Father Hecker." The distinguished author in this paper ably sets forth the fundamental difference between the old Roman and American ideas of civil government, and contrasts the spirit which is embodied in the American Constitution, with the spirit which informed old Roman law, showing the latter to be essentially Pagan, while the former is essentially Christian. The real meaning of the term "Americanism," as used in these latter days to express the special mental attitude of Catholics towards liberty and the new order of things which obtains here in America, is clearly defined and illustrated by the life of Father Hecker. This paper was one of the most remarkable productions of the series read before the Fribourg Congress and we commend its perusal to all intelligent Americans. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co.

Rev. A. M. Clark, C. S. P., has performed a good service to the cause of truth in publishing a reprint of the original account of the persecution of the Catholic religion in the Sandwich Islands, and in bringing together the documents relating to this sad event. An intelligent exposition of this whole question is given in his brochure, entitled "History of the Catholic Religion in the Sandwich Islands," and the facts which he adduces, supported by documentary evidence, show in clear light the position of the Catholic missionaries and the justice of their claims.

A new edition of "Outlines of Church History," by Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. S. F., has just been issued. It will be found invaluable for those who wish to have in handy form the main facts of Church history. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co.; 45 cents.

"The Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge, edited with introduction and notes by A. J. George, M. A., will be found helpful by all students of English who wish to understand the genesis of this singularly beautiful poem and to appreciate its poetic and lyrical power. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.; 35 cents.

"The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men," by the author of "How to be Happy Though Married," is singularly interesting. Historical and anecdotal in character it selects representatives from all the leading professions and describes, oftentimes humorously, but as often pathetically, the love experiences of the celebrated characters of history, especially for the last three hundred years. It is a book which has demanded diligent search into the domain of history and is at once wholesome and interesting. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Fr. Finn, S. J., gives us another delightful story, entitled "That Foot Ball Game," in which, while delineating the features of that popular American game, he teaches the high moral lessons which we have learned to expect from his facile and interesting pen. The acquaintance which the reverend author displays of that lively American game is only equalled by his thorough knowledge of boys. When we say that this is one of Fr. Finn's best books, some idea may be formed of the absorbing interest of the story. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; 85 cents.

The "Little Child of Mary" is a suitable manual of prayers adapted for children to preserve the fruits of first communion. Benziger Bros.; 30 cents.

"Stepping Stones to Literature" is the attractive title of a new series of readers

published by Silver, Burdett & Company, Boston.

Pupils privileged to use these stepping stones are very happy indeed in their pursuit of knowledge.

The books are such as children will love to read, and their interest in them will make the reading lesson a pleasure rather than a task. The subject-matter has evidently been prepared with unusual knowledge of the needs and capacities of the pupils of the several grades, and with rare skill and discrimination in adapting the lessons to suit their varied powers. There is a wide range of treatment, and entire freedom in combining the best features of various systems, as the word, the sentence, and the phonic theories in the younger grade readers. Much attention is given to nature study and the objects in the child's world with which he is more or less familiar. As his horizon extends, the number and variety of topics increase. As children are more interested in children than in any other subject, there is much about them, but animal and plant life and the common phenomena of nature are also fully treated. Simple fables lead up to the ancient myths and old folk-lore. Beautiful poems, here and there, inspire the children with a love of choice sentiment, carefully expressed.

The anniversary number of the "Father Mathew Herald" is the largest and most attractive of all previous numbers. It contains many articles of special interest. Among others one on Pope Leo XIII., an excellent character sketch illustrated with the latest portrait of the Sovereign Pontiff. This number also contains much of general interest, and is handsomely illustrated with portraits of the Church dignitaries, prominent laymen and many of the leading Catholic authors of America.

The Mission Books, as a rule, are made to answer for all, young and old, married and single. But as there are special instructions for different states in life Father Girardey thought it well to prepare separate Mission Books specially adapted to certain classes of people. With this end in view he made the "Boys' and Girls' Mission Book," and has followed it by two others, "Mission Book for the Married," and "Mission Book for the Single." Besides containing the usual devotions and a summary of the instructions and sermons given during Missions and Renewals each has particular devotions adapted to those for whom the book is intended. For instance, that for the married contains chapters on the Catholic husband and wife, the duties of parents, and a special examination of conscience. The other treats of the duties of the young man and of the young woman, of the excellence of the virtue of purity and of virginity, with directions for finding out one's vocation and following it, and a brief, but thorough treatise on marriage.

Both books contain the choicest prayers as well as the most complete instructions yet offered to the faithful. The typography and the binding are excellent, and the books will undoubtedly prove great favorites among those for whom they have been prepared.

Benziger Bros., New York. Price 50 cents, cloth.

"The Mission Book of the Redemptorist Fathers" is intended to keep alive in individuals and families the remembrances and fruits of the Mission. It condenses all that has been preached during the Mission, and at the same time contains the prayers useful for the reception of the sacraments and for the daily Christian life. It also contains many devotions recommended by St. Alphonsus, and many prayers and devout exercises to which the Church has attached partial and plenary indulgences. The price is from 50 cents to $2.50, according to binding. Benziger Bros., New York.

"Our Boys' and Girls' Annual" for 1898 makes its appearance in a very pretty dress, and charming as is the cover the contents are even more pleasing.

There are stories by Father Finn and Miss Dorsey, other stories, puzzles, games, and many other attractive features.

Benziger Bros., New York. Price 5 cents.

Andrew Lang is the children's "wonder man." He is always marshaling fairies, gnomes, dwarfs, giants, kings and princes, and grouping them into the most delightful tales for the benefit of the little folks. All sorts of animals are given tongues to speak and wonderfully wise are their sayings. The Blue, Red, Green and Yellow Fairy Books were delightfully entertaining, and now that the Pink Fairy Book is out children have nothing left to desire in the way of fairy tales.

Many of the old favorites appear in charming guise, and there are many new tales which have never before been printed in English. Among them are Sicilian, African, and Catalan tales, Japanese stories, and an old French story, translated by Mrs. Lang.

The artist is H. F. Ford, and just to see the princess weeping with the cats is enough to make one turn the pages carefully in search of more pictures.

Here is what Mr. Lang has to say about the moral:

"Here, then, are fancies brought from all quarters; we see that black, white, and yellow peoples are fond of just the same kinds of adventures. Courage, youth, beauty, kindness, have many trials, but they always win the battle; while witches, giants, unfriendly cruel people, are on the losing hand. So it ought to be, and so, on the whole, it is and will be; and that is all the moral of fairy tales."

New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price $2.00.

The excellence of the Christmas publications issued by L. Prang & Co., Boston, is a very encouraging indication of the high standard maintained in the line of artistic publishing in the United States. The greetings sent out by Messrs. Prang to mark the close of 1897 are very beautiful, fully sustaining the reputation of these art publishers, and, as usual, are thoroughly American in character, designing, lithographing and printing being done in this country.

The designs of all the calendars and booklets are very graceful, the coloring exquisite, and the technical workmanship of the highest order. It is difficult to make a choice, but among the most finely finished souvenirs sent out this season are the following:

Queenly Roses—"A very garden of sweets, lapt in attars fragrantly." Exquisite plates of roses, with a calendar for three months on each. Held together with silk ribbon and bow, and arranged to turn. Size, 9½ x7⅝. Boxed. Price, 50 cents.

Blossom-Time—Five large plates with violets, crocuses, apple blossoms, roses, poppies, and landscapes, and a calendar of the days of the year for three months on each of four plates. Tied with silk ribbon and bow to a beautiful cover design. Size, 6⅝x9⅛. Boxed. Price, 50 cents.

The Bachelor Calendar—A quaint arrangement on six plates of bachelors' buttons, needle and thread, pin-cushion and pins, some torn clothes on a line, stockings, yarn and darning-needle, and a dream of a girl, together with a calendar for two months and telling bits of poetry on each plate. Ribbon tied. Size, 7⅛x8¾. Boxed. Price, 50 cents.

Nasturtiums—Five brilliant plates of bright nasturtiums in full colors, four of which have a calendar of the days of the year for three months. Tied together with silk ribbon and bow, and arranged to turn and hang. Size, 8¾x6¼. Boxed. Price, 50 cents.

A Companion for All Ages.

A gentleman who used to read The Youth's Companion when a boy, and reads it with the same interest now that he is a middle-aged man, was asked the other day if he had not outgrown The Companion. "I don't believe," said he, "that I can ever outgrow it. I find in it not only the cheery, hopeful spirit of youth, but the wisdom and experience of age. I like it just as much as when I was a boy, though perhaps in a different way. But I know that it is the same Youth's Companion with which I grew up, for my boys and girls like it as well as ever I did. It is a good paper to grow up with."

The Youth's Companion will contain the best thought of the best thinkers of America and Europe during 1898. It will print serial and short stories of absorbing interest, and true tales of adventure. The various departments of the paper will be a current record of the best work that is being done in the world. Present readers of The Companion who renew their subscriptions, and all new subscribers, will receive free a beautiful illustrated calendar, printed in twelve colors, and embossed in gold. It is the richest and costliest calendar ever sent to Companion subscribers. New subscribers will receive The Companion every week from the time the subscription is received until January, 1898, and then for a full year to January, 1899.

An illustrated prospectus of The Companion for 1898 may be had by addressing

PERRY MASON & CO.

205 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Three Kings of Cologne.

From out of Cologne there came three kings
To worship Jesus Christ, their King,
To him they sought fine herbs they brought,
And many a beauteous golden thing;
They brought their gifts to Bethlehem town,
And in that manger set them down.

Then spake the first king, and he said:
"O child, most heavenly, bright and fair!
I bring this crown to Bethlehem town
For Thee, and only Thee to wear;
So give a heavenly crown to me
When I shall come at last to Thee!' '

The second then: "I bring Thee here
This royal robe, O Child!" he cried;
"Of silk 'tis spun, and such an one
There is not in the world beside;
So in the day of doom requite
Me with a heavenly robe of white."

The third king gave his gift and quoth:
"Spikenard and myrrh to Thee I bring,
And with these twain would I most fain
Anoint the body of my King;
So may their incense sometimes rise
To plead for me in yonder skies!"

Thus spake the three kings of Cologne,
Who gave their gifts and went their way;
And now kneel I in prayer hard by
The cradle of the Child to-day;
Nor crown, nor robe, nor spice I bring
As offering unto Christ, my King.

Yet have I brought a gift the Child
May not despise, however small;
For here I lay my heart to-day,
And it full of love to all.
Take thou the poor but loyal thing,
My only tribute, Christ, my King!

— Eugene Field.

A Lost Chance.

Nearly 1900 years ago Salome, the widow, sat in the upper chamber of her house in Bethlehem, waiting for guests who were coming to be enrolled in the city of David, at the bidding of Cyrinus, the governor of Syria. All was in readiness, and the placid mind of the matron was not a little ruffled when a maid told her that strangers were at her gate asking for a lodging because there was no room at the inn. But she had a kind heart and descended to the gate to find an elderly man with a young wife waiting for leave to come into the courtyard. It was very vexatious, and so Salome said apart to her porter, "They are Nazarenes, I can tell it by their accent, and Phanuel the Pharisee is coming and he abhors the people of Nazareth."

"I could put them in the lower rooms," said the maid who had called her down to the gate.

"I don't know what servants my brethren may bring," said the puzzled hostess; "I wish you had sent them away without telling me, Dorcas. You know that I don't like to take responsibility; they look tired and I cannot bear to send them away, for the young girl seems delicate. Still I owe consideration to my family; I have opened my house to them, and Phanuel never could bear the sight of a Nazarene."

Salome went again to the gate, and, with real regret, told the travelers that her house would be full that night and she could not receive strangers. She took from her pouch a heavy coin and offered it to the old man, but with a gentle word of thanks he declined her alms and turned from the gate.

Salome felt sorry, but just then a train of horsemen and camel-drivers appeared in the distance and a trumpet announced the coming of Phanuel the Pharisee. There was no time for thought of the tired travelers turned away, for the courtyard was quickly filled with horses, mules and camels, and Salome was absorbed with the honors to be paid to that treasure of Judaism, Phanuel, the son of Nathan.

In the stillness of the night and of many nights to come, the widow remembered the old man and his fair young wife, and always the thought came to her, "Those sweet eyes looked on me with pity; I am sure of it. She pitied me far more than I did her."

Some twelve days after the coming of Phanuel and his brethren the widow was again called from her household cares, not to the gates this time, but to the housetop, to see a strange sight. Hostess, guests and servants all gathered on the roof to see a procession pass through Bethlehem, such as no living inhabitant had ever seen. Foremost rode side by side on white horses three princely figures decked as if to do homage to some great potentate.

With crowned heads, jeweled ears and hands, and dressed in robes of the choicest tissues of the East, they passed through the throng of gazers as if unconscious of their presence.

Behind the princes came a train of camels laden with jars and caskets rich with gold and gems.

The attendants, drivers and runners, were swarthy slaves, and dark-faced were the princes too, as if they came from the distant lands where men worshipped the works of Jehovah and not Jehovah himself.

Almost before the last of the train had disappeared night fell and the watchers on the housetops dispersed, the servants to serve a feast, the masters to prepare for it with ablutions. The talk was of the strange pageant and many were the explanations suggested by the fertile mind of Phanuel the Pharisee, learned in various matters.

Later the maiden Dorcas asked her mistress to hear the strange tale brought by a little lad of the household who had followed the procession to its destination.

"Let him tell his story here," said Phanuel, and the boy was admitted, proud and scared too at the importance of his position. He drew near to his mistress and would have whispered, but Phanuel bade him speak aloud.

"It was just to the stable of the inn that they went, and bowed down before a little new-born baby," said the wondering boy to his wondering hearers, and then he pressed close to Salome and said: "and the father and mother were the old man and the young woman whom you sent away from the gate twelve nights ago."

"Sent them from the gate!" cried Phanuel. "Persons with connections equal to King Herod himself! What were you thinking of, Salome?"

"Of you, Phanuel," said Salome. "They were shabby and covered with dust and they came from Nazareth. You know you never like Nazarenes."

"I would have controlled myself," said Phanuel. "By the law and the prophets, Salome, you have lost a great opportunity. How often have I begged of you to work for the interest of your family."

And Salome said to herself: "I knew she pitied me. What, oh, what, have I lost?"

— EMMA FORBES CARY.

The Right Spirit.

I don't want to say an unkind word about Christmas presents—but; well, there's such a thing as getting too much even of Christmas gifts. No, I don't mean too many; I mean too much of the work and weariness of trying to give presents to every one we think has a right to expect them of us in return for gifts bestowed on us or services rendered, and to make such returns equal in value to what we received. This commercial trading destroys the Christmas sentiment. In our anxiety to make a minimum of money cover a maximum of expenditure we sometimes lose the true spirit of giving, and what we offer is not a voluntary expression of goodwill so much as it is an expression of "I have to give you something because you expect it of me." Unfortunately even the children are influenced by this selfish consideration.

Last winter I heard a little child say to her father, "I'm always so glad when you come home, papa." And "papa" smiling with delight proceeded to draw out the darling for the benefit of his fellow passengers.

"Why, my pet?"

"Because you always bring me something," said the cherub promptly, and then she prattled on about what she expected to get on her tree, ending with a smiling "I won't have to give Robbie Johnson anything this year 'cause he kept all the painted eggs to himself last Easter."

There was reasoning on the wrong basis.

In a short story recently published I chanced on a fine illustration of the true spirit of giving though stern moralists may decry the principle involved. A happy-go-lucky ne'er-do-well, remembered with love, returned to his early home broken in health and fortune, and sought refuge with the faithful "mammy" who had been his nurse in childhood. When the news of his return was made public many were the offers made by those who had known him in his happy, reckless, generous youth, but nothing expressed quite so fine a spirit as did the words of a poor, dissolute hanger-on lacking alike means and credit. He had been Jem's constant companion in his boyhood, and moved by the memory of those other days to oblivion of the present he cried out: "And tell Jem, Mammy, that if he wants anything——" he paused, overcome by a sudden recollection of his own destitute condition, then added quickly and earnestly, "I'll borrow it for him."

Now please don't think I advocate this kind of giving; it is only the impulse of the heart that spoke; and some way it seems to me this poor good-for-naught came nearer to the true spirit of giving than do many of us who pride ourselves on our probity in our dealings with our fellow men.

Giving is beautiful, and I am not going to say one word against preparing gifts even if you work until the midnight hours to get them done, provided the motive power urging you on to the completion of your pretty offerings is the pure impulse of love, the desire to give pleasure to others, to give expression to the spirit of good-will proclaimed by the angels on that first Christmas of long ago.

Some Christmas Customs.

In many localities there exists the beautiful sentiment that the gates of heaven stand wide open on Christmas eve and that he whose soul take flight during its hallowed hours arrives straightway at the throne of grace.

In the southeastern part of England, the peasantry assert that oxen kneel in prayer in their stalls, at midnight, on the anniversary of the Nativity; while in other localities bees are said to sing in their hives at the same hour and subterranean bells to ring a merry peal. According to legends of ancient Britain cocks crow lustily all night on December 24, to scare away witches and evil spirits, and in Bavaria some of the countrymen make frequent and apparently aimless trips in their sledges to cause the hemp to grow thick and tall.

The custom of "kissing under the mistletoe" dates back to the days of Scandinavian mythology, when the god of darkness shot his rival, the immortal Apollo of the North, with an arrow made from its boughs. But the supposed victim being miraculously restored to life, the mistletoe was given into the keeping of the goddess of affection, as a symbol of love and not of death, to those who passed beneath it. A berry was required to be picked with every kiss and presented to the maiden as a sign of good fortune, the privilege ceasing when all the berries were gathered.

On Christmas Eve in Venezuela there is very little sleep. This night is called La Noche Buena—the good night. There is plenty of festivity. It is a family feast. Friends go to see friends; those in the city go to see those in the country, and those in the country go to see those in the city. When calls cannot be made in person, cards are sent, both on Christmas and on New Year's Day. The principal feature in the homes is the representation of the birth of Christ in the stable on Christmas Day.

All the children hang up their stockings, which are filled with presents by the parents. This custom was introduced from Germany. They have also Christmas trees and decorate them with fruits, bonbons, and lighted candles.

A very pretty custom in Norway is that of fastening a sheaf of wheat to a long pole on the house top for the wild birds to feast on in the early morning; and in Holland the young men of the town bear a large silver star through the snowy streets collecting alms from the bystanders for the helpless or aged sick.

Pines or firs being unattainable in the tropical islands of the Pacific, the inhabitants sometimes cut down a fruit tree, such as the orange or guava, or actually manufacture a tree from wood, covering the bare, stiff branches with clinging vines of evergreen.

In the Holy Land at this season the place of greatest interest is naturally the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, erected on the supposed location where Christ was born. It is said to be the oldest Christian church in existence, having been built more than fifteen centuries ago by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine. Repairs were made later by Edward IV. of England; but it is now again fast falling into decay. The roof was originally composed of cedar of Lebanon and the walls were studded with precious jewels, while numerous lamps of silver and gold were suspended from the rafters. The Greeks, Latins and Armenians now claim joint possession of the structure, and jealously guard its sacred precincts. Immediately beneath the nave of the cathedral is a commodious marble chamber, constructed over the spot where the far-famed stable was said to have stood, and reached by a flight of stone steps, worn smooth by the tread and kisses of multitudes of worshippers. The manger is represented by a marble slab a couple of feet in height, decorated with tinsel and blue satin and marked at the head with a chiseled star, bearing above it the inscription in Latin, "Here was Jesus Christ born of the Virgin Mary." At the foot are several altars, on which incense is ever kept burning and where Mass is celebrated, while a score of hanging lamps shed a fitful light over the apartment.

Some Hints on Christmas Gifts.

A very useful gift for a person who is traveling is a set of shoe bags of brown linen. These should be cut about twelve inches wide and twenty-seven inches long. One end may be cut rounded at the corners, and an outline sketch of a pair of shoes or the initials of the person to whom it is to be given may be embroidered in red wash cotton on the end. Next it should be bound all around with red worsted braid, and ten inches of the square end turned up like a pocket, and the sides overhanded together. The shoes are to be put in this pocket and the bag rolled up. This takes the place of wrapping shoes in paper, and is much more compact and shipshape. Several of these bags are necessary for a complete equipment of Madame's or Mademoiselle's packing "boxes," and one or two made of white linen, instead of the more serviceable brown, would be daintier for light evening shoes.

A dainty bureau set for a young girl's room, consisting of cover, a set of mats, and a stand cloth to match, is of white linen, embroidered with a morning glory

design, showing leaves, flowers, the long, slender buds and tendrils. The edges are in scallops, buttonholed with white silk. The flowers are in pale pink, veined both with the white and dark garnet, and the leaves are in shades of olive. As the design is worked either one of the heart-shaped leaves or a flower alternates with the scallops in the border, it being a very pretty effect.

Three gifts likely to be appreciated by the woman who embroiders are a pair of silver embroidery scissors, a silver card or reel on which to wind embroidery silk, or a linen or leather-covered book for holding skeins of this silk. Almost any price can be given for the elegant little scissors that are sold at the silversmith's, for if one is not satisfied with silver, there are scissors of gold and of gold enameled with blue. The book for holding the skeins of silk has the pasteboard lids covered with linen or leather, usually of ecru, tan, or a darker brown. If one chooses, the edges may be bound with ribbon. The book should be tied with ribbon strings, and inside have at least two dozen leaves of plain white paper.

Seventy-five cents is not a large sum to spend on a present, but it is enough to make an exquisite little coverlet for some young mother's baby. Three yards of fine cheesecloth in a delicate color, a roll of cotton wadding, two rolls of baby ribbon and an envelope of sachet powder are the necessary materials.

One yard of cheesecloth should be laid on the table, covered with sheets of cotton wadding and sprinkled liberally with satchet powder. A second yard of cheesecloth should cover this; the edges should be turned in, basted and overhanded, and the coverlet stitched here and there to keep the cotton in place.

A design in overlapping circles may be basted into the coverlet, and then stitched on in baby ribbon. This will serve to quilt the spread. The baby's monogram in the middle, and a double frill of cheesecloth outlined with rows of ribbon will finish a very dainty and very cheap comfortable.

A pretty and convenient pocket for the perambulator can be made of white, blue or pink china silk embroidered with forget-me-nots, rosebuds, violets or daisies. Neatly made up and completely lined, satin ribbons an inch wide should be run in a casing, sewed out for the purpose, at the foot of the ruffle. These ribbons should draw at either side, to open and shut the bag, retenete fashion. The bag may contain several essentials—a couple of safety pins, the child's bottle of milk for emergency, with a bit of absorbent cotton tucked inside the nipple to keep it from leaking; an extra bib and handkerchief; a flannel square against sudden cold. The nurse will quickly find this bag an indispensable adjunct to the baby's outings, particularly where the baby passes much time in city parks.

A writing tablet is quite elaborate in appearance, and yet it is not at all beyond the possibility of most amateurs with clever fingers to construct. Cover a board twenty inches by thirteen with thin, unglazed leather, gluing the ends down at the back of the board. Place a blotting pad in the centre of the board, bringing one edge of it along the edge of the leather. Catch the four corners of the blotters down with four diagonal straps of broad elastic of a shade to match the cover used. Fasten these corners with tiny brass-headed nails. Use in the same way other elastic straps to hold postals, scissors, pens, pencils, a paper knife, and sticks of sealing-wax. A small safety inkstand may be glued on one corner and a penwiper with a little calendar. With the brass nails fasten a piece of cloth to fall over the front. In this make pockets to hold paper and envelopes.

For a sofa or an invalid's chair, this pillow cover is made of the finest linen, and is embroidered in the middle with a huge interlaced monogram. It is trimmed at each corner with dainty fly bows in periwinkle moire ribbon, to match the longer ribbon, which is drawn through button-hole slits to form a frame to the monogram. These can be easily removed for washing, and the color of the trimming changed to harmonize or contrast with the colors of the room or dress.

A pretty and convenient match-holder is made of two clay pipes, gilded, and a little, finely-woven Chinese or Japanese basket set between them and tied in place by satin ribbons, finished by a pretty bow. Place in the basket a small glass to hold the matches, and hang up by satin ribbons attached to the under side of the basket. About two yards of ribbon will be required.

Some very dainty key baskets for housewives who delight in having everything belonging to them as pretty as possible, are made from the little oval wicker baskets, which have lids divided in the centre and opening each way. The basket is lined with pale-green India silk, and the high handles is covered with gathered silk, a tiny frill being left on each side. Full rosettes of the narrowest ribbon are tacked on the lid.

Ingratitude.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

—Shakespeare.

Gratitude is another name for justice, for if there is anything unjust, disloyal and unfair, it is ingratitude. And yet it is a deplorable fact to consider that ingratitude is very common. It prevails among the ignorant and the educated; mental culture, in itself, is not sufficient to debar it. The heart must be spiritually beautified, so to speak, in love, charity, and obedience before the fragrant flower of gratitude can permeate our lives with its sweetness.

We cannot truly love anyone unless we are full of gratitude for that person who begets that love. Neither can we enjoy or appreciate true friendship unless we are capable of gratefully reciprocating those noble personal qualities which constitute true friendship.

In fact, gratitude is one of the divine elements of human nature that cannot be extolled too highly.

If gratitude is wanting in one's character then it is safe to say every other good quality is wanting also, for gratitude constitutes in itself a noble principle and a noble principle is the backbone of every virtue.

Ingratitude is the companion of selfishness, and they are so closely allied as to be almost mistaken for each other.

If our lives are blind to their blessings we consequently fail to derive any pleasure from them. And that is what ingratitude does,— it blinds us.

We may have all the comforts of life; but if we are not grateful and appreciative of them, our selfishness excludes that sweet joy they would otherwise bring. We may conclude these things are ours by lawful right, not knowing that other souls far more deserving of them are unselfishly striving to make life beautiful without them, hard though it may be.

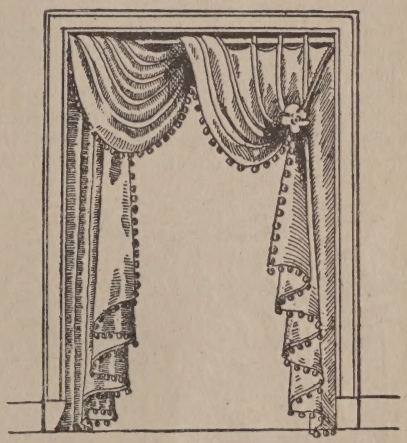
If we wish to enrich our lives we must go through life with a grateful heart, thankful for the beautiful day and the night bringing us refreshing slumber; thankful for our health, our home comforts and thankful for the good we are able to do. And when the sun does not shine and the day is dark and dreary looking, thanking God then for our faith in Him who makes us feel and know the sun is still shining for us behind the shadows.

— Julia Teresa But'er.

Doorway Drapery.

Its Chief Beauty Should Lie in the Simplicity of Its Folds.

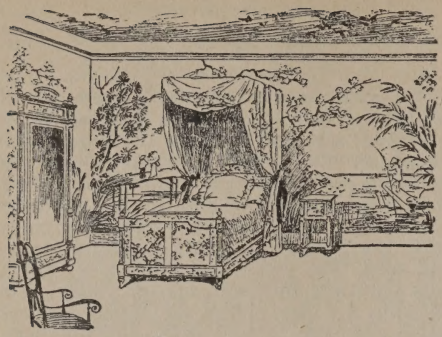
The chief beauty of any drapery should be looked for in the folds into which it naturally falls, and to bring this result simplicity should be the principal object in selecting designs for home adornment. This should be considered also in the selection of material. Provided these harmonize with the prevailing tones of your room, and also that you have a material which falls naturally into soft, artistic folds, your curtains, be they simple or expensive material, are sure to look well, and no number of other good characteristics, such as beauty of design or pattern, will compensate for the loss of this quality.



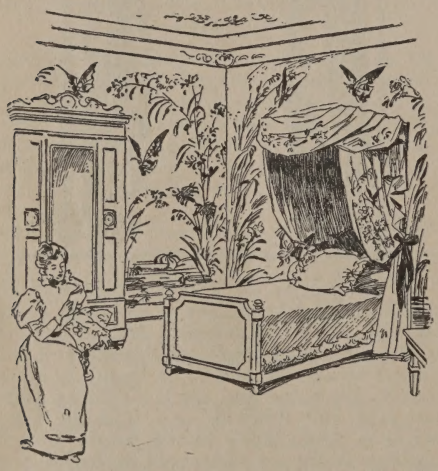
In the matter of linings, it is well to match the principal shade of your drapery with some soft material, such as armure or the silk-faced goods so plentiful in the market nowadays, and to be found in every conceivable color and shade, from 25 cents per yard and upward. An immense step has been taken lately in the production of fabrics suitable for household draperies, and it is safe to say that it is the purchaser's own fault if the materials chosen should not suit even the most fastidious taste.—Chicago Chronicle.

Dainty Bedrooms.

The latest furnishings for a girl's bedroom have all a touch of violet or of pink in their design. A girl's bed-room should always be dainty in color and chaste in its conception. New carpets of Wilton and Brussels are shown in white grounds, lightly strewn with bunches of violets; while here and there are scattered single flowers



and leaves. Papers to correspond with these carpets are also shown. Stripes are particularly liked. A plain satin stripe alternating with a rough stripe, over which violets, intermingled with conventional designs, are gracefully blended, the whole presenting an exceedingly attractive effect. A brass bedstead, a toilet table, escritoire and bureau of bird's-eye maple, and a couch unholstered with silk tapestry in blended shades of green and voilet, will add delicacy to the effect.



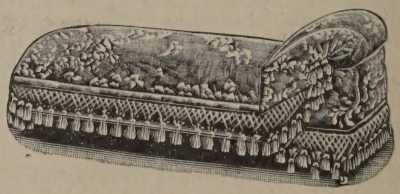
For the toilet table a scarf of Renaissance lace over a slip of violet or pink satin is pretty, while for the bureau a cover made of sheer fine nainsook, upon which is embroidered a bunch of violets, will prove not only ornamental, but useful, as there seems to be no end to the wear of this frail-looking material. Silk lamp shades are still used in bedrooms, and are exceedingly pretty when finished with a crepe de chine ruffle over a pink or lavender silk shade. Picture frames ornamented with college flags are much used by girls who have friends attending the different colleges.

Coalport and Dresden are still prime favorites for the furnishings of escritoires for bed-rooms or libraries, and the pretty habit of leaving the desk open ready for use conduces not only to convenience, but also to tidiness, as it is all-important that the escritoire should be in the best of order to prove ornamental.

Raisins and grapes for cooking should be seeded, every one, if the cooking is to be healthful and the cook would run no risk of causing appendicitis by her carelessness. But seeding raisins or grapes by hand is a job that nobody was ever known to like, as besides being tedious it is messy and wasteful. At the same time many uses for raisins and grapes are found and the large use of them has caused an immense sale of the Enterprise Raisin and Grape Seeder, the little machine that separates seeds from raisins or grapes quicker than the cook can wink. The work is done cleanly, too, so that there is no waste. The smallest size machine will seed a pound of raisins in five minutes, and the larger size a pound a minute. They are made by the Enterprise Manufacturing Company of Pa., at their works in Philadelphia. The makers publish a bright little book called "The Enterprising Housekeeper," which contains 200 recipes, and is sent on receipt of 4 cents in stamps to persons writing for it.

The Boston Couch Bed.

The phenomenal success of the above beds is due to the fact that they are indeed a truly wonderful and most practical, inexpensive article of furniture where an economy in room space is desired. It is a rare thing to find in combination furniture an article like these beds, a perfectly disguised bed in the form of a beautiful couch, with the bed-clothing in its place, at all



times. The innumerable fatal accidents occurring daily from the use of folding upright beds has made a demand for a safe article, and you get it in these beds. Each and every bed is warranted and guaranteed by the manufacturer at No. 100 North street, Boston, Mass., to be first-class in every respect and not to get out of order. These beds can be found at all the leading furniture stores, and when purchasing see that the name "Boston" is on your bed.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Old Time Fire.

Talk about yer buildin's
That's het up by steam—
Give me the old oak fire
Where the old folks used to dream.

The rickety dogirons
One-sided as could be;
The ashes banked with 'taters
That were roasting there for me.

The dog on one side, drowsin',
Or barkin' nigh the door;
The kitten cuttin' capers
With the knittin' on the floor.

And me a little towhead
By mammy's side at night;
With both my cheeks a-burnin'
From the red flames leapin' bright.

These steam-het buildin's make me
Jest weary fer the blaze
That was a heap more comfortable
In my childhood's nights and days.

An' I'd give the finest heater
In the buildin's het by steam,
Fer the old-time chimbley corner
Where the old folks used to dream!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Christmas Offerings.

The boys were having things their own way. In the teacher's absence they had organized an orchestra, and Bobbie Dunlay, baton in hand, was making frantic efforts to get something like harmony from a medley of whistles, flutes, jewsharps, a drum, a triangle, and a concertina.

The players sat on the desks, their feet resting on the chairs, and performed with might and main. As their unusual position obliged them to sit with their backs to the door, the director was supposed to keep his eye on that as well as to direct the music, but being a true musician he lost himself in his art, and didn't even hear the door open. The boy with the triangle heard it, and called back over his shoulder:

"Is she coming, Joe?"

"No, she's here," was the reply, and suddenly the music ceased with a crash, the orchestra slid from the desks to the chairs and forty pairs of mischievous laughing eyes were turned on the latest comer.

The director dropped his baton and came forward like the little gentleman he was.

"It was an awful racket, wasn't it, Miss L——?" he said, an apologetic look in his pretty eyes. "But——"

"Exactly," said the teacher, who knew what a boy meant to say before he said it. "We mustn't expect too much of boys the day before school closes. What were you playing, Robbie?"

"Didn't you know?" he asked in a crestfallen way, that spoke of professional pride humbled to the dust. "That was the Anvil chorus."

The teacher turned away suddenly to hang up her wraps, and when she faced the school again there was still a smile in her eyes.

"Our last day and only one session," she said. "What shall we do with it?"

"You couldn't let us play?" asked Robbie, anxiously.

"Well, no, Robbie," doubtfully. "I am fond of music myself, but there are ten other teachers in the building and some one might possibly object."

A pale little boy with fine white hands made a timid suggestion. "Mightn't we draw and model?" he asked. "Just anything we liked?"

And this suggestion meeting with the approval of the class the little artists were soon engaged in rolling and pinching clay into all kinds of objects. The boy with the fine hands bent over his work, his cheeks flushing, his eyes bright, as deftly rolling and modeling he shaped little figures and presently combined them into a group with the Babe in the stable, the shepherds, the mother and the kings, and when he had added the last touch he sat back in his chair and seemed to know nothing of what was going on around him.

He didn't even know that the teacher was standing by him, a little thrill of the feeling that held him touching her also, and sounding in the words: "Why, Fred, dear boy—it's beautiful. Isn't it, Jeff?"

Poor little Jeff! He was ill so often, and always so fretful, that the other boys stood aloof from him, and for that reason the teacher did her best to please and interest him on the rare occasions when he appeared in the class-room. As she placed the board before him he pushed it from him so rudely that one of the shepherds fell to the floor and was broken.

The artist held out his hands as if to ward off further violence, and a quick angry light flashed into the teacher's eyes, but died out again as she talked to the boys of the Christ-Child born in Bethlehem, so poor and lowly.

When she had finished a sturdy boy with tousled hair spoke out from his great, generous heart: "I'd like to give Him something, teacher."

"You can, Chris," she said, quickly. "You can offer Him a very pleasing gift. Tell Him that for love of Him you will be more forgiving."

"I will after I get square with Desmond for stoning my dog," he promised.

"Poor Joey Desmond! He is treated worse than your dog. You know, Chris, that he has no real home, and when you visit the crib tomorrow tell the Christ-Child that you will be kind to the little waif."

Chris ran his fingers through his hair till every stubbly lock stood on end, always a sign of sharp conflict with self. "I'll lend him my new double runner," he jerked out at last; and the teacher was content, she knew the victory was complete.

"You remember the gifts the kings brought to Him, and how the shepherds, led by the star and the angels' song, hastened to do Him honor; and to-morrow you will go like them to visit Him in the manger. You are only little boys, but you too can honor the Christ-Child. You can promise Him to be more obedient, more truthful, humble like Him, and you can make Him glad by promising to always use His Holy Name with reverence, and you can try to be kind to others, to be thoughtful and helpful, and in every way that children can to show your love for the Holy Child."

"I didn't mean to break the shepherd," said the peevish boy, and this was so near being an apology that he rose at once in the esteem of the other boys, whose feeling towards him Chris voiced in the assertion that "if he'd give over being crusty he wasn't half a bad fellow."

Just then the gong rang for dismissal, and with clamorous wishes of "Merry Christmas" the happy-go-lucky little mortals tumbled out into the snow.

Do not Say.

Expect, for suspect.
First rate, as an adverb.
Nice, indiscriminately. Real nice may be doubly faulty.
Had rather, for would rather.
Had better, for would better.
Right away, for immediately.
Party, for person.
Promise, for assure.
Posted, for informed.
Stopping, for staying.
Try and do, for try to do.
Try and go, for try to go.
Cunning, for small, dainty.
Cute, for acute.
Funny, for odd or unusual.
Above, for foregoing, more than or beyond.
Does it look good enough, for well enough.
Somebody else's, for somebody's else.
Like I do, for as I do.
Not as good as, for not so good as.
Feel badly, for feel bad.
Feel good, for feel well.
Between seven, for among seven.
Seldom or ever, for seldom if ever, or seldom or never.
Taste and smell of, when used transitively. Illustration: We taste a dish which tastes of pepper.
Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.
More than you think for, for more than you think.
Just as soon, for just as lief.

Ripley's Substitute.

A Christmas Story.

"Attention! One, two, three, sing."

All the earth doth worship Thee,
The Father everlasting.

Loud, sweet, and clear rose the soprano voice of a lad of twelve. The Te Deum ended, Ripley rapped his baton.

"Attention, sopranos; altos, keep better time. We will now try the anthem."

A dozen empty chairs represented the voices of this imaginary choir over which the boy waved his baton after the manner of the choirmaster of St. John's Church. A frail, delicate little fellow was Ripley, with the head and face of a Sir Joshua Reynolds cherub. He had never had a playmate. He lived alone with his grandmother and a retinue of servants in a sombre old mansion on Washington Square. Ever since he could remember he had looked longingly from his room over into the park and watched the poor children from South Fifth Avenue as they played there. What good times they had with their marbles and hoops and sailing boats in the fountain basin.

He never could play like that. "Ripley, Ripley, come here," nurse or tutor would cry on the rare days that his grandmother allowed him to walk in the park; "don't go near those children; they will give you disease. You must grow up to be a strong man. Think of all the money that will be yours." No danger of Ripley forgetting that he was heir to the Ledyard millions. Everybody reminded him of it. He had a big playroom filled with all sorts of wonderful toys, but these only made him long the more for some one to enjoy them with him. Often he would stop in his play, and, looking up to the blue sky, ask God

to send him a little brother or sister, or tell grandma to let him play with the children in the square.

God had given him one great gift—that of song—and when Ripley was singing he forgot his lonely boyhood. One day the Bishop of St. John's overheard him cheering his tin soldiers by a battle hymn, and, charmed with his voice, he persuaded grandma to let the lad join the choir. Ripley was delighted. Tony, the old servant, took him to rehearsals. It was great fun to go through the white tiled halls back of the vestry to the choir room, with its rows of numbered lockers, in which each boy kept his gown and surplice, and still greater fun to lift up his voice in the beautiful anthems.

Ripley had not been long at St. John's when he was chosen, with three other boys, to compete for the Christmas solo. All games now gave way to playing choir. But this morning the empty chairs did not sing to the little leader's satisfaction. Wearily, at last he turned away to his organ, and all his pent-up soul went forth in the Christmas carol, until, overcome by fatigue, his golden head dropped on the keyboard. Was it echo? Was it a dream? Through the half-opened window the refrain of the song floated back to him:

"For Christ was born to-day."

Ripley ran to the window. There was no one in sight but a ragged urchin he had often watched selling papers in the square. He lay flat upon a park bench, his hands clasped under his knees and his great Madonna eyes turned toward the Ledyard mansion.

"For Christ was born to-day."

Pure and sweet as Ripley's own seraphic voice, the refrain rose upon the quiet morning air.

"Come up, boy; come up to me!" cried Ripley.

He ran down stairs and opened the door.

"Do come over and join my choir," pleaded Ripley. The waif crossed the square and stood hesitatingly on the Ledyard carriage stoop. "I will teach you to sing," urged Ripley. "You have a beautiful voice. When I have trained it, it will earn you more money than selling papers."

Tito's eyes dilated. He followed as the young choirmaster led. That day opened a new life to both boys; the heir found his first live playmate, and the pauper tasted the first sweets of pleasant surroundings and gentle, sympathetic companionship.

The musical knowledge Ripley learned from the choirmaster of St. John's he gave, in turn, to Tito, who, after he had sold his morning papers, came henceforth to his favorite bench and softly hummed: "For Christ was born to-day," after which the Ledyard door opened mysteriously and the ragged urchin disappeared within. These morning rehearsals were a profound secret, shared only by old Tony. There was no one to whom Tito dared tell his happiness. There was no one who cared whether he was sad or glad. What he called home was a bunk in the cellar of a French flower factory in which his aunt worked. She was a hard, cross woman, made so by a life of sordid cares. When Tito failed to sell all his papers, she sent him to bed supperless. But in the memory of the morning rehearsals with Ripley all Tito's home discomforts now vanished.

One morning, however, when he came as usual for his lesson, he found the curtains of Ripley's playroom drawn. Again and again he hummed Te Deum or the Christmas carol, but no answering face came to the window, and the great Ledyard door remained closed. A week passed in this way, when Tito met Tony on the square.

"Master Ripley is very ill, and the doctors say perhaps he may never sing again," said the old servant. Tito's eyes filled with tears.

"He wants you to take his place in the solo contest. Here is a letter to the choirmaster asking to let you sing; if you fail to win it will break Master Ripley's heart," concluded Tony.

The earnest appeal of Tito's big brown eyes silenced the audible smile with which the choirmaster read Ripley's letter. In answer to that and to humor Ripley, Tito was assigned to a place in the chancel.

There was a derisive titter among the choir boys as the waif's black curly head peered above the richly carved railing. But trembling Tito saw only the choirmaster, and when it came his turn to sing, he fixed his eyes upon him as he was wont to fix them upon Ripley. Strong, sweet, and tender his flute-like voice filled the dimly-lighted naves with exquisite melody which hushed to silence the choral of St. John's. Christ was indeed born that night in the soul of the waif of Washington Square. When he had finished the hand the choirmaster laid upon his head told him that the victory was won.

Ripley joyfully received the good news, but he mended slowly, and before Christmas came the doctors ordered him off across the sea to a warmer climate.

"Hold my place at St. John's, and don't forget to love me," was his parting message to his little substitute.

Love of song now filled Tito's heart with kindliness toward every living thing. Oh, if his aunt could feel kind and gentle to

him, and if he dare tell her his wonderful and joyful secret! St. Nicholas must have heard the wish he sent up the chimney Christmas Eve, for the next morning, as the processional reached the holly-decked door of St. John's, Tito, robed in Ripley's gown and surplice, glanced up from his hymn book to meet—guess—the eyes of his old aunt riveted upon him.

"Is that my Tito?" she was muttering in her bewilderment.

She was on her way home from delivering a box of flowers when the fine dresses of the ladies entering the church attracted her artistic eye, and she followed them in to behold this wonderful sight. Like one in a dream she stood transfixed under the spell of Tito's smile. The spirit of the day stole gently into her calloused heart as his sweet voice presently rose and flooded the church:

"For Christ was born to-day."

And that Christmas Day was the beginning of Tito's success and happiness. He still holds Ripley's place at St. John's, earning, truly, much more money than by selling papers, and in the heart and home of his aunt he is now gratefully cherished and fondly loved.—Exchange.

A Five Dollar Football Free.

Will the football boys and all our other boys tell what they think of Father Finn's latest book, "That Football Game"?

Of course every boy has his opinion, and the publishers are very anxious indeed to know what it is. The papers have been telling them what a grand success "That Football Game" scored, but after all the best critics in this case are the boys who know all about the subject, and are therefore thoroughly qualified to umpire a game no matter who sets it going. We know our boys are candid enough to say just what they think, and if Father Finn has slipped up the least little bit in his knowledge of football, they will be very apt to "tackle" him, even while lifting their caps out of respect to his cloth.

One time we acted as arbitrator in a fight over a game of marbles, and by our knowledge of different kinds of "timers," and the relative merits of "Chaneys" and "glasseys," won the respect of a group of small boys, one of whom asked with evident admiration: "Did you play marbles when you were a small boy? Never having been a boy of any kind, we felt that we had inspired confidence under false pretenses, and ever since have kept quiet when boys' sports were being discussed. Still we should like very much indeed to have one of our boys win the prize offered by Benziger Brothers for the best criticism on Father Finn's last book, "That Football Game."

But read the offer for yourselves. Here is what the publishers say:

"We want to hear from the American boy himself—he who figures so conspicuously in these stories, and for whose special delectation they were written—what he thinks of Father Finn's latest book, 'That Football Game.'"

To encourage the boys in this labor of love we propose to give to the one whose criticism is selected by you as the best of those sent to your paper one of Spaulding's Best Intercollegiate J. No. 5 $5 Football, or if preferred by the boy a complete set of Father Finn's books.

To all the unsuccessful competitors for this prize, whose letters and addresses are sent to us, we will send free a portrait of Father Finn and one of his short stories."

Now, boys, see who will win. Read the book, write out your opinion of it and mail your letter to "Children's Department, Donahoe's Magazine, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."

The word "Kindergarten" is known to all, but "Jundergarten" is probably new to many. It means "youth-garden," and like the kindergarten owes its inception to Froebel, though its wider development was not reached until lately. Applying the principles of education underlying the kindergarten method to a higher stage of mental development, this system secures the best results by exercising the reason and judgment of students. This "Jundergarten" system is an educative power that has lately been most successfully employed in teaching a technical subject, shorthand, E. C. Merrill, founder of the Bishop School, Tremont Temple, being probably the first teacher of stenography to employ Froebel's methods. Experience has demmonstrated fully that Jundergarten pupils graduate in half the usual time, and are fully equipped to enter the business world, where the executive ability, speed, and extensive vocabulary acquired through this special method of instruction, make their services of special value to employers.

The charming little poem, "Three Little Fays from Frostland," published in the November number was inadvertently credited to M. L. Richardson instead of to Helen M. Richardson, Waltham, Mass.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" relieve Throat Irritations caused by cold or use of the voice. The genuine sold only in boxes.

SCROFULA.

Not Produced by Impurity of the Blood but by Impoverishment of it.

Bad Air, Poor and too little Food, Defective Digestion and Uncleanliness, Lead up to it—It is Tuberculous in its Nature and Frequently Leads to Consumption—How to Prevent it and how to Cure it—A Case Cited.

Scrofula is a disease of the blood, caused by imperfect nutrition, and the inability to convert the food we eat into good blood cells, for the formation of the different tissues of the body.

The first step in the cure of scrofula is to restore a healthy action to the digestive organs, and close attention to the diet must be given. Heavy and indigestible food must be avoided. The diet should consist of light nourishing food. The patient determining those things which he can eat without distress.

When by this means the digestion is improved, the system must be built up with restoratives and tonics; unless this be done, the scrofula is very liable to run into consumption; because defective blood cells are always deposited in the weakest part of the body, and usually this is the lungs. This course of treatment was recently followed in the case of James H. Wallace, the well known expert accountant and bookkeeper, of Detroit, Mich., and published in the Evening News. A reporter called at his pretty home 240 Sixth Street, to interview him regarding it, and he found Mrs. Wallace in the midst of house cleaning. The two handsome little children followed the reporter into the house at the invitation of Mrs. Wallace, and after the reporter stated the object of his visit Mrs. Wallace said: "You had better see Mr. Wallace at the office of C. A. Haberkorn & Co., table manufactory on Orchard Street, and he will tell you of his experience much better than I." A visit was made to the office of the above concern where Mr. Wallace was seen. "I am," said Mr. Wallace, "yet a young man, still I have suffered untold agonies and tortures. I was born with that awful hereditary disease known as scrofula, and what I suffered cannot be well described.

"It was first noticed in my early boyhood days and as I grew older it manifested itself more strongly. The first physicians that treated me said it was a constitutional blood disorder and by constant treatment and diet it could be cured. The blood purifiers and spring remedies I used only made the eruptions more aggressive and painful. In 1888 I was a fearful looking sight and was in fact repulsive. On my limbs were large ulcers which were very painful, and from which there was a continual discharge. In three years I spent over $3,000 in medicine and medical services and grew worse instead of better. I tried the medical baths, and in 1893 went to Medicine Lake, Washington, but was not benefited. I then tried some proprietary medicine, but did not receive any benefit.

"One day in the fall of 1895 while reading the paper I noticed an article about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but did not give it much attention. That afternoon while moving some books I broke an ulcer on my leg and nearly fainted, the pain made me sick and I had to stop work. While sitting in the chair I again noticed the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills article in the newspaper which was laying on the floor. I read it carefully and immediately decided to give the pills a trial, as the account which I read had been of a case similar to mine. I sent the office boy over to Frank Houp's drug store for a box and took some that afternoon. I continued their use and before I had used one box I noticed an improvement. I grew better rapidly and all my friends noticed the improvement, and after taking eight boxes there was not a sore on my person.

"If I only had bought Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at the start I would be thousands of dollars ahead and had five years of health and happiness instead of torture. To-day I feel like a perfect man and my doctor says I am entirely rid of my old trouble. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to my friends that are afflicted, and I know many that keep them always in the house; they haev also been of great help to my wife. I am pleased to give my experience if it will be of any use in convincing others what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will do for cases like mine.

(Signed) "JAMES H. WALLACE."

Detroit, Mich., May 7, 1897.

Before me a Notary Public in and for Wayne County, Michigan, personally appeared James H. Wallace, who being duly sworn, deposed and said that he had read the foregoing statement and that the same was true.

ROBERT E. HULL, JR., Notary Public.

Wayne County, Mich.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People state that they are not a patent medicine but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females.

They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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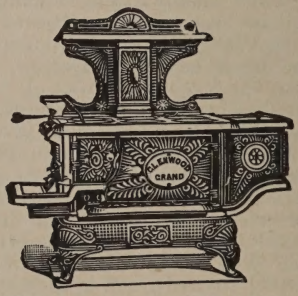

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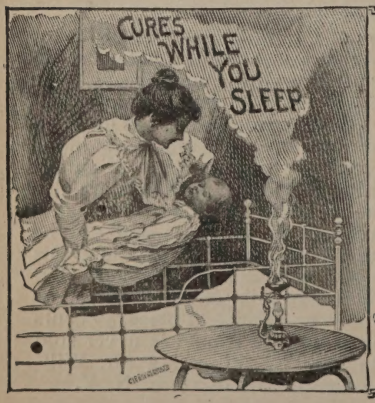

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CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

L. M. writes from Pittsburg, Pa.: In case a Catholic and Protestant, who have been married by a preacher or a squire separate, can the Catholic afterwards be married to another Catholic, according to the rites of the Catholic Church? If not, why not, as we are taught there is no marriage for a Catholic without the Sacrament of Matrimony?

The writer has answered her own question, and has answered more, if she will only consider the force of her words. No Catholic is ever married without receiving the Sacrament of Matrimony. Moreover, where there is an impediment to the conferring of the Sacrament, the marriage is rendered impossible for the Catholic, until that impediment is removed by the church. There is an impediment forbidding a Catholic to be married before any one than a priest and two witnesses. While this forbids the marriage, it does not in this country of itself make the marriage null and void. If both parties to the marriage are baptized, the church recognizes the marriage as binding until death. At the same time the disobedient Catholic has been guilty of mortal sin by such procedure. He has disobeyed his church and her laws in grave matters, and in that wicked state, he has received the Sacrament of Matrimony, thereby committing a sacrilege. He is then amenable to whatever penance or punishment the church may impose, or with which she may have threatened him before the marriage.

You will understand, then, that where the church recognizes the validity of the marriage, despite the guilt of one or both parties contracting, she cannot recognize the dissolution of such marriage, or permit the Catholic party to marry while the other lives. Repentance of his sin, penance performed as enjoined upon him, and fidelity to the promises made before the preacher or the squire are the duties of the Catholic. In some countries the church does not recognize any marriage unless in the presence of the priest, but in most parts of the United States, she does recognize, as we have said above, marriages not entered into before the priest, provided the parties were free to marry. Marriage is a contract, and may be considered as a natural contract between a man and woman, who take each other as husband and wife; as a civil contract when the natural contract is carried out according to the requirements of the civil law, as a religious contract, while it is always for Christians, for whom this contract is always a "sacrament by which two single persons—a man and a woman—are married to each other, and receive grace from God to comply faithfully until death with the duties of their state." An unbaptized person cannot receive the Sacrament of Matrimony, since the other Sacraments can be received only after baptism, but a baptized person cannot make a mere natural or civil contract of marriage, without making the religious contract, and receiving the Sacrament. Christ Himself has established marriage as one of His seven Sacraments, and invested it with the power of giving grace. St. Paul compares the union of husband and wife to the union of Christ and His Church. As these form one body, so do husband and wife. As the union of Christ and His Church is one of grace, so is that of husband and wife. "This is a great Sacrament," says the Apostle, "but I speak in Christ and in the Church." (Eph. v.)

N. T. W. writes to have explained the belief of Catholics as to what they receive in Holy Communion.

Holy Communion is the receiving of the Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, under the form and appearance of bread, or of bread and wine. Our grounds for this belief are in the words of our Divine Lord at the promise and at the institution of this Sacrament. The promise is in the 6th chapter of St. John, the institution in Matthew xxvi., 26-28; Mark xiv., 22-24; Luke xxii., 19-20; I. Corinthians xi., 23-25. We quote the words of the institution, in St. Matthew: "And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke, and gave to his disciples, and said: take ye, and eat: This is My Body. And taking the chalice He gave thanks, and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins." Therefore, if we believe Christ, we must believe that He changed bread and wine into His own Body and Blood, and gave that Body and that Blood to the twelve Apostles. Also, as recorded in St. Luke xxii., 19, He bade them do as He had done: "Do this for a commemoration of Me." They certainly obeyed His command for themselves and others, and transmitted the command to others to whom they conferred the power of the priesthood given themselves by Jesus on this occasion of the Last Sup-

per. So in all ages the change of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Jesus is effected by His priests in the exercise of that power Jesus gives to them. He is Himself ever the Great High Priest performing this work of His infinite kindness, as He is at the same time the food and nourishment of our souls.

And we are obliged to receive Him, to eat His Flesh and drink His Blood. He said so in the memorable 6th chapter of St. John. "The bread that I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world. The Jews, therefore, strove among themselves, saying: How can this man give us His Flesh to eat? Then Jesus said to them: Amen, amen, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in him," verses 52-58.

The Jews, His listeners, understood Him literally, as we do. Many said (v. 60): "This saying is hard, and who can bear it?" And "many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him" (v. 67). "Then Jesus said to the twelve: Will you also go away? And Simon Peter answered Him: Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ the Son of God." (v. 68-70.)

Jesus made an absolute statement that we must eat His flesh and drink His blood. There is only one interpretation to His words, and that is in their plain direct meaning. That has always been the belief of the Church, she cannot doubt Him who has the words of eternal life.

As to the manner in which He was to give His flesh and blood as food and drink to us, Jesus did not then manifest. The Jews asked: How can this man give us His flesh to eat? At the Last Supper, Jesus answered that question by the use of His Almighty power as God, and through the medium of a little bread and wine, that after a word from Him, were no longer bread and wine. And so when we receive, there is what would seem as bread to sight, to taste, to all the senses. But faith supplies what the senses may not convey of truth. And we adore as really, truly, substantially present, as God and as Man, the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He is there, and nought else of substance. He becomes our very food. There is to this nothing gross or repellent. So sweet, so perfect, so beautiful a way has the Heart of Jesus formed to give Himself to men, not once only in sacrifice upon the cross, but every day if we will, and during all time till the consummation of the world.

Calumnies of the pagan Romans, who accused the early Christians of murdering little children to feast on their flesh and drink of their blood, have their perpetuation of the carnal and sensual slanderers of our own day, who refuse credence to the word and action of Christ, who believe not His promise and mock at His institution, and whose coarse natures like to those of the Jews cannot comprehend that Jesus can and does give us His flesh to eat.

From Colorado comes a query concerning the clerical dress, and the fact that priests, generally speaking, do not wear beards.

The Church has always at heart the dignity and the respect of her clergy, and as the outward demeanor and the dress are of importance in these directions, she has at times given instructions in these matters. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, 1884, inculcated the Roman collar as a distinctive mark of the cleric from the lay person. And, since that time, the Roman collar is quite universally worn by our priests.

As to the wearing or not wearing of the beard, the custom has varied. At present, for us and for Europe, the custom is for clergymen to not wear beards. There are exceptions to this general rule, as in the case of those who find the beard a protection for the throat, especially in cold weather. At some periods of history, you may notice the portraits of bishops and popes with beards. This would indicate how the custom has been a changing one.

A. E. H., Chicago, writes: Will you inform me as to whether a Protestant can act as God-father to a child who is to be baptized in the Catholic religion?

No. The sponsor at the baptism answers for the child, asking in the name of the child for faith, reciting in the name of the child the Apostles' Creed, and in every way performing the part of a believer in the Catholic Church. After the baptism, the sponsor still has duties to perform towards the child, and these are thus summed up by St. Augustine: "They ought to admonish them (the children) to observe chastity, love justice, cherish charity, and, above all, they should teach them the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the rudiments of the Christian religion."

The catechism of the Council of Trent says: "heretics, Jews particularly, and infidels, are on no account to be admitted to the office of sponsor."

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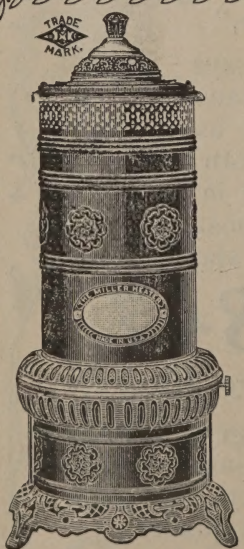

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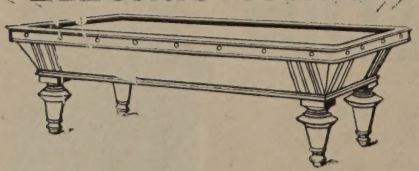

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D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers, – Boston, New York, Chicago.

JAMES A. HAWKES,

Tailor

418 Washington Street,

BOSTON.

SUITS, $30 TO $40.

DRESS SUITS, SILK LINED, $50.

Lap Seam Kersey Overcoats

$15.00.

USUAL RETAIL PRICE, $25.

Made from selected fabrics—subjected to the highest tests as to quality and durability—manufactured with the utmost care as to all the details of make and finish—they readily take place of the best custom work—at about half the price . . . . . Exclusive control of the fabric enables the Standard to offer these superb overcoats at the above exceptionally low price, although similar garments are sold everywhere for **$25.00.**

INSPECTION OF THEM SOLICITED.

COLORS ARE BLACK, BLUE AND BROWN.

STANDARD CLOTHING COMPANY,

395 WASHINGTON STREET.

A Change in Name Only.

Beginning to-day, Bernard M. Wolf, for the past eight years owner of the business which has been conducted under the style and name of The Massachusetts Clothing Company, "My Clothier," changes the name of the concern to Bernard M. Wolf, "My Clothier."

Mr. Wolf desires to come into closer touch with the public, and in view of the steady increase in his business, believes that the use of the names The Massachusetts Clothing Company, "My Clothier," have been somewhat confusing.

The business methods and the owership will remain as heretofore—the change is in the name only.

The same methods which have governed "My Clothier's" business in the past are to be followed in the future, namely—courteous treatment, reliable quality, one price, and "your money back if you want it."

BERNARD M. WOLF,
"MY CLOTHIER,"
Corner Hanover and Portland Streets.

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CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

CONTINENTAL . CLOTHING . HOUSE,

651 Washington Street,
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.... BOSTON, MASS.

Fine Clothing to Order.

Side Entrance, 18 Boylston St., Up one flight.

WEBER'S 25, 27 TEMPLE PLACE, AND 33 WEST STREET.

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Salads and Vienna Ices.

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FOR WEDDING BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHES.

Dinner and Evening Parties at Short Notice, and Reasonable Prices. Any part of the State.

Wedding Cake a Specialty.

Please Remember

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H. N. LOCKWOOD,

27 BROMFIELD STREET,

The most practical Watchmaker, has in stock a large selection of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry for the holidays.

WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY

repairing under my personal supervision, and all work guaranteed.

Gabriel's Birthday Guides foretell every one's future. Circular free. Gabriel, Box 431 White Plains, New York.

SHORTHAND learned for practical work in 6 to 12 weeks by Pernin method. Leads everywhere. World's Fair Award. No shading, no position. Self-taught or by mail. Free lesson and booklet. Write, H. M. PERNIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

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Teacher of Elocution,

228 TREMONT STREET,

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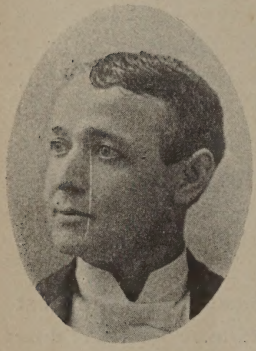


The minute attention which Mr. Hurley gives to his pupils, guiding them forward step by step, from the elementary stages of the art to the highest development, secures the very best results. His improved method of cultivating the voice and vocalization is recognized and approved by the best educational institutions of Massachusetts. He has been engaged in teaching the Dramatic Class of Amherst College, in Boston College, and in the celebrated Emerson School of Oratory.

PUPILS RECEIVED AT ANY TIME.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, CALENDARS AND BOOKLET PACKETS.

15TH SEASON.

Our well-known Packets are ready, and need only brief mention. First 6 Packs, post-paid, for $3.45. 10 Packs, post-paid, $5.80.

No. 1. For 54 cts., 17 Xmas Cards and Novelty.
" 2. " 54 cts., 10 Fine " " "
" 3. " $1.08, 25 Xmas " " Booklet.
" 4. " $1.08, 10 Beautiful Calendars.
" 5. " 54 cts., 5 " " all different.
" 6. " 27 cts., 10 Xmas Cards.
" 7. " 54 cts., 5 Booklets and Calendar.
" 8. " $1.08, 7 Artistic Booklets, etc.
" 9. " 54 cts., 10 Birthday Cards and 5 Booklets.
" 10. " 54 cts., 25 Sunday School Cards.

SPECIAL PACKETS AND LOTS MADE OUT TO ORDER.

TEACHERS. For $1.08, 50 Cards, no two alike.
For 54 cts., 25 Cards, no two alike.

Easter Cards and Booklets for 1898 furnished as above.

Samples Paper by the Pound, 15 Cents.

H. H. CARTER & CO.,

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

5 Somerset Street, Boston.

Full Circulars on Application.

People's Wholesale Grocery Co.

6 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON,

Telephone Haymarket 121,

Are selling for cash direct to the **consumer** in **convenient sized packages** at the same prices that the Wholesale Grocer pays, goods that are daily received fresh from the importer and manufacturer, and are guaranteed in every respect. By taking advantage of this opportunity you can make $3.co spent with them go farther than $5.00 spent with the retail grocer.

BUTTER.

Finest June Creamery. 5 lb. box, full weight . . $1.00
Strictly Fancy FRESH CHURNED Vermont and Elgin Creamery 1.10
10, 20, 50 and 60 lb. Tubs . . . . . 18c. to 22c.

EGGS.

4-doz. Box, Strictly Fresh Eggs 70c
4-doz. Box, Strictly Fancy Fresh Eggs 80c

TEAS.

Our tea buyer has been a tea taster and a tea broker for 28 years. He has always sold to the wholesale trade, and you can buy teas of us as cheaply as the largest dealer in Boston can own them.

8 lbs. good Oolong or English Bkfst $1.00
5 lbs. choice Formosa or Eng. Bkfst 1.00
4 lbs. first pickings Formosa or Eng. Bkfst., usually sold at 75c. lb. 1.00
3 lbs. private growth Formosa, nothing finer has ever come to this country 1.00

We have imported largely in this season's teas, and have the largest variety of New Season Teas in the market.

4 lbs. Japan, New Season's 1.00
3 lbs. Japan, uncolored 1.00
4 lbs. Ceylon or Assam 1.00
3 lbs. Finest Ceylon Pekoe 1.00

We are headquarters for Ceylon and Assam Teas.

COFFEE.

OUR OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA AND ARABIAN MOCHA, GOLDEN CUP BRAND.

This Coffee is absolutely pure and of the finest quality, and is conceded to be the finest drinking coffee produced. Convince yourself of this fact by calling and getting a free sample. We sell this coffee.

5 lb. cans $1.00
2 lb. cans 45c

5 c. allowed on each can returned in good condition.

Roasted whole, medium ground or pulverized.

Best Santos, roasted, 5 lb. 85c
A good Rio, roasted, whole or grouud, ... 12c

These prices are lower, QUALITY CONSIDERED, than those quoted by any house in America.

SUGAR.

100-lb. bag $5.00
20-lb. bag 1.00

Prices subject to change without notice.

PORK AND LARD.

Best short cut, clear Pork 7c
Best short cut, mixed 7c
Best pure Lard, 10-lb. pails 65c
Best pure Lard, 5-lb. pails 35c
Best pure Lard, 20-lb. tub, per lb. 6c
Best pure Lard, 35-lb. tub, per lb. 5¾c
Best pure Lard, 50 lb. tub, per lb. 5½c

NEW CANNED GOODS in great variety.

We carry one of the most complete assortments of Groceries in Boston.

MAIL and EXPRESS Orders will be attended to with promptness and care. All goods guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money promptly refunded,

Call or send for complete price list.

The readers of this Magazine are especially commended to this house as regards to low prices.

WILLIAMS'
SHAVING STICK
LIKE A GREAT SEA OF FOAM IS ITS CREAMY LATHER
Soothing.
Refreshing.
Luxurious.
Makes you feel always "On the top Wave"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE!
SENT BY MAIL UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25¢ IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT SUPPLY YOU.
THE J.B.WILLIAMS CO.,
LONDON, 64 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W.C.
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap

Is *GUARANTEED* to be the *BEST* floating soap on the market, and the *only one* containing *Borax*. It is *100 PER CENT PURE.*

This soap when made is a pale cream color, but with age the Borax in it bleaches it to pure white. Some floating soaps turn brown and rancid with age. We take pride in calling attention to the following certificate from the leading analytical chemists of this city:

DOBBINS' SOAP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
119 SOUTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

GENTLEMEN:

We have carefully analyzed the sample of Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap you sent us, and find it to contain fully five per cent of Borax (Bi-Borate of Soda). It contains nothing injurious for use in the bath, toilet or laundry. We find it free from all adulteration, and therefore certify to its purity.

Yours respectfully,
BOOTH, GARRETT & BLAIR.

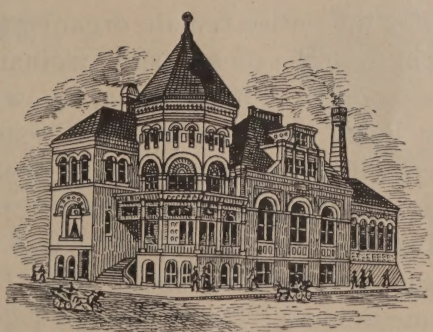
This soap costs more to make than any other floating soap, and a moment's comparison of it with the best floating soap you know of will show any one that its actual value is much higher than that of any other brand; but it will be sold everywhere at the same price as other leading, though poorer, brands. Your grocer has it, or can easily get it, and one trial will convince you of its great superiority to the best of other floating soaps for Toilet, Bath or Laundry use. It is put up in two sizes—a five cent cake, or Toilet size, and a larger cake, or Laundry size. The latter is more convenient and economical for general household use.

It is the only floating soap whose wrappers are printed in red, hence it is impossible to mistake it for any other, even at a distance. Ask for Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap, Red Wrapper. See list of premiums offered for returned wrappers.

DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD.



CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO'S BUILDING.

Cash Capital, - - - $1,000,000.00

Cash Assets, - - - 3,192,001.69

A WOMAN'S BODY.

What its neglect leads to. Mrs. Chas. King's experience.

A woman's body is the repository of the most delicate mechanism in the whole realm of creation, and yet most women will let it get out of order and keep out of order, just as if it were of no consequence.

Their backs ache and heads throb and burn ; they have wandering pains, now here and now there. They experience extreme lassitude, that don't-care and want-to-be-left-alone feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness and the blues, yet they will go about their work until they can scarcely stand on their poor swollen feet, and do nothing to help themselves. These are the positive forerunners of serious womb complications, and unless given immediate attention will result in untold misery, if not death.

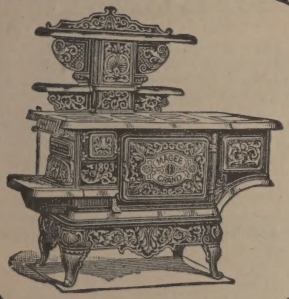
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will, beyond the question of a doubt, relieve all this trouble before it becomes serious, and it has cured many after their troubles had become chronic.

The Compound should be taken immediately upon the appearance of any of these symptoms above enumerated. It is a vegetable tonic which invigorates and stimulates the entire female organism, and will produce the same beneficial results in the case of any sick woman as it did with MRS. CHAS. KING, 1815 Rosewood St., Philadelphia, Pa., whose letter we attach :

"I write these few lines, thanking you for restoring my health. For twelve years I suffered with pains impossible to describe. I had bearing-down feelings, backache, burning sensation in my stomach, chills, headache, and always had black specks before my eyes. I was afraid to stay alone, for I sometimes had four and five fainting spells a day. I had several doctors and tried many patent medicines. Two years ago I was so bad that I had to go to bed and have a trained nurse. Through her, I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I never had anything give me the relief that it has. I have taken eight bottles, and am now enjoying the best of health again. I can truthfully say it has cured me."

"The nearest present approach to what a Cooking Apparatus should be." [Judges' report.]

MAGEE



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Are The Best.

Quick, sure and even bakers, economical with fuel, and are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every particular with proper use. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS.

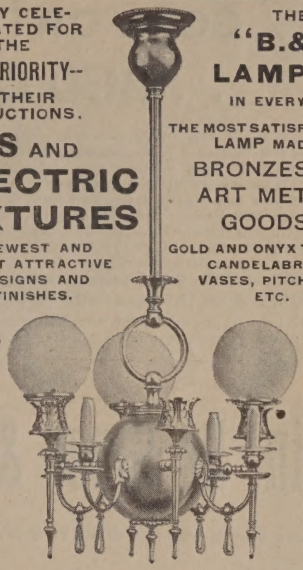
MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY, Makers, BOSTON.

BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.

JUSTLY CELEBRATED FOR THE --SUPERIORITY-- OF THEIR PRODUCTIONS.

GAS AND ELECTRIC FIXTURES

NEWEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS AND FINISHES.



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THE MOST SATISFACTORY LAMP MADE.

BRONZES AND ART METAL GOODS.

GOLD AND ONYX TABLES, CANDELABRAS, VASES, PITCHERS, ETC.

Fenders, Andirons, Fire Sets, etc. "B.& H." Oil Heaters. Wrought Iron and Brass Grille Work Railings, etc.

Leading dealers everywhere sell our goods.

Correspondence from architects solicited.

Our little book mailed free. Gives more information.

NEW YORK CHICAGO **MERIDEN, CONN.** BOSTON PHILA.

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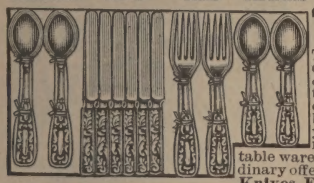
Set of 1 doz. TABLE SPOONS Set of 1 doz. KNIVES Set of 1 doz. FORKS Set of 1 doz. TEA SPOONS



48 PIECES OF SILVER WARE FREE

12 Knives, 12 Forks, 12 Table Spoons, & 12 Tea Spoons, all full size & of beautiful floral design, made by the Sterling Silver Plate Co. & guaranteed. This valuable service given free to every person answering this advertisement who will sell our Remedies. We don t ask you to pay a cent. If you agree to sell only 3 boxes of our wonderful Vegetable Pills & 3 boxes of positive corn cure at 25 cts. a box, write us to-day & we will send you the Remedies on consignment at once, when sold you send us the money & we will send you absolutely free a **complete** set of **silver** plated table ware exactly as described above same day money is received. This is an extraordinary offer to quickly put our Remedies within reach of all & we **guarantee** the **Knives, Forks, Table Spoons** and **Tea Spoons** which we give for selling our Remedies to be exactly as we claim. Address **THE PARILLA DRUG CO., Station "O," New York City.**

The WM. H. PAGE BOILER CO.

"ALL RIGHT"

"VOLUNTEER" and "HORNET"

STEAM AND HOT WATER **BOILERS.**

Many used in Catholic Institutions.

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"The crowning glory of Woman is Her Hair."

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, **Altenheim Med. Dispensary,** Dept. K. M., Box 779, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PATRIDGE & MACULLAR **Fire Insurance**

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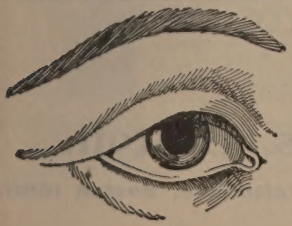
TELEPHONE, 1381.

EUGENE E. PATRIDGE.
CHARLES E. MACULLAR.



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DR. WILLIAMS' **Absorption Method** OF TREATING THE EYE AND LIDS.

NO KNIFE AND NO RISK.

Consultation at office or by mail free. Hundreds successfully treated at their homes and at Dr. Williams' Eye Sanitarium. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free to any address. Glasses fitted and furnished.

F. A. WILLIAMS, M. D., 200 Columbus Ave., BOSTON, MASS.

THE COMFORTABLE CURE

BALSAMIC SPRUCE BARK.

. . BED COMFORTABLES . .

The inner bark of the Canadian Spruce tree, stripped in spring when the sap is raising, and containing all the balsamic and aromatic strength of the spruce tree, is made into thin sheets 55 x 65 inches in size rendered soft, smooth and pliable as cloth by a special process, to serve as Bed Comfortables, weighing only a few ounces each. All the soothing, strengthening and curative powers of the spruce balsam are retained to exert their beneficent properties in cases of restlessness, insomnia, and all nervous affections, and in coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, and consumption — relieving and curing in the most natural and direct way while you are abed and asleep. Plain unbound sample Spruce Bark Comfortable 55x65 ins. in size sent carriage and duty free anywhere in Canada or the U. S. on receipt of one dollar.—address.

KING-JONES CO. Limited, Toronto, Can. or JONES & CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Regular price of bound and fancy trimmed Spruce Bark Bed Comfortables $2.00 through dealers anywhere. 65 page booklet now being prepared and which will contain testimonials of leading physicians and cures, will be sent to you free immediately upon publication.

Rankin, De Groot & Co.

Successors to WHITTEN, BURDETT & CO.

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SPECIALTIES IN CLOTHING.

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All Kinds of Kindling .. AND .. Grate WOOD.

Special Prices to Public .. AND .. Private Institutions.

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Electric and Gas Light Fixtures

LAMPS, FIREPLACE GOODS, ETC.

Ecclesiastical Work a Specialty.

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One Flight—Elevator.

Telephone, Boston 1688.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

for infants and adults. A specific for prickly heat and chafing. Delightful after shaving. Recommended by all physicians. At druggists or by mail—price 25 cts. Sample free. Take no substitutes.

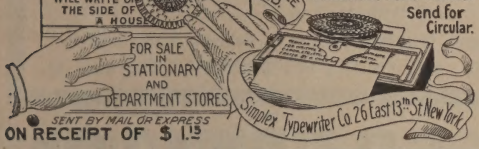
Gerhard Mennen Co.
579 Broad St., NEWARK, N. J.

$12 **3000 BICYCLES**

must be closed out at once.
Standard '97 Models, guarant'd, $14 to $30. '96 models to $20. 2d hand wheels $5 to $15. *Shipped to anyone* on approval without advance deposit. Great factory clearing sale *EARN A BICYCLE* by helping advertise us. We will give one agent in each town FREE USE of a sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our Special Offer.

D. R. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago, Ill.

LITTLE GIANT TYPEWRITER Price $1.00


INTERCHANGEABLE TYPE PLATES.
ADJUSTABLE FEED.
WILL WRITE IN BOOK, ON PAPER, PACKAGE, ANYTHING.
WILL WRITE ON THE SIDE OF A HOUSE
Send for Circular.
FOR SALE IN STATIONARY AND DEPARTMENT STORES
SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS ON RECEIPT OF $1.15
Simplex Typewriter Co. 26 East 13th St. New York

INTERESTED IN **FINE HOGS?**
SEND FOR DESCRIPTION OF THE
FAMOUS O·I·C· SWINE,
TWO OF WHICH WEIGHED 2806 LBS.
FIRST APPLICANT GETS A PAIR ON TIME AND AGENCY.
170 SUMMIT ST. **L.B. SILVER CO.** CLEVELAND, O.

Hens Make Money

under proper conditions. Those conditions are defined in our MAMMOTH NEW POULTRY BOOK and CATALOG for 1898. Bigger & better than ever before. Printed in colors; cuts and description of all leading breeds of fowls; poultry house plans, tested remedies, prices on poultry, eggs, etc. Worth $5, but sent postpaid for 15 cents in stamps or coin.

The J. W. Miller Co.
Box 31, Freeport, Ill.

Violinists Send for Our
Book of OLD VIOLINS (FREE).

It contains historical sketches of the old masters of Cremona and Brescia from 1540; illustrated; with fac-simile labels, also a descriptive list of old violins possessing the pure mellow tone, costing from $25 to $5,000. A formal Certificate of Genuineness with each violin. Several Violins sent on selection when desired.

LYON & HEALY, Adams and Wabash Sts., Chicago.

FREE.

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements.

Am 82 years old, hearing began to fail 20 years ago. For eleven years could only hear loud sounds, could not hear conversation, had continual roaring in head, and sense of smell was entirely destroyed. Used Aerial Medication in '94, it did its work with the greatest satisfaction—the roaring ceased, discharge from head and throat stopped, hearing improved and for four years have been able to hear ordinary conversation and preaching. Sense of smell entirely restored, and cured of catarrh and no indication of its return. —G. J. QUICK, Media, Ill.

I had Catarrh twenty-one years, was deaf eighteen years, could not hear ordinary conversation, had roaring in ears, dreadful headaches, offensive discharge, bad taste and eyes so weak could not see to read. I used Aerial Medication in '92; it stopped the roaring and discharge, fully restored my hearing and for over five years my hearing has been perfect and am entirely free from Catarrh.—MRS. JANE BASTIC, Shelby, N. C.

Deaf Forty Years.

Had Catarrh in a very bad form forty years, which greatly affected my eyes, almost entirely destroyed my hearing, was confined to the house much of the time, and coughed almost continually. Used Aerial Medication in '94, which fully restored my hearing; my eyes are well and I am entirely cured of Catarrh; can work and feel better than for forty years.—JOHN GARRIS, Flatbrookville, N. J.

When a child I met with an accident which caused a profuse offensive discharge from right ear, for 23 years had not heard a sound in that ear; was treated at two hospitals and by several physicians, was told I would never hear again as the drum was destroyed. Since using Aerial Medication can hear a watch tick distinctly in that ear, it is still improving, and the discharge has stopped entirely.—MRS. DAWES, 37 Ivory Place, Brighton, England.

We have reliable assurance that the above statements are genuine and that Dr. Moore is a reputable physician.—*Christian Standard, Cincinnati.*

MEDICINES
For Three Month's Treatment
FREE.

This very liberal offer having proved remarkably successful last year, I have decided to renew it, and will for a short time send medicines for three months' treatment free. For question form and particulars, address,
J. H. MOORE, M.D., Dept. C 16 Cincinnati, O.

Direct from Distiller to Consumer

$3.20
FOUR FULL QUARTS
Express Paid.

Saving Middlemen's Profits, Preventing Possibility of Adulteration.

We are distillers with a wide reputation of 30 years standing. Our whole enormous product is sold to consumers direct. We sell direct so that our whiskey may be pure when it reaches you. For medicinal purposes adulterated whiskey is dangerous. For sideboard purposes it is abominable, yet it is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere. A customer who once tries our whiskey is a customer always. We want more of them, and we make the following offer to get them:

We will send four full quart bottles of **Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for $3.20, Express Prepaid.** We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents (which will avoid possible comment). When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are dealers, buying and selling. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

Our References—Dun or Bradstreet, Third Nat'l Bank or any business house in Dayton.

HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 278 to 284 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.

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ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

Sailing WEEKLY Between

Boston, New York, Queenstown, Liverpool.

CABIN RATE from Boston, $75 and upwards.

STEERAGE at Low Rates.

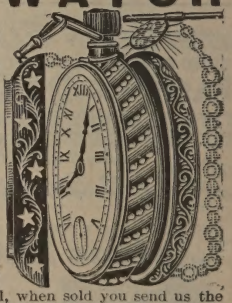
SECOND CABIN $42.50 and upwards, according to steamer and location.

For particulars apply to

ALEXANDER MARTIN, AGENT,

99 STATE STREET, - - - - BOSTON, MASS.

FREE WATCH



For lady or gent, stem-wind, stem set, American movement, heavy plate. Written guarantee to equal for time any SOLID GOLD WATCH made. No fake, this is an honest offer to place our wonderful Remedies within the reach of all. We will give this watch free to every person who will sell only 6 boxes of our vegetable pills, and 6 boxes of our positive corn cure among their friends at 25 cts. per box. If you agree to do this, write to-day & we will send the goods by mail, when sold you send us the money & we will send watch same day money is received.

PURA CO., 80 W. 18th Street, New York City.

At Exeter, N. H., we make the "Exeter" Heating Apparatus for Steam and Hot Water in a line that covers every possible requirement. *Here we simply make a prediction, viz.:*

If you contemplate the purchase of any such apparatus—be it trifling or extensive—you will err in failing to *first investigate* what we have to offer you. Our large illustrated Catalogue is yours for the mere asking.

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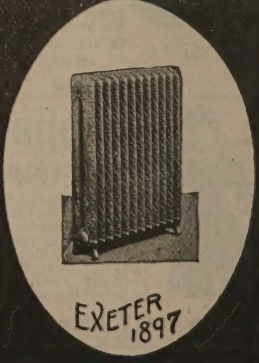

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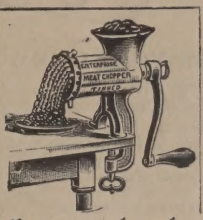

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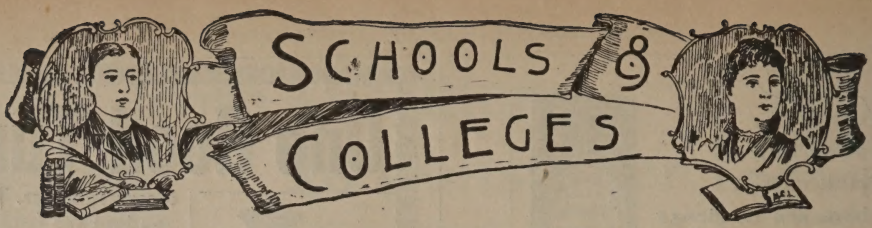

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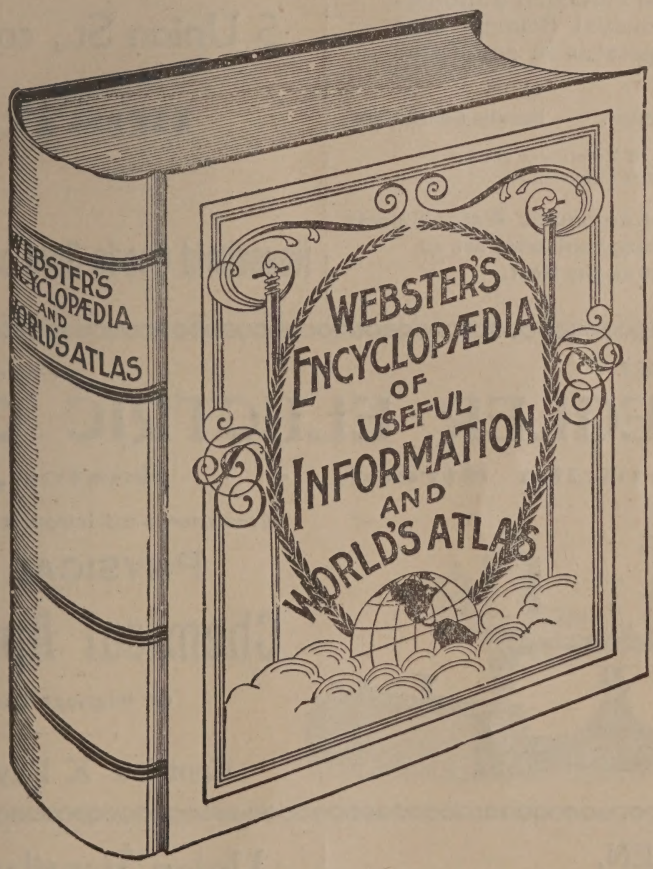

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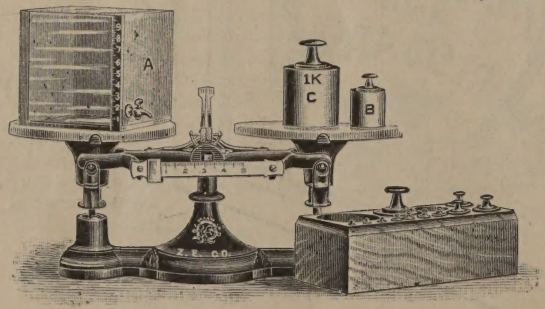

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